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Within about 6 hours after they touched down at Nairobi International Airport, they finally arrived at their lodge.

Patrick turned around for the first time the entire trip and made strong eye contact with both of them. He smiled. He had perfect teeth.

“Welcome to the *King Makohani mountain top lodge!*”

## CHAPTER 41:

# THE KING MAKOHANI MOUNTAIN-TOP LODGE



Apparently, over 300 men worked day and night, winter and summer, for 13 months to complete this luxurious game lodge. The lodge was owned by Sir Arthur Madock - the eccentric Irish Billionaire who had purchased the property and developed it into a world-class, five-star mountain-top lodge. Madock-owned eccentric ‘off-the-grid’ five star resorts all over the world. This was one of *Madock Luxury Lodges’* first and premier projects. He had purchased the land from the local Manyuki tribe.

The paving was hacked into the mountainside, passing through five tunnels to get to the entrance of the lodge. Heavy wooden gates heralded the opening to Makohani’s mountain-top lodge, which was located on the summit, and which gave a grand view of all the surrounding vast grasslands and Savannah plains.

Such a marvel of architecture was unheard of in this time. Apparently, the summit was the heart of an ancient Kingdom and the lodge was named after a King - King Makohani.

*“Surely he must have been a great visionary in order to locate such a magnificent site!”* Mused Norman.

The paving towards the summit appeared perfectly manicured. The detail of the foot stones blew Sarah and

her dad away. Each stone had unique and ornate markings - and there were thousands of them! Each stone was designed, handcrafted and laid by hand. Such craftsmanship, Sarah's dad had only seen in a few old European villages.

The 4 x 4 land-cruiser crawled slowly up the paving towards the top of the mountain. When Sarah looked down, the height was dizzying!

'*Look!*' said Sarah, pointing to several Cape Griffon vultures, which were nesting on the nearby cliffs and which were up soaring in the air.

The entire time, Patrick focussed on the road. He was not very talkative. He answered the few questions they had very briefly and concentrated on the road. *And rightly so*, because one mistake and they would all end up on the bottom of these cliffs!

It was late afternoon when they finally arrived at the lodge and they were welcomed by four cheerful staff members with welcoming drinks. The landscaping and the garden of the lodge were breath taking. Sarah and her dad were handed cocktails made from the local Maroela trees. They were also given warm towels to wipe their faces and necks.

'*Welcome To the King Makohani Mountain-Top Lodge! Please come to the reception*' said a friendly young black female.

'*I will bring your luggage*', said Patrick.

The air atop the mountain was so crisp and so fresh that both Sarah and her dad felt light-headed – or was it the alcohol in the Maroela drinks.

Sitting at the reception was a young white man, probably in his early forties. His name, as they were to find out, was Rowan - Rowan Madock - the only son of the Irish billionaire who owned the luxury lodge franchise. Rowan managed the lodge.

Rowan had red hair, freckles, he was tall and well-built. He had blue eyes and a confident air about himself. The way he introduced himself was with his energy. Before he

even said anything, you could feel his energy. It was a restless kind of energy. The kind of energy one finds in travellers and those who chase things – even when the earth sleeps.

Rowan was immediately attracted to Sarah! Here was an immaculately dressed and professional young playboy, clearly dispatched by his dad to learn the trade. However at the sight of Sarah, he seemed to lose a bit of composure! The only thing which seemed to keep him in check was Sarah's dad!

*'Welcome to Makohani Mountain-Top Lodge Folks!'*  
Rowan beamed.

*'How was your trip up here from the airport? It's a bit of a bumpy road hey?'*

Norman responded: *'It has been a long day driving and we are somewhat tired. We would love to check in to our room. What time does dinner get served and where is the venue?'*

Rowan immediately and professionally responded: *'You folks will be staying in the Acacia suite – our finest suite - and dinner will be served at 19h00 on the terrace. We have an infinity pool on our wooden deck which overlooks the plains below. We think you folks will enjoy the view!'*

Norman and Sarah retired to their large room. The room was truly magnificent. How the builders had managed to build such luxury on the top of a remote mountain, in the middle of Africa, really astounded them both. The finest fittings were present in the bathroom. In fact, the bathroom looked like something out of colonial Africa! The finest touches were present within their room – from the carpet décor to the paintings on the walls. Both Sarah and her dad stood there, soaking in the details, before they even unpacked and settled down.

