

Prologue

Sample for NEW Heart

It was May 2021 in the late afternoon when I drove the hour long drive into Goulburn from Golspie to see an acupuncturist. I was feeling awful and the practitioner took one look at me, turned white and suggested that he drive me straight up to the hospital. I refused, because I had the dogs in the back of my car and I couldn't leave them stranded nor my vehicle.

I arrived home to a cold house and while I was lighting the fire, my phone rang. It was the senior doctor I'd seen earlier in the week.

'How are you feeling?'

'Dreadful.'

'Yes, that's not surprising. I've looked at your blood test results and they are quite concerning. I'd like to admit you to hospital straight away.'

That was two people in the space of a couple of hours who wanted to put me in hospital. 'Okay, do you want me to drive to Crookwell or Goulburn hospital?'

'I don't want you to drive at all. I want to send an ambulance for you. Your private health insurance will pay for it.'

'An ambulance?'

'Yes. Can I have your permission to call an ambulance on your behalf?'

'Yes, okay.'

The fire was yet to get going so I switched on the electric heater while I tried to phone my wife Anya. She didn't answer, so I left a voicemail message. I then hurriedly packed a few items of clothes and a toiletry bag along with a novel and my phone charger. The paramedics arrived 20 minutes later and fussed around taking my blood pressure and testing my blood sugar, whilst asking me a lot of questions in regards to how I felt.

In due course, I was hustled outside in a bit of a daze. I wasn't at all sure if I'd locked the door or grabbed my keys. Had the paramedics locked the dogs in the house? In the back of the ambulance, electrodes were placed on my chest and I was given an electrocardiogram (ECG).

'I know what's wrong with you. You've got tachycardia.'

'I was told I have arrhythmia.'

'Yes, they're somewhat similar.'

My phone began ringing incessantly, but strapped to the gurney I couldn't get to it easily. I choose to ignore it. I'd deal with it when I got to Crookwell Hospital. It was of course Anya who was frantic.

'Where are you?'

'Crookwell Hospital.'

'Is the doctor there? Can I speak with her?'

'Calm down. She's busy.'

'Well what has she said?'

'Look, I'm not sure what's happening at the moment. Are the dogs okay. I think they got shut in the house.'

'The dogs are fine, it's you I'm concerned about.'

'They want to take blood and do some tests. I'll call you back later.' I don't deal well with distraught people and I promptly hung up.

Finding veins in my arms is always problematic, but the doctor managed to put a cannula into me. Blood was aspirated into a syringe and there was a request for a urine sample. I was also hooked up to a heart monitor.

A nurse leaned in closer. 'Do you mind if I take a photo of your readings so I can transfer them to the main computer. I promise I'll delete it straight afterwards.'

'You might as well delete it, because I doubt you'll get much for it on eBay.'

She giggled and having finished the data entry stood close. 'So what's your favourite movie?'

She's trying to distract me. Why? 'Avatar.'

'I like that movie too. I've heard that they are finally making a sequel.'

'I heard the same.' The paramedics hadn't left. What was going on?

'Mr Perry, we are going to transfer you to Goulburn Hospital. This hospital isn't equipped to handle a person with your ... medical condition.'

Back on the gurney and in the ambulance the journey to Goulburn was uneventful. However, I've always found ambulances to be arctic and very rough to ride in. I don't know why the suspension in these vehicles is so poor.

Upon arrival I was transferred onto a bed and placed in isolation. I didn't realise that a heart condition was contagious. A nurse in a spacesuit entered and took a nose and cheek swab for a polymerase chain reaction (PCR) test. Or in other words, a COVID test.

In due course, Anya came scrambling in wearing a gown and a face mask.

'How are you feeling? Have they said what's wrong with you? Which one's your doctor?'

Do you want me to answer alphabetically or chronologically? 'Hearts playing up.'

The monitor was beeping incessantly, which is its thing. I took a look. My heart beat was recording as higher than 250 beats per minute.

That thing needs calibrating or else I have a lead off causing a false reading.

'I'll find a doctor.'

'Doctor? No get a nurse. They're more ... useful.'

My wife looked genuinely panicked.

'Look stop worrying and find the call button.'

Having pressed it, a nurse hurried in. 'It's okay, you don't have COVID.'

Of course I didn't.

'What's happening?'

'This machine is on the fritz. If you can't fix it, can you at least shut it up?'

