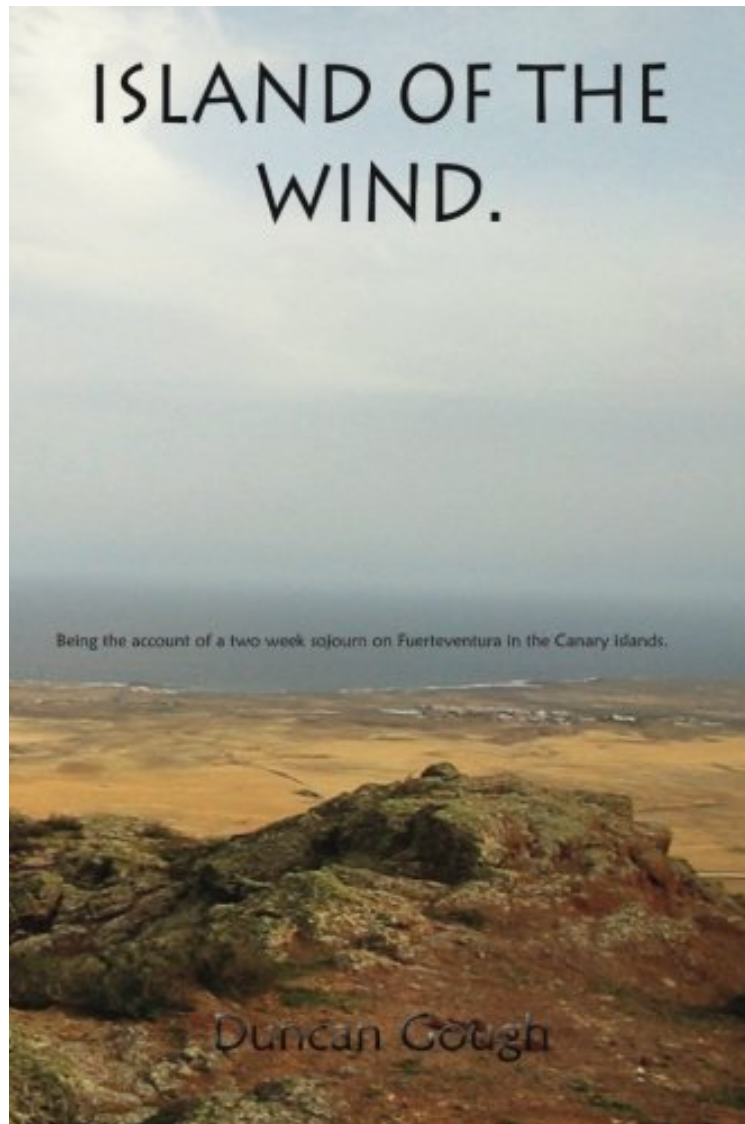


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Island of the Wind: Being the account of a two week sojourn on Fuerteventura in the Canary islands. The purposes of which were to treat my Psoriasis and to write my novel away from all distractions.

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the Wind: Being the account of a two week sojourn on Fuerteventura in the Canary islands. The purposes of which were to treat my Psoriasis and to write my novel away from all distractions.:

In January 2015 I flew to Fuerteventura in the Canary Islands, I had three interwoven aims in this trip. The treatment of my Psoriasis, the writing of my novel away from all distractions and lastly to be on my own to mourn and remember my mother who passed away very unexpectedly a year ago. This is an account of my experiences not a travel guide.

About the Author Are you not a piece of your parents? Whether you see it as big or little or nothing, through genes and songs and loves and arguments they are there. My Father volunteered for the Royal Navy in 1944, the Second World War, at the age of 19 (he had been in a reserved occupation - farm work, free from conscription). He became an artist, a painter and much more, the sum of his experiences. My Mother was raised in South Africa before the troubles, her Father founded a co-race Public School in Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe. She supported his artistic endeavours through thick and thin by teaching. They raised me and my sister through the 60's and 70's in a world of contradictions. At one time living on our small-holding in Suffolk we had 4 motorbikes from Honda 50 to BSA 150 175 and then my CZ250. I poached rabbits and pheasants for the table, learnt wild craft and how to BE at ONE with nature. At 13 after the rigours of Felixstowe Middle School Comprehensive, tackling bullying I was incredibly lucky to get a bursary to go to Bedales School in Hampshire. Though I didn't do the school justice I was able to form my person in the greatest environment you could hope for. When 18 I went to work on a Sugar Cane farm in Zululand followed by Feature Film work in the Southern Cape, Fence Construction in Scotland, Reproduction Cabinet Worker, Builder and Carpenter, Boat fitter and Engineer in Greece and other activities followed. Finally in 1980 I started, by accident, a Degree in Visual Art at Aberystwyth University. A wife, two stepchildren, a son, five grandchildren, two proxy great grand children and a rake of other relations; here I am. Trying to become a Writer!