At 19h00, dressed in their evening clothes, both Sarah and her dad arrived on the terrace. It was past sunset and the grasslands extended endlessly in all directions, with colours of tan and apricot and orange.

There were three tables with families (including kids), two tables with couples and a single table with a black man who was dressed in an incredibly smart suit. It was really exclusive and clearly attracted only the wealthiest of clients. Sarah looked at the clothes and watches and jewellery of the other guests. This was obviously a secret destination for the unabashedly fortunate!

Sarah and her dad sat down near the balcony close to the pool, away from the other guests. Their waiter, Sam arrived, extremely well-dressed and incredibly well spoken he beamed perfect white teeth and welcomed them both to the lodge and ran through the specials of the evening.

Apparently the lodge chef qualified at the legendary *École de Cuisine Alain Ducasse*. She was apparently highly skilled in African cuisine and apparently added a 'French twist' to the many local African culinary dishes.

Norman ordered the grilled springbok loin with hummus, sautéed chickpeas, broccoli, potato fondant, marrow croquette and bordelaise jus.

Sarah ordered the grilled sea bass with pea purée, confit parsnips, sautéed peas, polenta duchesse, fresh parsnip shavings, bacon crumble and lemon butter sauce.

The meal was excellent! While they were sitting in the aftermath of the dinner, enjoying their dessert, Rowan came past their table.

*"How was dinner folks?"*

*"It was an excellent meal!"* Replied Norman, while sipping on his Dom Pedro.

Sarah still made little eye contact with Rowan. She could sense that he liked her. The conversation and the energy drifted between Rowan and Norman and Sarah just sat there, indifferent, gazing out on the horizon, also sipping her Dom Pedro cocktail. She clearly had no interest in this young man who looked like an older version of Ron Weasley from Harry Potter.

*"We have arranged a luxury game-drive for you folks tomorrow with our drivers Roebuck and Timothy. They truly are excellent guides –the best of the best! - I am sure*

*you folks will see the Big-5 in one morning: Lion, elephant, Buffalo, rhinoceros and even leopard!”*

*“What is more, we have arranged a luxury bush breakfast for you folks somewhere in the wilderness. Wake-up will be at 6 am sharp. Also we will have coffees and teas for you before you depart. Please take some sunscreen and a hat. Also perhaps take some mosquito repellent”*

*“That sound quite nice, doesn’t it Sarah?”* Norman tried to engage Sarah into the conversation.

*“Yes, it does sound quite nice.”* Sarah responded flatly, ignoring them both, as she sipped on her Dom Pedro.

Rowan gave them both a charming smile and wished them both a good night and swiftly departed.

The stars in the sky were three-dimensional that night. There was not an artificial light glowing on the horizon, except for the brief white flash of distant lightning from a very distant thunderstorm. The air was fresh and crisp. And from the plains below one could almost hear the wails of a hyena and the cry of a jackal.

## CHAPTER 42:

### THE GAME DRIVE



There was a large umbrella tree in the middle of the African grasslands. It was a beautiful and picturesque setting. The silence around them was deafening. One single acacia tree growing alone in the middle of nowhere! This was the only lone surviving tree in a vast ocean of grassland. Obviously, it was deposited there many years ago by an elephant. Elephants were known to walk great distances and obviously the acacia seed must have arrived there via elephant dung, for there were no other acacia trees to be seen from horizon to horizon! It was just endless grass plains for as far as the eyes could see.

The game vehicle stopped next to the tree. It was 09h15 in the morning. It was already starting to get hot. Already, in the distance, one could see small specks of vultures soaring on the thermals. Sarah and her dad alighted from the game vehicle. The tour guide and the game tracker also alighted from the vehicle. It had been an excellent morning game drive! They had already seen good leopard and lion and it was now time for a hearty African breakfast.