She fiddled with the monitor, frowned and then grabbed my wrist. The colour drained from her face. 'The machine's not broken, the data is real. ICU NOW!'

Medics grabbed the bed. The bed and still blaring monitor began to move rapidly.

'CODE BLUE!'

I arrived in a room twice the size. Medics were running towards me.

'Blood pressure is plummeting. Ninety over forty-five.'

'Tilt the bed!'

My legs elevated and my head dropped. 'I can't breathe,' I managed to gasp.

'Eighty over thirty-eight.'

'He needs more cannulas.'

'I can't breathe.' The world was spinning. Pain was shooting through my arms as spikes were placed into veins.

'Defibrillator!'

I was fighting for air, completely unable to speak.

'Fifty-five over twenty-four.'

Gasp.

A bag valve mask was placed over my face and a medic began pumping it. 'We need to intubate him.'

Defibrillator pads were placed on my bare chest.

'Fifty over twenty.'

'We're losing him!'

The world faded to black and then to brilliant bright light. The pain was gone. I was weightless with full circular vision and floating above a body that medics were swarming around. There were spinning rings of brilliant white light that formed the entrance to a vortex. Etheric beings were standing on either side of the tunnel. I knew that they were all deceased.

By thought I attempted to move towards them, but I was stopped by an invisible barrier. An elderly lady friend who had recently died of cancer was pointing at the body. I tried to communicate telepathically, but there was no understanding, just incessant pointing.

I'm not going back. I tried to fold my arms to put on my best petulant look, but of course I had no arms.

How long I hovered there unable to go forward and refusing to return to my body is irrelevant. I was in a realm without time.

There was an electric jolt and there was a feeling of sliding into sludge like pulling on cold, wet, muddy clothes.

Blinding pain wracked my entire body. I screamed with every ounce of breath I had. A bright light was shone in my eyes. I tried to bat it away, but I still couldn't move my arms. Blood was dripping from my left wrist as if someone had tried to shove barbed wire into it. There were medics swarming around me like angry wasps.

'Blood pressure rising. Ninety over sixty-five.'

A brown face was leaning in towards me and singing some kind of song. I couldn't make out the words.

'Doctor is asking how you are feeling,' said a nurse.

I hurriedly looked around.

'You're in hospital,' she added.

I know that. 'Where's the light gone?'

'Blood pressure is stable. One-fifteen over seventy-eight.'

'Where's the light gone?'

The doctor removed his torch from his top pocket.

'Not that. The light.'

'The lights are on. Are you having difficulty seeing?' asked the nurse.

What? 'No of course not.' The light was gone. I'd been sent back, for what reason I did not know.

'He's delirious.'

'Are you in pain?'

'Yes. What did you do to my wrist?' I managed to raise my left arm enough to see it. 'Is that a blood line? Take it out!'

'Local anaesthetic?'

It's a bit late for that.

'Morphine,' sung the doctor.

'What the hell is this!?' shrieked someone from across the room.

The person who'd brought a vile of drugs was gallantly trying to explain. Not that there was any point. The contents of the vile were being voraciously tipped down a sink.'

'Don't you ever bring me medicine that's not clearly labelled!'

A different face was leaning towards mine. This person was also trying to shine a light into my eyes, but I was having none of it. Every time the light came near me I vehemently turned my head the other way. The light caused physical pain.

'How are you feeling?'

Oh, just peachy. I was denied entry into the light with no explanation or right of reply. I must be wicked. Now I've return to utter chaos. 'Pain.' That was something the medics could understand.

'Can you breathe okay?'

'Better than before.'

The nurse was fitting an oxygen tube to my nose. For some reason it felt like it was burning me.

'Do you know what brought you to hospital?' asked this new face.

'Ambulance.'

'Do you know why?'

'Doctor ordered it.'

'Do you know what just happened?'

I died, but I'm not telling you that. 'High heart rate, then I couldn't breathe. Blinding pain.'

'It's too risky to move him! He should be kept here until morning when we know he's stable.'

The doctor was again back in my face still shining his light. 'Why did your doctor send an ambulance for you?'

You're asking me? 'She had deep concerns for my heart health.'

'Can you be more specific?'

Can you sod off and take your torch with you. 'Pain.'

'You were in pain? Where did it hurt?'

'I'm in pain. Chest. Wrist.'

'I just don't think he should be moved.'

Who the hell was this woman?

