

AND THE OTHER SIDE

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Ah, mon ami, you really do not want to know my story. Let me tantalize you, but do not ask me to tell it all. It is not a tale for the telling. Mon dieu, I would like to forget it; would that I had the choice not to know it. There were good times; do not get me wrong. But even they were tinged with sadness, like the climb to the top of Everest. Remember, there were those who didn't make it. They were my friends.

You would like to know what brought me here, and why I am magistrate, even though I nearly met death at the guillotine. Simply stated, mon ami, no one else would take the job. Like you, I champion lost causes and will step in where others fear to tread. We are alike, in some ways, are we not? But what brought me here to Boragora? What brought you, Jake? Think, it is not so different from what brought me. I needed some place new and, perhaps, some place where peace is in the ocean view and the abundant flowers. So different from my home in France.

Never worry about the problems you get me into. That is a part of the life here, a part I like; otherwise our lives would be most dull. Besides, you and Sarah and Corky -- you are special, the family I never had.

Do you ever wonder what the next years will bring? The war in the Pacific will grow to encompass your country. I feel it with great sadness in my heart. These peaceful Pacific isles will no longer be so. We have been feeling it coming for several years now. And you, mon ami, with your skills as a pilot, where will you be called to? You see what I mean? Even the good years -- they are tinged with sadness. There are those who will not make it through the war. Some of them will be my friends.