Roebuck, the chief safari guide and driver instructed Timothy, the game tracker, to remove the cooler box and the table from the back of the vehicle. Timothy covered the collapsible steel table with a perfect chequered tablecloth. He pulled out a vacuum flask with piping hot Kenyan coffee and there were some African breads and



cheeses upon it, which they snacked upon. It was the perfect morning in Africa! Everything felt so colonial! The freshest breeze with the purest of savannah grassland air filled their nostrils. Sarah hugged her dad tightly as they both sipped their coffee.

Roebuck was particularly chirpy this morning. He was regaling his two guests with stories of death and adventure in Africa! He was very well-spoken and Sarah's dad could see why he was hired to be the chief tour guide at King Makohani's five-star guest lodge.

*"This tree,"* began Roebuck in a very dramatic fashion, patting the tree with his right hand.

*"This umbrella acacia tree is over three hundred years old!"*

Sarah and her dad approached the tree and took a closer look at the bark.

*"You can clearly see where the animals have used this as a scratching post for over three hundred years."* Roebuck ran his hand over the incredibly smooth and polished wood bark.

*"That old mark on the bark was probably caused by lightning."* He pointed higher up where some of the bark appeared chipped.

Sarah looked at Roebuck and asked: *"How come there is only one tree in all these parts? How come only this lone tree survives?"*

Timothy stood a way from the three. He was scanning the horizon for dangerous animals, AK-47 rifle on his shoulder. He had professionally distanced himself from the conversation. His duty was to protect the guests.

*"Traditional plant use is of tremendous importance in rural African communities. This knowledge is dwindling due to changes towards a more Western lifestyle, and the influence of modern tourism."* Roebuck said.

*"Plants have been an integral part of life in many indigenous communities, and African communities are no exception. Apart from providing building materials, fodder, weapons and other commodities, plants are*

*especially important as traditional medicines. Since this knowledge is still mostly taught orally, without written record, the loss of knowledge is accelerating.”*

*“Timothy and I are members of the Manyuki tribe. We were originally nomadic pastoralists. We originally lived on the shores of a great lake below the Mahale Mountain range. Our women would walk into the surrounding forests by day collecting fruits and nuts and we men would go out and catch bush meat. Bush meat consisted chiefly of primates; although bushbuck and bush pig were also often caught. When we weren’t in the forests, both men and women would be out on the vast lake catching fish.*

*“The main pillars of the Manyuki diet are milk and blood from our cattle, and soups derived from wild collected herbs. We boil elephant dung and drink the water. Berries and other wild fruits supplement our diet. Herbal knowledge is widespread in our community.”*

*“Hardwoods such as this umbrella acacia are used to produce weapons. Weapons also still serve an important role in protection from wild animals.”*

It was at this stage that Sarah needed to excuse herself to go to the toilet. The only place was a very small little bush approximately 100 meters away.

*“Please may you folks excuse me, but I need to go to the ladies room”.* Sarah was very self-conscious as she was the only female on the game drive.

The three men looked the other way as Sarah went to do her business.

After about five minutes, Sarah came running back to the group, short of breath, looking ashen and excited.

The three men looked at her, awaiting her to speak.

*“There are human skeletal remains underneath that bush!”*

## CHAPTER 43:

### **CO-MINGLED SKELETAL REMAINS**



When it came to tracking and bush interpretation, Timothy was the best of the best, which is why he was hired to be chief tracker at the prestigious *King Makohani Mountain-top lodge*.

Timothy immediately went to investigate the scene. He had some military training prior to becoming a field ranger and tracker. He didn't go to school and was trained in the bushveld. '*School slows you down*' is what he was taught by his Manyuki teachers. To track and work in the bushveld as a tracker or in anti-poaching requires you to have been raised in the bushveld. '*One can't study the bushveld in textbooks*', was another lesson he was taught. He scoured the area, and after a short while returned to the group.

At first he spoke with Roebuck in their native Manyuki language, which made Sarah and her dad feel a little uncomfortable.

However, shortly thereafter, Roebuck said that in the space of a couple of minutes, Timothy had been able to answer the following main questions: Were they bones? Were they human bones? What was the sex? What was the stature? What was the race? What was the age? How long have they been dead? And what was the cause of death?

