






I was having lunch in New Farm Park when my obviously distressed mother called me saying that Dad had been diagnosed with prostate cancer. He needed to go to the hospital but didn't want to go in an ambulance. When I arrived at Mum and Dad's an arborist was trying to cut down the massive gum tree in the backyard. There were guys in the tree with chainsaws, people on the ground cutting up the branches and others transporting the stumps through to the mulcher in the front yard. Meanwhile Dad was sitting on the couch waiting to be taken to hospital knowing, I think, that this was the last time he would be in his house. He was remarkably calm and very apologetic for asking me to drive him across town to the hospital. Getting out of the house was tricky as we had to dodge chainsaws, branches and many men. On the drive to the hospital Dad was in good spirits, joking about how much pain he was in every time we went over a bump. He just watched the city move as we passed through it. Many hours later, after we got Dad settled, I drove Mum home. When we got to her place all we could see were the remains of the tree. The entire tree was cut into pieces and it lay strewn on the suburban block, it looked like a disaster film. When we finally got to the front door there was a small scrawled note from the arborist apologising for his mulcher breaking down but he would be back tomorrow to fix it up.

On gaining my altar boy qualifications I was placed on the rotating roster at Sacred Heart Parish Sandgate. Every 3 weeks we would have a shift at the Sunday morning mass, the big gig, the most popular service of the week. The church was on a hill overlooking Moreton Bay (the Catholic Church has the best real estate). In summer the church would heat up quickly as it received the full brunt of the early morning Brisbane sun. We altar boys (there were three on each shift) were dressed in our Sunday best, regardless of the weather, under our ceremonial robes that were, I swear, made from someessian that had never been washed or aired. On any shift you would be either responsible for bringing Father the sacraments or ringing the bell at strategic times to alert the congregation that something important was happening. The most significant bell ringing moment was when some nun made wafer and monk made wine was turned into the body and blood of Christ, the transubstantiation. This was what separated us Catholics from the rest. At the precise moment that our Lord was performing this miraculous deed I was supposed to ring the bells but on this particular hot/humid/oppressive/stifling/still Brisbane summer morning the bells were not heard as I was sprawled out on the altar suffering from heat stroke and vomiting that morning's breakfast on the cool, cool marble floor.



TUESDAY I AM ENJOYING NOT HAVING TO GO WORK
AT ALL THE OLD HOUSES AND BEING HOME WITH
JEAN ON THE WEEKENDS AND AT NIGHT.

I AM GETTING MY JOBS DONE AT HOME &
BANDON + DOWN THE COAST.

THE RUGBY LEAGUE IS IN A PHASE
OUT HERE THE STATE OF ORIGIN FINISHED LAST
WEEK NSW WON 2-1. QLD WON THE LAST GAME
WEDNESDAY NIGHT JEAN AND I WATCHED A SHOW ON THE
ABC ABOUT ~~THE~~ FISHING AND THEN WE TURNED OVER TO
THE FOOTBALL WHEN IT WAS HALF FINISHED. SACKER
AND ALL THE FUCK WITH THAT WORK FOR HIM
HARD ROOTS THE WHOLE THING.

