

MARK GLIDED IN THE PLANE. THE PRISTINE, WHITE INTERIOR THAT MADE UP THE CABIN THAT HE WAS SEATED IN.



MEMORIES SANK INTO HIS MIND AS THE PLANE LIFTED IN THE FLUFF THAT MAKES UP THE CLOUDS OF THE AIR HE WAS GLIDING THROUGH.

HE SMELT THE FRESHLY BAKED SUNDAY ROAST FOR LUNCH.

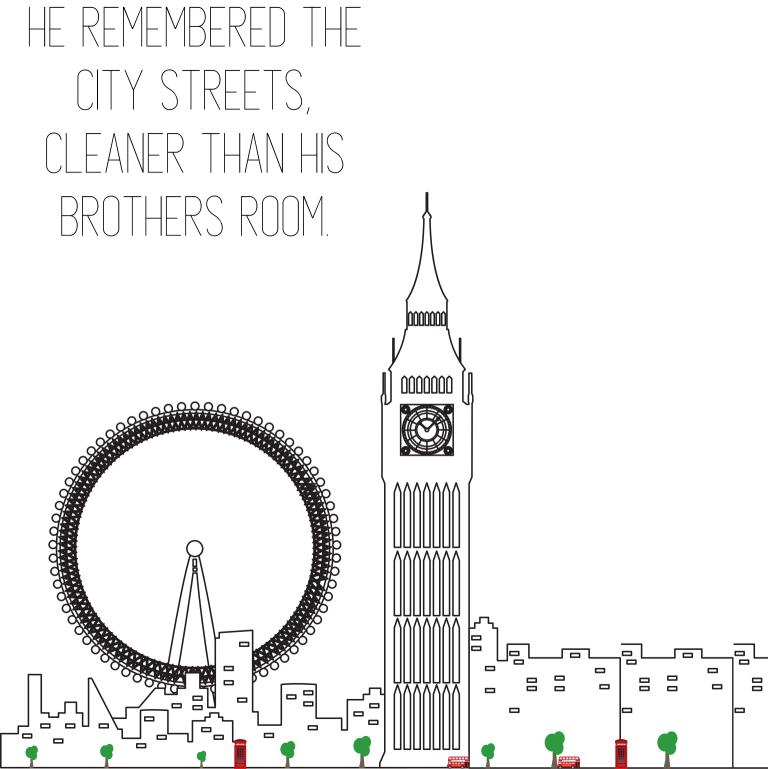




HE REMEMBERED THE FEEL OF THE COOL AUTUMN BREEZE CONTRASTING WITH THE CRUNCH OF THE REDING, YELLOW LEAVES UNDER HIS THICK SOCKS AND SHOES THAT PROTECTED HIM FROM THE COLD ROAD AND GRASS

HE REMEMBERED HIS SIBLINGS RUNNING AND SCREAMING AS THEY PLAYED IN THE BACKYARD.





HE WAS HALF WAY THROUGH THE TRIP NOW, AND THE AIR WAS SO CLEAN COMPARED TO THE AIR NEAR THE FACTORIES.

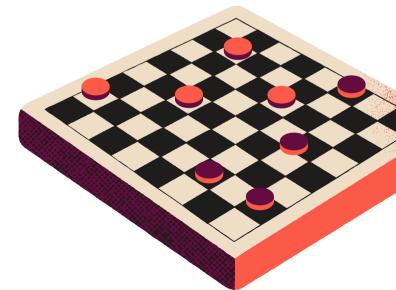
AS THE PLANE GLIDED THROUGH THE AIR, MARK'S THOUGHTS GLIDED TOO. IN HIS MIND HE WAS WITH HIS FAMILY, PLAYING BOARD GAMES AND WATCHING TV.