I was given an injection, which was probably morphine and everything calmed down. There was a sense of euphoria. All the medics left except the nurse. The debate about whether I should be transported to Canberra Hospital as soon as possible continued just outside my room. A large circular analogue wall clock told me it was 3:25 am. I wondered where Anya was. She must have gone home.

Five minutes later, a female medic approached my bed. From the sound of her voice I'm pretty sure it was the shrieking woman. Clearly someone with a degree of authority.

'The decision has been made to transport you to Canberra Hospital. We are just waiting for an ambulance to arrive.' Clearly still angry, she turned on her heels and hastened away.

The same paramedics who transported me from Golspie to Crookwell Hospital and then to here, arrived to take me to Canberra Hospital. I was able to get myself off the bed and onto the gurney with minimal help.

Shortly thereafter, we were speeding down the Federal Highway towards Canberra with beacons flashing doing approximately 140 km/h.

'We're going pretty fast aren't we?'

'Yeah well, this time of the night there's no traffic so might as well get you there as quickly as possible.'

'Right. No other reason then?'

'I agree that you shouldn't have been moved, because we don't have the equipment in here for a medical incident of the type you just had.'

Now I understood. If I died in the ambulance en route the paperwork would be horrific. There was also no knowing whether Anya would pursue legal action. She was a lawyer after all. Things could get ugly.

Distress call

Sample for Island Life

I press my face up to the glass of the French windows. The weather is awful and has been for several days. There's a westerly blowing and the beach is so rough that the surge is washing up onto the high sand which is normally dry even when the tide is fully in. Too dangerous to go down there even if I did brave the weather.

'Mayday. Mayday. Mayday.'

I spin around to look at the marine radio which has just received the emergency distress call. Dad gets up from the table so fast that he almost knocks his chair over.

Grabbing the microphone of the marine radio he presses the button. 'Clarke Island base receiving.'

'My motor has cut out and I'm taking on water.'

Dad has the phonebook and is frantically flipping pages. 'Roger that. What's your location?' He continues to fight with the phone book.

Mum grabs it off him before he damaged it.

'Spike Bay, Clarke Island.'

'Police number,' says Dad, because Mum's not sure whose number he is looking for.

She nods realising that it should have been obvious. While we can talk to the man in distress, we can't facilitate a rescue.

Mum finds the number.

Dad picks up the phone receiver. Dialling the phone on the circular dial mechanism seems to take forever. With each number he has to wait for it to return to neutral before he can enter the next one.

'Copy boat in distress,' says Dad. There's no answer. Dad talks into the phone.

'Received a mayday call. Boat in distress near Spike Bay ... No, I haven't got his name yet.'

I swallow. This is serious. I wonder what size boat it is and why he was out in this weather.

Dad is looking concerned. 'Copy boat in distress.'

'Yeah copy.' There is a strange noise.

I realise suddenly that the man in distress is violently sea sick and isn't able to respond because he is vomiting.

A voice comes over the marine radio. 'This is the *Biminy*. We are on the south side of Preservation Island coming to your aid.'

Dad exhales and talks into the phone. 'Yes, that's confirmed a boat in the vicinity has responded and is en route.'

'This is the *Biminy*. Please confirm location.' In the background the sound of a fog siren can be heard.

There's no reply.

'Boat in distress. This is the *Biminy*, please respond.'

'Roger *Biminy*.' There was the sound of further vomiting. 'Visibility low. Exact location unknown.'

Dad lights a cigarette. 'Yes, I'm still here ... No, he hasn't provided his name or boat name ... Yes, I'll stay on the line.'

Every minute seemed like an hour as Dad stands by the phone and radio.

'This is the *Biminy*. We have visual. Moving in closer to attempt a rescue.'

Dad butts out his cigarette and lights another.

'This is the *Biminy*. We have distressed seaman on board. Towing boat en route to Lady Barren, Flinders Island. I repeat, distressed seaman is on board.'

Dad again talks into the phone. 'Yes, that's correct. They're making a run for Lady Barren ... *How big?*' Dad provides his phone number before hanging up. 'It's thirty-foot waves out there.'

Running a hand across his bald patch he sits down and Mum sits a fresh cup of tea in front of him.