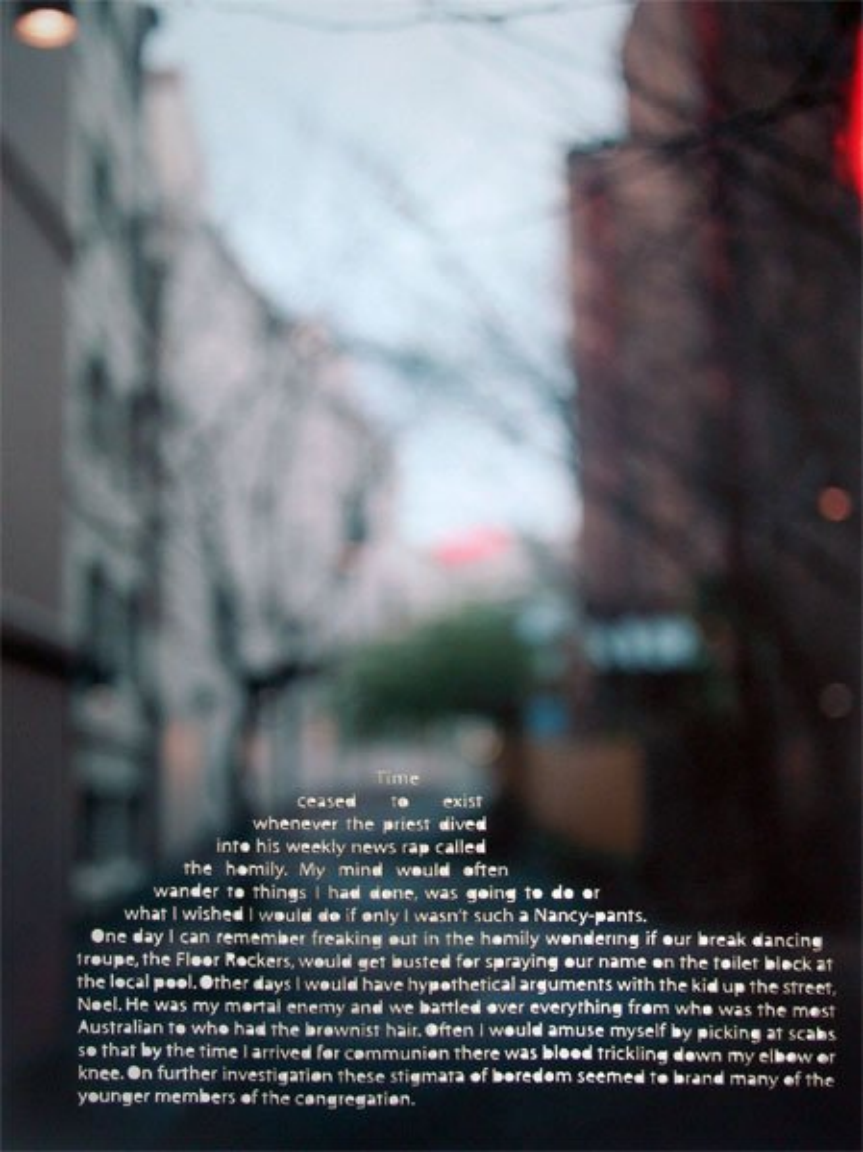
WELL I HAD BETTER FINISH NOW
I HAVE GOT WHITERS CRAMP YOUR MOTHER
SEND HER LOVE (AS ALWAYS) AND SO DO I.
LOOK AFTER YOURSELF AND HAVE A GOOD TIME.

REGARDS

PAUL

After

Mum passed away I
persuaded Mum that I could go
to the water mass on my own. Often I
would just ride around the neighbour-
hood for an hour then return home. But then I
realised that Kadi Gordon attended the Sunday
afternoon mass. I'd spend the entire service trying to
look at Kadi without looking like I was trying to look
at her. Eventually Kadi realised that we were both
secretly trying to look like we were not looking at
each other. Our communion was officially
recognised outside the newsagent with a beautiful
ceremony consisting of me asking Kadi if she
would like to go with me. The relationship
blossomed for two weeks until Kadi got
tired of my strange ways. Thus
ending my church going
phase.



Time
ceased to exist
whenever the priest dived
into his weekly news rap called
the homily. My mind would often
wander to things I had done, was going to do or
what I wished I would do if only I wasn't such a Nancy-pants.

One day I can remember freaking out in the homily wondering if our break dancing troupe, the Floor Rockers, would get lauded for spraying our name on the toilet block at the local pool. Other days I would have hypothetical arguments with the kid up the street, Noel. He was my mortal enemy and we battled over everything from who was the most Australian to who had the brownist hair. Often I would amuse myself by picking at scabs so that by the time I arrived for communion there was blood trickling down my elbow or knee. On further investigation these stigmata of boredom seemed to brand many of the younger members of the congregation.

















faulere: das ist auch eine
Lethargie. Manchmal haben sie
von Baum zu Baum in den Baum-
en und nutzen die langen Arme, um
sich voranzuklimmen.

FAULTIERE

Die Erforschung der Langsamkeit

Naß keine Haut, dann sieht mich auch keiner. Über
Millionen Jahre haben Faultiere diese Strategie verfeinert:
sind weder von Fressfeinden beunruhigt worden noch in
den Fokus von Tierforschern geraten. Die aber rücken den
urräumlichen Skagern nun mit Hightech auf den Fels

PORTFOLIO

SEYCHELLES TERNS *by Stefano Unterthiner*



The Seychelles represents a modern conservation success story. The series of extinctions that followed human settlement has been halted and, since 2011, over 50% of the archipelago has been protected. Yet there is a whiff of trouble in paradise. The islands' terns are facing a new threat: climate change. Increases in ocean temperature reduce food availability, and in some of the Seychelles' tern populations breeding success has dived from 75 to 1 per cent. These images aim to capture the variety and grace of these birds, and the dynamic, chaotic colonies that could vanish all too soon.

STEFANO UNTERTHINER



Stefano uses photography to tell animals' life stories, focusing particularly on conservation, behaviour and interactions between people and wildlife. www.stefano-underthiner.com

ABOVE Endled terns engage in allopreening on Little Fregate Island, where an unexpectedly large colony was identified during my visit.

