

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Glenn Manton

Glenn Manton strikes an affinity with large and diverse demographics thanks to his ability to engage. His work with youth in particular is highly regarded, extends to indigenous communities and is complemented by his degree in education, mentoring aptitude and philanthropic commitment.

Initially enjoying public inquiry as a result of his successful sporting career, Glenn was recently featured on ABC's *Australian Story* in 'Pay It Forward', an inspiring story of mentorship across three generations of sportsmen. Currently working on various projects, Glenn offsets his irregular pursuits with his young family by the beach in Melbourne Australia.

Glenn's skills an 'edu-tainer' have benefited many and varied organisations - corporate and community alike. With a diverse background that has bridged various aspects of life, Glenn Manton facilitates workshops on a range of subjects.

Creating team culture: Having found success in various team environments from the world of sports to business and family, Glenn knows what it takes to create team culture.

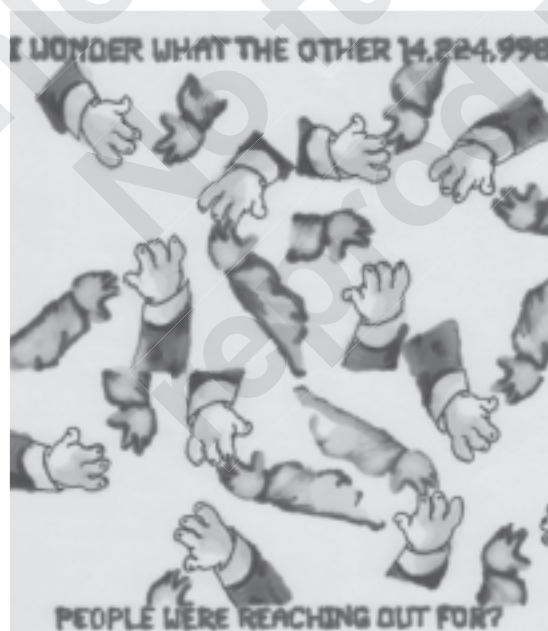
Rockwell Extra Bold

She left because she said it became intense. Too intense. She said that she didn't know how to 'box' her feelings. I can't say I subscribe to that theory. Why would you choose to place feelings inside a box? What's the good of feelings trapped inside cardboard and lassoed by a web of masking tape? I guess they sit inside the mind's attic where they compact under the weight of brain dust. I wouldn't say that she just left, like she was moseying along for a sunset walk. I would say that she ran. She ran from her feelings. She ran from me.



Seven thousand kilometres of aquatic mistake called the Atlantic Ocean stands between us now. Don't get me wrong, I've already considered swimming to you, but for now we'll have to make do with this dodgy Skype connection that forces me to reconnect every five minutes and suffer a bunch of geeks who think success in life is reaching Level 7 of Domsday Destruction Death Lab Mega Force 3.

You can't believe how widely I smile when your pixilated face comes into focus every time our connection returns and the frustrated screams of square-eyed boys are replaced by the sound of your voice. Sometimes I head home to read the transcripts of our conversations just to remind myself of all the stupid things I said to you and my obsessive use of emoticons. There's no good reason to use a 'devil' face but somehow I manage to do so more than once. So much technology and yet all I want is your hand in mine. I wonder what the other 14,224,998 people were reaching out for.



‘No, not at all. Can you excuse me a moment? I think we may have something that will fit the bill exactly. A wonderful example of jewellery.’ As she went to walk out to the back of the shop, she said, ‘Feel free to talk to the mirror while I’m gone.’

With that I was alone with the mirror and three words suddenly started bouncing around my head like a tiny pinball of fire.

‘Fit the bill...fit the bill...fit the bill! Uh oh!’ I hadn’t even thought about cost. I’d completely forgotten about the whole ‘money for goods’ thing. Oh my God, was the girl going to come back out carrying a massive diamond aloft as trumpets heralded her arrival? I was starting to sweat. I quickly plunged my hands into my pockets, pulled out all my hard earned and began counting. Five hundred and thirty-six dollars exactly. If this ‘wonderful example of jewellery’ was more than that, I might’ve had to settle for something that was just ‘an example of jewellery’.

The assistant returned holding a small, dark green leather box. She sat it down on the counter and opened it carefully.

‘This is an antique bracelet that can be traced back to the pioneer settlers. It’s crafted from pure silver and the details are all hand-carved, but it’s been updated with this fine red detailing, as you can clearly see.’

I couldn’t see anything except dollar signs.