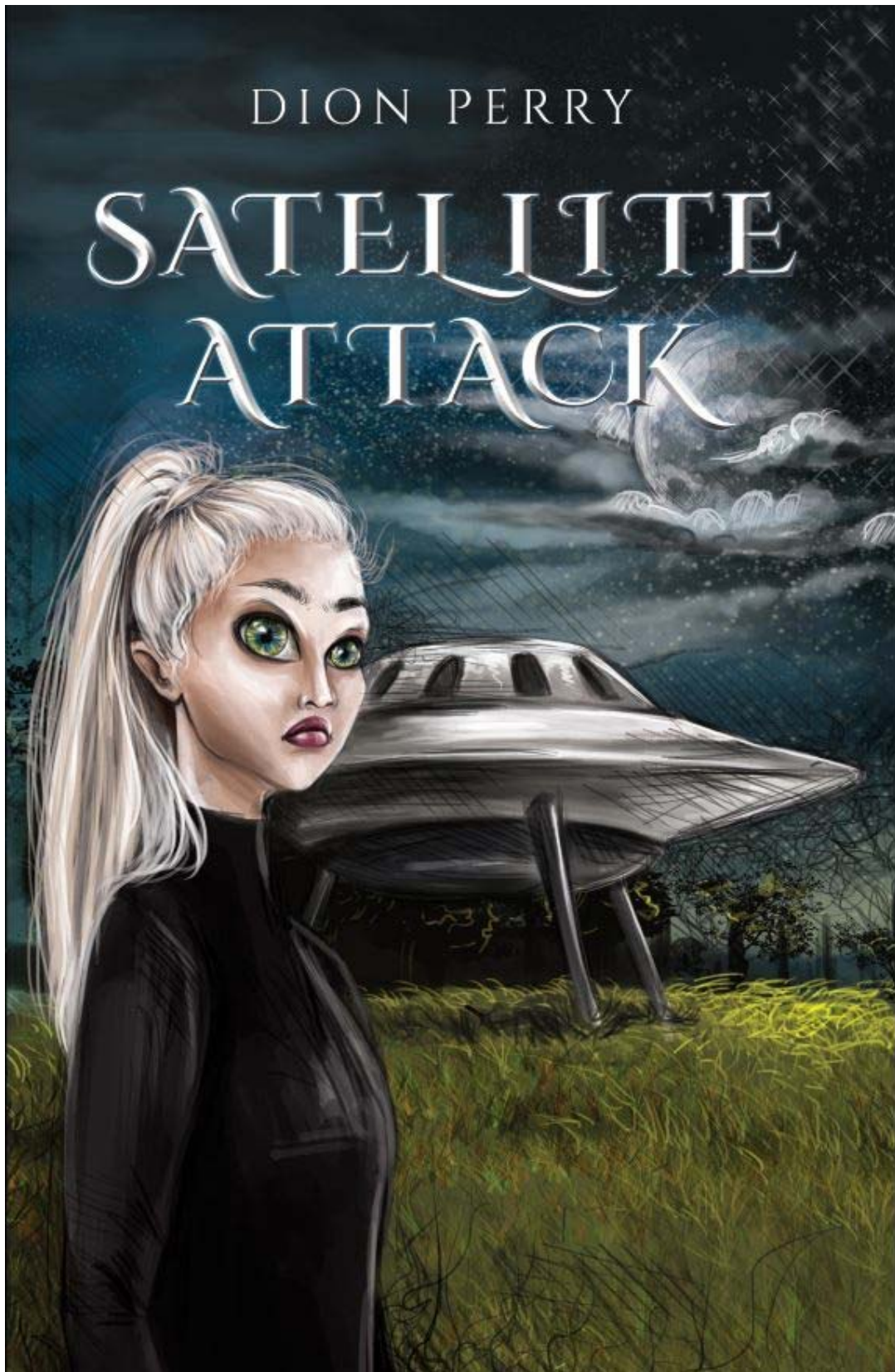
He takes a sip of his tea. 'We need to put emergency numbers in the front of the day book. An emergency call could come in at any time. One of the kids might be the only ones available to answer it.'

Mum nodded and Maree begins to transfer phone numbers into the day book.

An hour later the phone rings and Dad answers it. He speaks in a low voice as he again confirms that he responded to the mayday call. When he hangs up, he shakes his head before sitting back down.

'According to the police, that's the second time that bloke's gone out in foul weather on his own and has had to be rescued.'