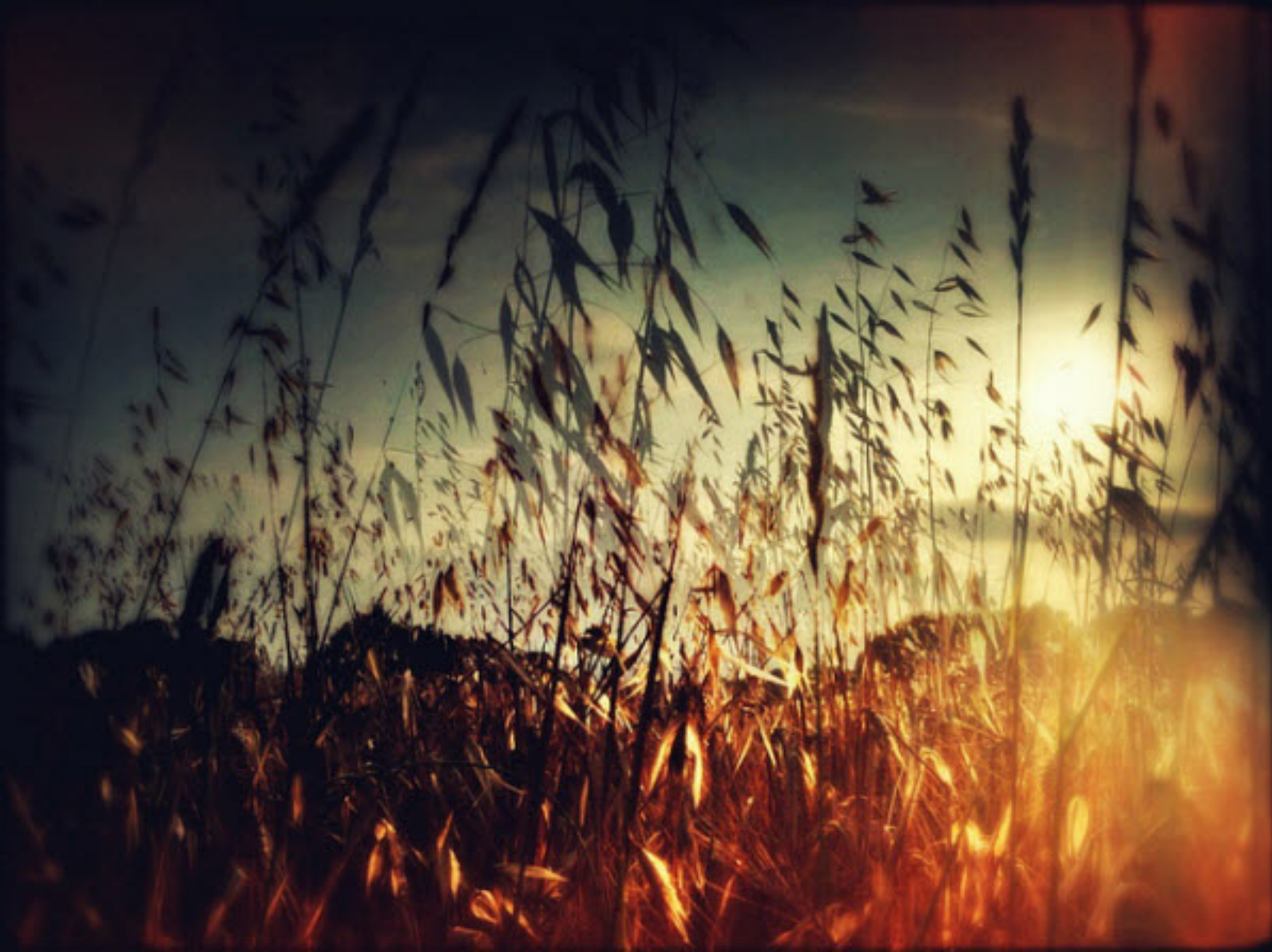
A Komodo dragon is shown in profile, facing right, amidst tall green grass. Its body is dark and scaly, and its long, pale tongue is extended. The background features a river winding through a valley under a soft, hazy sky.

Once Upon a Dragon

Earth's most monstrous lizard faces an uncertain future.

A Komodo dragon roams the island of Komodo, part of Indonesia's Lesser Sunda Islands. Each day of the forest-dwelling lizard's life is a struggle for survival. It can pounce on its prey, or it can pounce on its own kind. A high concentration of bacteria in its mouth leads the way.

