Sarah looked at her dad, astounded! It would have taken a qualified forensic anthropologist several weeks, if

not months, to answer those questions! Sarah's dad was also completely astounded and astonished by this! By just examining the scene, Timothy's advanced tracking knowledge and keen eye for detail - He could already answer the main questions within a short period of time. 'These African trackers are amazing!' Thought Sarah

*'It looks like two adult skeletons'*, began Timothy.

The dating of skeletal remains – Recent bones have soft tissue adhering in the form of tendon and ligament tags, especially around the joint ends. Periosteum may be visible as fibrous material closely adherent to the shaft surface. Cartilage may also be present on articular surfaces. Animal predators may remove all soft tissue and cartilage. The density and feel of the bone, for a period a bone may be heavy and feel slightly greasy to the fingers, which may last for years. These bones were fragile and brittle, indicating old bones. Timothy estimated them to be very old bones.

*'It looks like the bones of two African males. The one is middle-aged, the other is younger, perhaps a teenager. It does not look like they sustained sharp force trauma or blunt force trauma. The bones show no signs of that. There were no signs of bullets. There were no signs of fire. There are some post mortem predator injuries, probably caused by some of the animals in the Mara. But to me it looks like these two men died suddenly and at the same time.'*

Timothy had found a leather ligature on the scene and he also found a broken-off distal tip of an arrow, which he held in his hand. The arrow tip looked very sharp and obviously the time and the weather had had no effect on blunting its sharpness.

It was impossible for Timothy to determine what they had specifically died from, and they would have to alert the Kenyan Police and the Kenyan Forensics Department when they got back to camp.

Timothy handed the broken-off distal tip of the arrow to Roebuck. They had a policy that if they found any weapons or artefacts in the bush, that they were to ensure

that these items were reported and safely removed by the authorities.

*As Roebuck took the arrow head from Timothy, the sharp edge of the blade lightly scratched the skin on his palm...*

*'Ow! You pricked me!'* exclaimed Roebuck, admonishing Timothy.

*'Sorry, I didn't do that on purpose,'* responded Timothy.

Seconds later, their chief safari guide - their authoritative-, their friendly-, their knowledgeable-Roebuck - was dead...

## CHAPTER 44:

# THE MANAGERIAL SKILLS OF ROWAN MADOCK



What had started off as a romantic early morning African safari – had evolved into an unexpected tragedy! Things had taken an unexpected turn for the worse.

*“What happened to Roebuck must surely have happened to Professor Sutcliffe and Raj Makurai!”* Sarah immediately put two-and-two together! *“The arrow-tip must have been coated with the same substance as the butterfly! Sarah wondered if the two, co-mingled skeletal remains could also have been killed by this self-same butterfly poison?”*

Timothy had quickly cleaned up the table and the breakfast. Timothy and Norman immediately hoisted the dead body of Roebuck into the back of the open-top game viewing vehicle.

All three were quiet as they sped back to King Makohani mountain top Lodge. All three of them lost in their own worlds!

Sarah’s dad held his daughter’s hand tightly and said nothing. The car bounced along the gravel roads. Roebuck was covered with a blanket on the back seat. Norman and Sarah gazed expressionlessly into the horizon. Their combined emotions were too much for any of them to handle. They were all done.

Already waiting for them at the lodge was Rowan Madock. Timothy had radioed ahead of time and he was already briefed about the incident. Rowan stood waiting at the gate. He seemed calm and in control. He ordered his staff to help unload the body of Roebuck off the vehicle and take it to the staff quarters. Norman and Sarah were ushered to the reception and told to wait there and have a drink. However they refused. They felt partly responsible and they wanted to stay and help in any way they could.

Rowan pulled Timothy aside and briefly, quietly and professionally got the history out of him. The arrow-tip was located on the front seat. It was eyed by some of the staff members. The staff members were talking with some animation and there was a lot of commotion in the background. Rowan could sense something was happening. He asked Timothy to find out from his staff what the problem was.