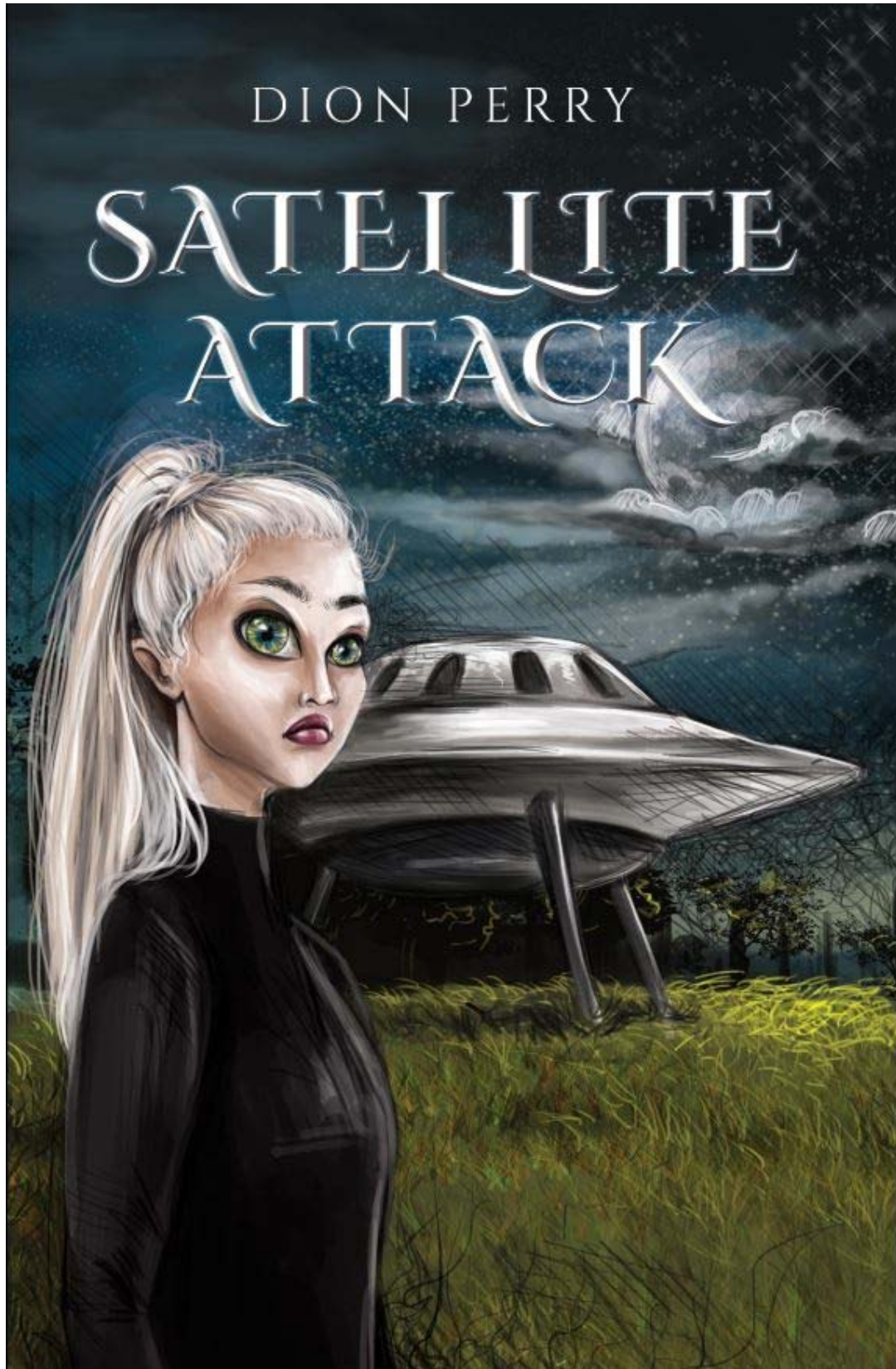
I can't believe it. The water around these islands is some of the roughest in the world. He's lucky we were there to take the call and even luckier that the *Biminy* was willing and able to respond.