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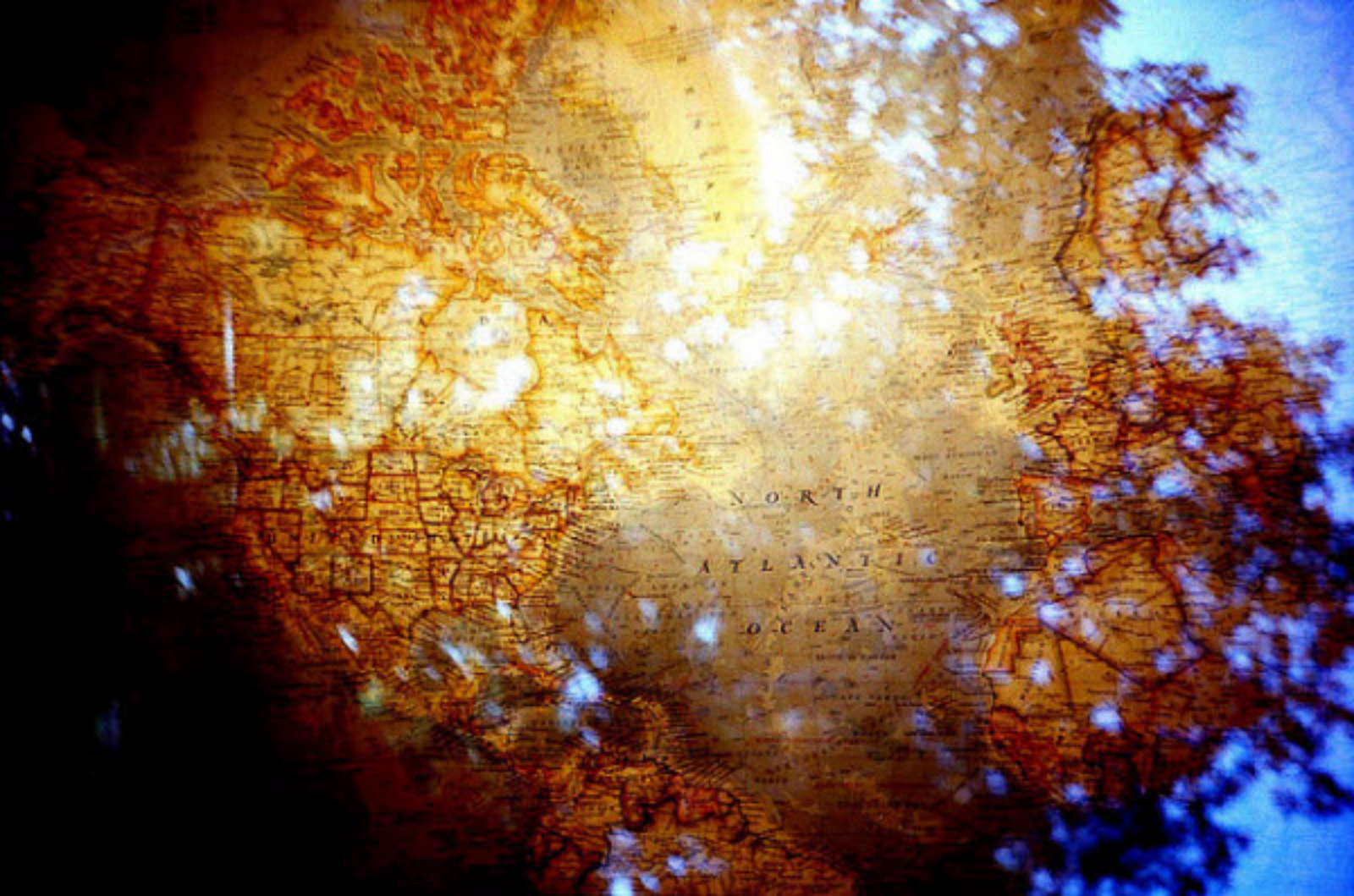


"IT IS NOT THE CRIMINALS WHO COUNT;
NOT THE MAN WHO FAILS; BUT HOW
THE STRONG MAN STRIVES; OR WHEN
THE DOER OF DEEDS COULD HAVE
DONE THEM BETTER. THE CREDIT
BELONGS TO THE MAN WHO IS
ACTUALLY IN THE ARENA, WHOSE
FACE IS MARRED BY DUST AND
SWEAT AND BLOOD; WHO STRIVES
VALIANTLY; WHO ERRS, AND COMES
SHORT AGAIN AND AGAIN; BUT
THERE IS NOT EFFORT WITHOUT
AND SHORTCOMING; BUT WHO
ACTUALLY STRIVE TO DO THEM;
WHO KNOWS THE GREAT EFFORTS;
THE GREAT DEVOTIONS; WHO
HIMSELF IN A WORTHY CAUSE;
WHO AT THE BEST KNOWS
THE TRIUMPHS OF HIGH DEEDS;
AND WHO AT THE WORST
AT LEAST FAILS WHILE DOING
GREATLY, SO THAT HIS PLACE SHALL
NEVER BE WITH THOSE COLD AND
TIMID SOULS WHO KNOW NEITHER
VICTORY NOR DEFEAT."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

QUEEN IS ENLARGED BY JOHN B. CONNALLY, III





NORTH

ATLANTIC

OCEAN

