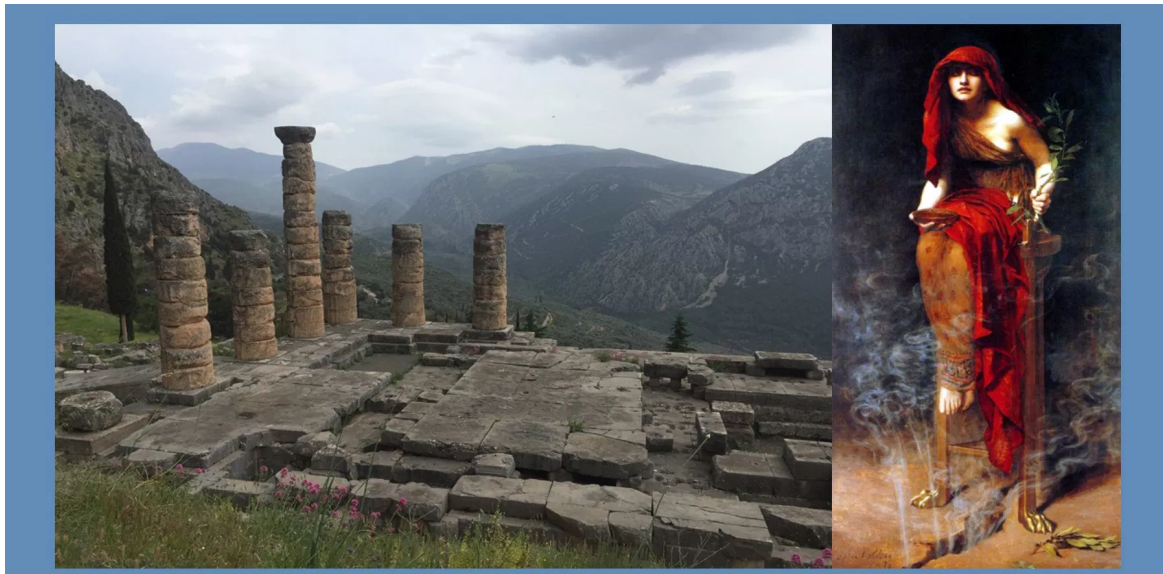


Your Stories: Stirring the Embers of Self-Discovery



My Trip To Delphi © David Batts

Loss

I take a short step back to my boyhood and time served at St Edwards School Oxford (aka 'Teddies'). My mother was persuaded to enroll me there shortly after the death of my father. I remember the explanation for this move being that the school offered a 'safer' environment. Safer for whom and from what was not made clear, either way, the investment was to fail us both.

Boys Will Be Boys

I gazed down from the third-floor of the Work Block below. Boys streamed across the quadrangle along the four paths that neatly bisected the lawn, meeting at a kind of roundabout decorated with a gaudy floral display. They clipped, tripped and jostled each other at every opportunity, temporarily straightening at the bark of a patrolling teacher. It was a daily scene but entertained me none the less.

Imagine my delight one morning, looking down to see that the whole quad had been meticulously painted with white road markings! Boys embracing the new game, honked loudly, pausing at junctions, indicated wildly with their arms and generally created a decidedly 'un-Teddies' like chaos. I looked for the Warden (headmaster) and found him framed in the bay window of his study, observing the scene with seething impotence. *Victory complete, the perpetrator was the champion of the world!*

My Attention

was drawn back in the classroom. "*The Ancient Greeks considered Delphi to be the navel of the earth.*" I hadn't considered the earth as having a navel at all.

"Zeus

sent out two eagles, one to the furthest point east the other similarly to the west and bid them fly to each other. He then hurled a great rock

from Mt Olympus, to mark the spot where they crossed. That place boys was called Delphi, the center of the classical world".

Fair enough, and easy as that I was hooked.

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