Minutes later Timothy returned: *“The staff and I are all members of the Manyuki tribe. This arrow tip, we believe, is part of our cultural history. It is deeply symbolic for the Manyuki people and has been missing for over one hundred years! It is a sacred item, revered by our entire kingdom. It was this arrow tip which defeated the late King Makohani. The arrow tip is a shrine to our democracy and represents to us the end of dictatorship. Once a year this arrow tip was paraded around our entire kingdom as a reminder of our communal history.”*

Rowan looked at Norman. Norman looked at Sarah. They were all speechless!

*“I think we need to lock this arrow tip the Lodge safe and we need to telephone the Kenyan Police.”* Rowan said to all those present.

However Timothy rejected this idea.

*“We need to present this arrow tip to our Chief. He will know what to do with this.”*

Norman calmly interrupted everyone by saying that this arrow tip was a weapon which was involved in the death of their chief guide, Roebuck and that it would be

important for the police to see the weapon which inflicted the death.

At this, Rowan once again took centre stage.

*“We understand that this arrow tip may have cultural and traditional significance and we respect this. However, we cannot deny the fact that it killed Roebuck. Therefore we will have to disclose this to the Kenyan authorities, after which, I am sure, the arrow will be handed safely to your Chief.”*

His message seemed to calm the staff members and Rowan carefully took the arrow-tip off the front seat of the car. He carefully wrapped it in cloth and said that he would put it in the lodge safe until such time as the Kenyan Police arrived. In the meantime, he didn't want the scandal of this death to destroy the reputation of his dad, Sir Arthur Madock's five star resorts all over the world. He had to do damage control. He also had other guests to worry about. Some of the guests were already present and were already witnessing this spectacle.

Roebuck's body was wrapped in a blanket and taken to the staff quarters. Sarah and her dad felt shattered by this incident. Sarah and her dad still had several more days in Kenya, at this lodge, and already Sarah wanted nothing more than to go home!

That afternoon Sarah's dad planted himself at the bar and ordered a double shot of whiskey. Sarah did not usually drink alcohol, although she ordered herself a cider. On the horizon, another storm was brewing. This time it looked more ominous and threatening than the previous night. The grasslands were dry. It was incredibly hot. The animals were stressed. The lodge staff and the lodge guests were also stressed.

It turned out to be a long day. No-one felt like going on another game-drive. The guests just sat at the pool, drinking and talking. The holiday mood was ruined.

*“The police will be here first thing tomorrow morning”*  
Rowan came to tell the guests.



## CHAPTER 45:

### **AGAIN WITHOUT A TRACE!**



The following morning the Kenyan police arrived. Three large detectives drove slowly up the mountain in their marked vehicle. Rowan pointed out the body of Roebuck to the three detectives and then hovered nervously in the background.

Statements were given by Timothy, Norman and Sarah.

The other guests tried to continue as normal as possible with their holiday and sat at their breakfast tables. The mood was still low and hung over the camp like a cloud.

Come time to open the safe and show the arrow-tip to the Police – Everyone was shocked and surprised to find that it had disappeared. Despite it being in the safe! There was complete disbelief!

*“The arrow-tip has disappeared!”* exclaimed Rowan to all the Police.

*“I swear I personally put it in the safe last night! Who could have taken it?”*

Everyone looked at everyone. Everyone’s eyes searched everyone’s eyes. Timothy looked at Rowan angrily!

*“I told you to hand the arrow-tip to our Chief for safe-keeping!”* Timothy admonished Rowan

On the horizon, a small speck of dust could be seen racing toward the horizon...

*‘Give me your binoculars!’* ordered Sarah to her dad.

*“It’s Patrick!”*

*“No it’s not me!”* Patrick emerged from the back of the crowd looking somewhat insulted. *“Someone has stolen my vehicle!”*

*“I’m sorry Patrick! It was an honest mistake! Someone was now racing away in your 4 x 4 land-cruiser!”*

*“It’s obviously one of the guests then!”* Please get me a list of the guest names!” Rowan ordered Timothy.

## CHAPTER 46:

# THE NEFARIOUS DEALINGS OF FAIZEL ISHMAEL MNAMELA



Faizel Ishmael Mnamela was one of Africa's most-wanted men, according to Interpol and was on the top ten of FBI's most-wanted list. He had a long and illustrious criminal career.