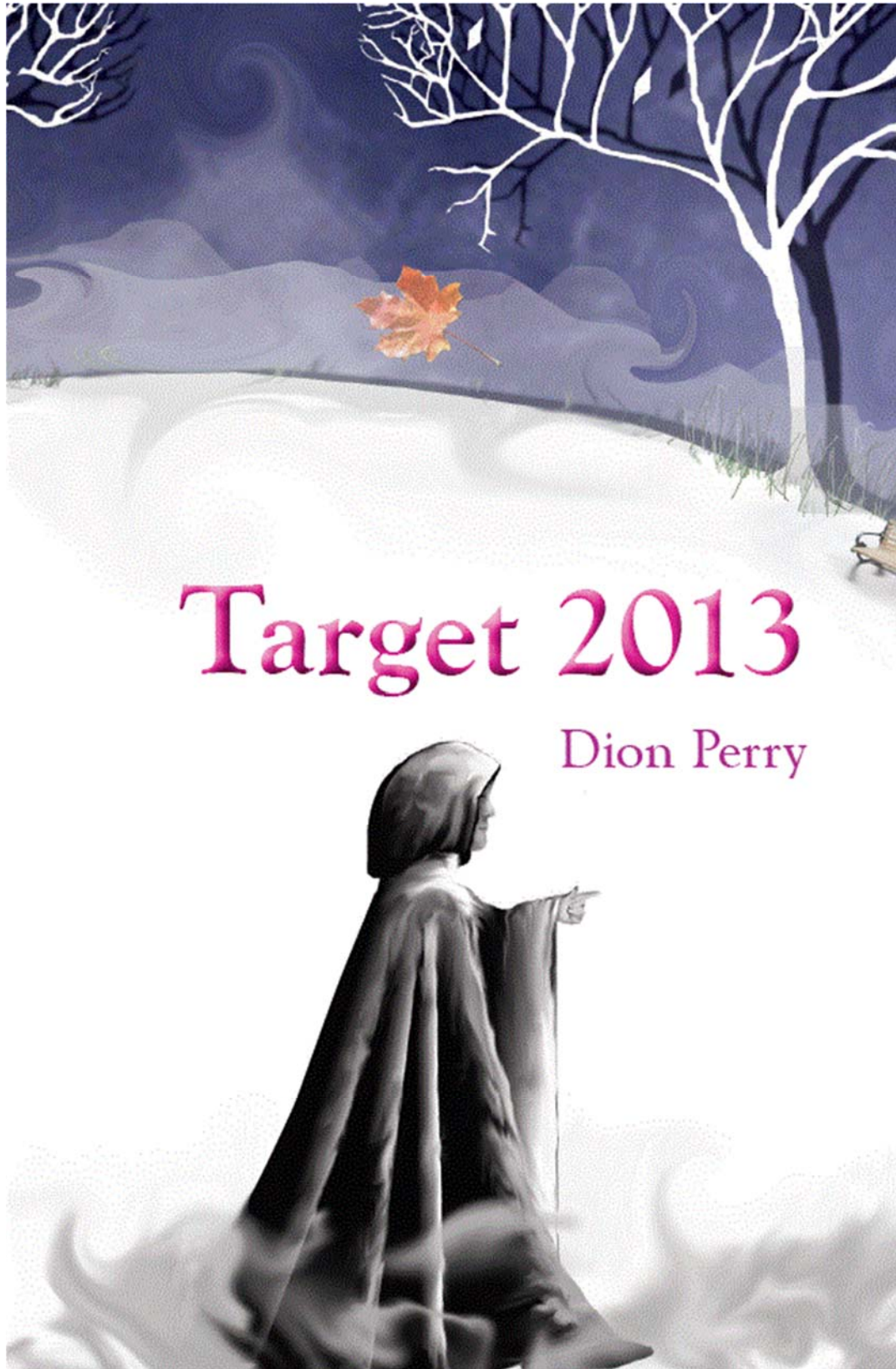
Seraphina has a unique skill that allows her to know the answer to any question as long as it isn't a future prediction. Under the guise of being exiled to Earth, Seraphina must use

her skills to prevent a Satellite Attack which will end civilization on Earth as we know it. However, a faction within the Galactic Council have awoken a sleeper agent who is the acting Head of Earth's Department of Extra-terrestrial Affairs and he orders the military to stop them. In a race against time, Seraphina along with her sister and co-pilot and a handful of Earthling, must obtain DNA, break into a secure compartmented information facility within a secure government building, obtain a special key and erect a satellite dish in order to stop the satellite attack. When things go terribly wrong they risk a dangerous maneuver of a timeline shift plunging them into a different reality.

