

## Emerging writer: An excerpt from Guy Saunders' autobiography, *A Path Worth Walking*

At four years old, myself, my brother and same- aged neighbour, Pearl, were playing trains on the front jetty of our little 7x3 metre oyster-shed home. We were waiting for dad to pick us up in the water taxi.

The river was roiling and flooded at the time; dark brown water surging fast beneath the pontoon of the jetty. We kids had three small plastic chairs set up as the train.

I wanted to be the conductor placing myself in the lead chair. Pearl didn't like the sound of that though, and in childhood frustration, she innocently pushed me from behind. I went straight over the edge into the dark surge and was sucked right under the heavy mass of encrusted barnacles that covered the bottom of the floating platform.

Mum, hearing a weird noise, turned from looking out for the water taxi to see Tyler and Pearl peering quizzically over the edge. Fully dressed she dove straight into the surge. Not believing I could be under there or how to find me if I was, she kicked hard with her arms outstretched into the darkness.

The water pushed her up and into the barnacles, but then she felt me, took me in her arms, as the water pushed us further underneath and out the other side.

Bleeding, covered in oyster cuts from head to toe we sat on the edge of the pontoon, recovering from the travel experience neither of us thought we would have.