He was a child soldier in Mozambique and at the age of 17, illegally walked across the border to South Africa. He walked alone, at night, crossing the Kruger National Park, braving wild animals and harsh climate. He settled in Soweto near Johannesburg where he eventually became the head of the 'Mozambique syndicate'.

At first he specialised in routine house robberies and hijackings. He then moved into the more lucrative rhino poaching trade, where the going rate for rhino horn was over R 50 000 - 00 per kilogram. His syndicate operated in all the main National Parks in South Africa.

He was now scoping out the rhino situation in Kenya. His personal net-worth was estimated to be in the order of several millions of dollars.

Faizel was staying alone at the Mountain lodge when he overheard the conversation about the arrow-tip.

*"This would be the perfect weapon to assassinate an African leader or even kill a rhinoceros!"* These were the first thoughts which crossed his mind.

All he had to do was get to Nairobi, board a plane, a train or a bus and head straight back to South Africa!

A quick Google search showed what a dangerous character Faizel Ishmael Mnamela was! He was also wanted for rape, murder and kidnapping. He obviously had no social conscience and was very dangerous. To think that Sarah and her dad ate dinner the previous night in the presence of this monster, who was sitting only two tables away. Granted, he was immaculately dressed at the time. His clothing hid multiple gang-related tattoos. His body also had scars from previous stab wounds and gunshot wounds.

The three Kenyan policemen were in hot pursuit of the vehicle on the horizon, which seemed to have a thirty minute lead on them. Rowan, Timothy, Norman and Sarah also followed behind them, driving slower in their own 4 x 4 land-cruiser. The chase took place on the Mara planes. It was dusty and dry and all the cars kicked up dust, making it easy for the guests on the mountain lodge to observe the chase.

Nairobi was six hours away and it looked like the cars weren't catching up with one another. The nearest town, Narok, was only about three hours away.

*'Surely there must be police road blocks in Narok?'*

*"I am sure the three policemen will radio this in to Narok!"*

Timothy was driving. Rowan was in the passenger seat. Sarah and her dad were in the back seats.

## CHAPTER 47:

### NAROK



Faizel Ishmael Mnamela stopped the 4 x 4 land-cruiser in the marketplace of Narok. There were thousands of people. There was loud noise. There were strange and exotic smells and odours. He could easily disappear within this chaos. He could disappear within minutes. This was his game.

The three policemen stopped their car behind the stolen 4 x 4 land-cruiser. They saw Faizel slip towards the crowds. Rowan, Timothy, Norman and Sarah stopped their 4 x 4 land-cruiser behind the police vehicle.

Faizel suddenly pulled a handgun out from under his shirt. Despite there being crowds of multiple innocent civilians, he fired three shots in the direction of the vehicles. Everyone ducked behind their cars. They could see that Faizel was going to enter the market place. He and the ‘spear-tip’ would soon be lost forever!

Faizel gave them a charming smile, he waved at them and gave a mock salute. He then turned to run towards the marketplace and its swathe of humanity.

Some call it luck. Others call it fate. Some call it chance. Be that as it may, serendipity always seems to play a role in all of life’s events.

From the background emerges a large black woman who says nothing.

She looks familiar. Her face expressionless. It's a large, mute, African woman.

*Could it be? From Kamiti prison?*

She approaches the man with the gun and hugs him very tight from behind. Very tight! She won't let him go. The man suddenly becomes completely passive. He doesn't resist. He doesn't fight. His gun drops to the ground. He allows himself to be held by this large woman. They both fall to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

When the three policemen finally arrive, Faizel is completely invisible at first. The large black woman lies over him, completely engulfing his body, smothering him. Only his face is exposed, eyes wide open, trying to breathe and gasp for air. His mouth is next to his captor's ear.

The large male Kenyan police official approaches them, baton in hand.

Rowan, Timothy, Norman and Sarah also approach from behind.

And one of the policemen screams at the large African Woman.

*'Let him go Mampi!'*

The End

*“Set in Ancient Africa, this is the Story of a Butterfly.  
This is the Story of a King, a Prince and a Girl.  
This is the Story of Revenge, Love, Adventure, Death,  
Freedom and Randomness.  
This is the Story of a Butterfly.”*