Previous books I've written

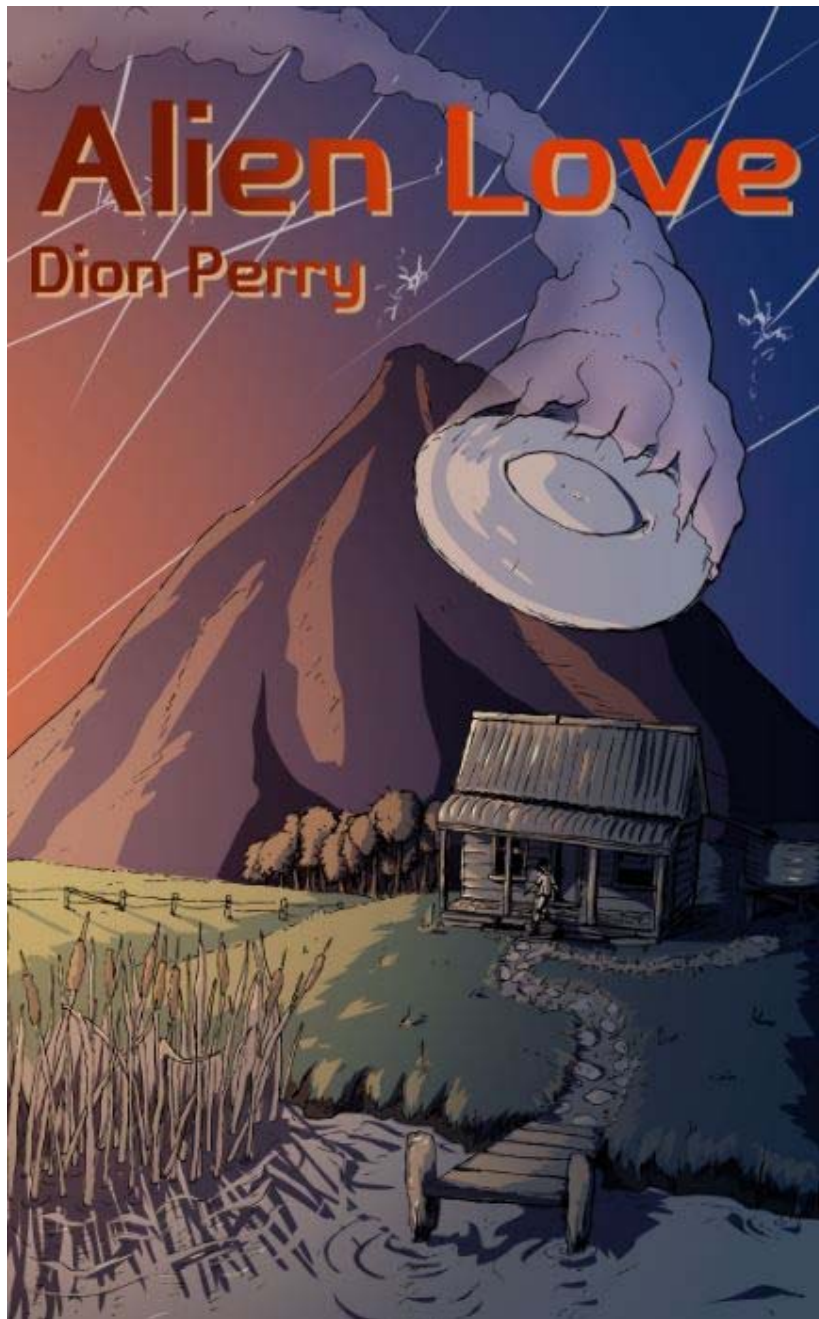


Seraphina has a unique skill that allows her to know the answer to any question as long as it isn't a future prediction. Under the guise of being exiled to Earth, Seraphina must use her skills to prevent a Satellite Attack which will end civilization on Earth as we know it. However, a faction within the Galactic Council have awoken a sleeper agent who is the acting Head of Earth's Department of Extra-terrestrial Affairs and he orders the military to stop them. In a race against time, Seraphina along with her sister and co-pilot and a handful of Earthling, must obtain DNA, break into a secure compartmented information facility within a secure government building, obtain a special key and erect a satellite dish in order to stop the satellite attack. When things go terribly wrong they risk a dangerous maneuver of a timeline shift plunging them into a different reality.