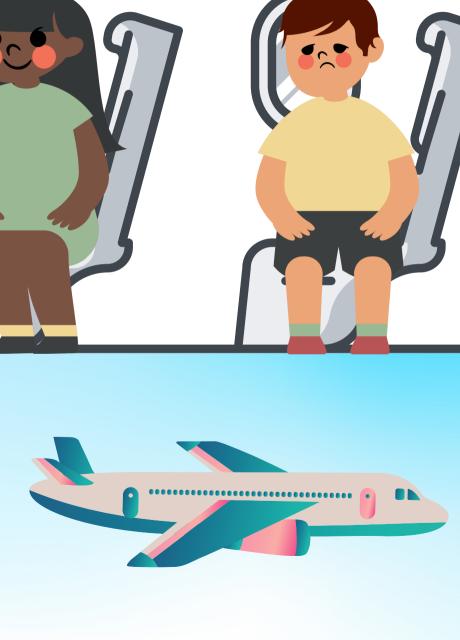


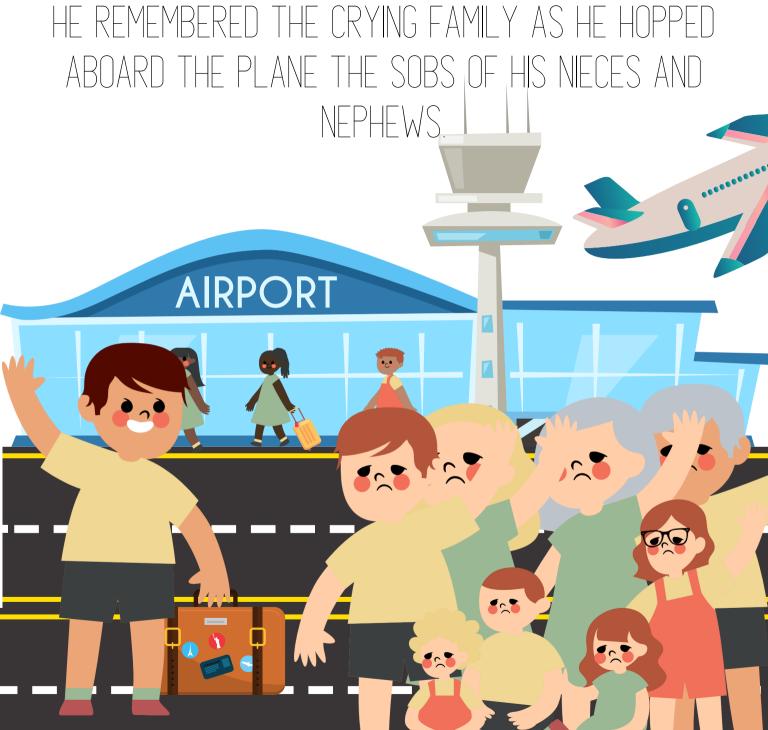
THEY WOULD TALK AND LAUGH AS THEY PLAYED THE BOARD GAMES THAT MADE UP THEIR CHILDHOODS.



A NICE DRAFT CAME FROM THE COCKPIT. HE REMEMBEREN THE COOL WINTER NIGHTS WHEN A SIBI INGS FFP









MARK LISTENED TO THE MUFFLED TALKING OF EVERYONE ELSE IN THE CABIN, AS HE LISTENED TO MUSIC.



HE DRIFTED INTO A NICE CALM ZONE AS HE ARRIVED AT HIS DESTINATION... MELBOURNE!

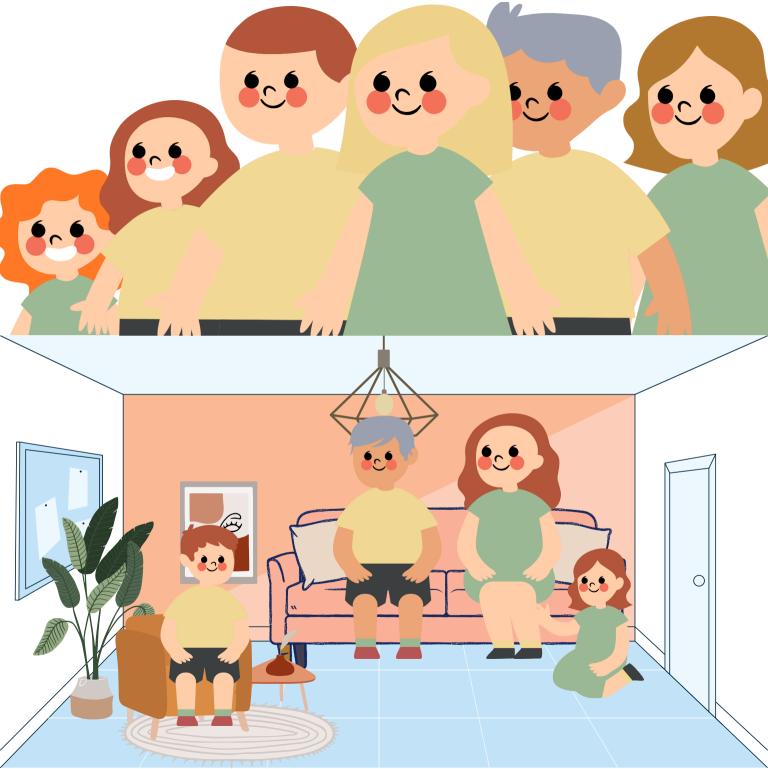


"FINALLY" HE WHISPERED. "HOME".

AND HIS FEET WENT HEEL TO TOE, HEEL TO TOE, ACROSS THE ENORMOUS, ENDLESS AIRPORT...









My name is Liam Stevens I was born on the

21 of July 2010 to the parent Mark and

Rebecca Stevens and 2 years latter became

a brother.



North Jo South tells the story of Mark Stevens who MIGRAJED from West London to Australia.



As Mark traveles through the air he is taken back to his life in London.