On one frosty morning John's world is thrown into chaos when he witnesses a hit and run car accident, which leaves the sole occupant, Julia, badly injured. John immediately suspects foul play and uses his remote viewing skills to search deeper. He discovers that

Julia is a master researcher, who has uncovered a conspiracy — and has been targeted for termination by the Shadow Men to prevent her from revealing the truth. Having been healed by John from her life-threatening injuries, Julia is determined to expose the Shadow Men as well as survive the coming event horizons. However, she has no idea how deep the conspiracy is or to what length some men will go to prevent her from exposing them, and the truths that could save thousands, if not millions, of lives...

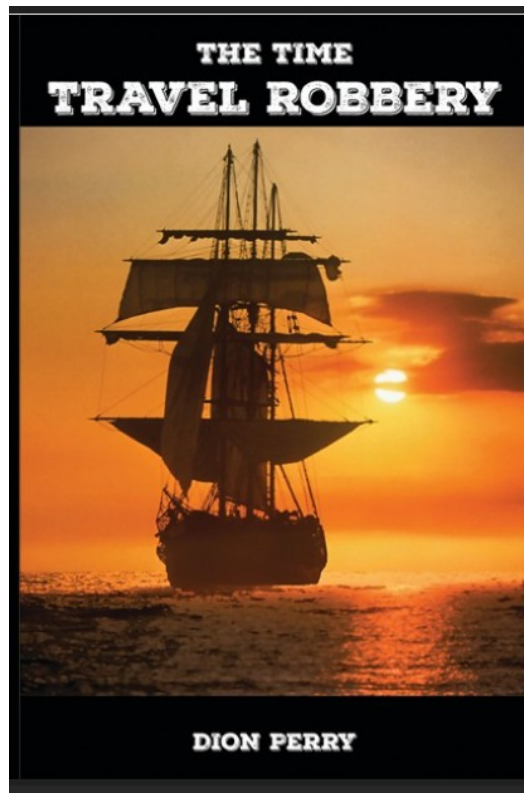


This book contains two stories in one.

Alien love — On a remote island located in the middle of a large lake in the mountains, Zeke has withdrawn from the world. An interstellar war is raging as aliens battle for the supremacy of Earth. A spaceship crashes nearby and Zeke realises that he is the only one who can save the occupant. To do so he has to get the injured being to trust him as well as overcome his own fears. Determined to risk his life to save the being, Zeke chooses love over fear. Not only does he help save a dying world, but he opens his heart to higher forms of love. His life will never be the same again.

Kelid: An alien world — This story explores the world that the alien being in the previous story came from. It provides an insight into a world that is technologically advanced, yet lives close to nature. Discover how beings live in complete harmony with their environment and with each other without money, laws, hierarchical structure, political corruption, religion or damaging their environment. How? The key is through a simple yet profound ethos based on

three principles. Beware this story will introduce you to bizarre concepts that could lead you to change the way you think about society and the natural world forever.



Sally-Anne Ruso is the great granddaughter of one of Italy's most notorious mobsters. She's raised to follow family traditions as a master thief, swindler and utter scallywag, yet at the same time she has ethics, standards and a nagging conscience.

When she happens upon a diary that reveals the location of a time travel device, she cons her boyfriend, a history post-graduate, into helping her retrieve the device and to commit an act of piracy by stealing gold from a ship that is about to become a shipwreck. Everything goes swimmingly, until the device malfunctions and they are stuck in the past on the Furneaux Group Islands with little but their wits and a patchy understanding of history.

But that's not the worst of it. According to pages photocopied from the diary, they must return to their year of departure before the full moon rises in three days. If they don't, the time space continuum will implode and tear a hole in the universe destroying them and their world. What can possibly go wrong? Everything!



Kaylor, from the planet Ria, is a planetary sound analyst who finds a single planet, Zianna, which has an anomalous harmonic resonance. Before she can discover why, she is retrenched from her job, attacked and injured to such a degree she has an NDE.

At the same time, the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Avery Vander, of Fleet, dies under mysterious circumstances and he goes on a quest to discover why. Unbeknown to either of them, Daniel Sparta, who is a contract fixer, has been paid to ensure that Kaylor and Avery have a daughter together through natural birth. No reason is provided, but Sparta is given a persuasive program on a handheld device to achieve this aim.

When the device falls into nefarious hands, war between Ria and Zianna seems inevitable. Only this small group of people can stop that from happening, but first they must learn the truth, which is stranger than they could possibly have imagined. Worse still, they have no time to achieve their aims, or so it seems.