

The Hughes Chronicles



Not Yet

Book Six

DuGallan

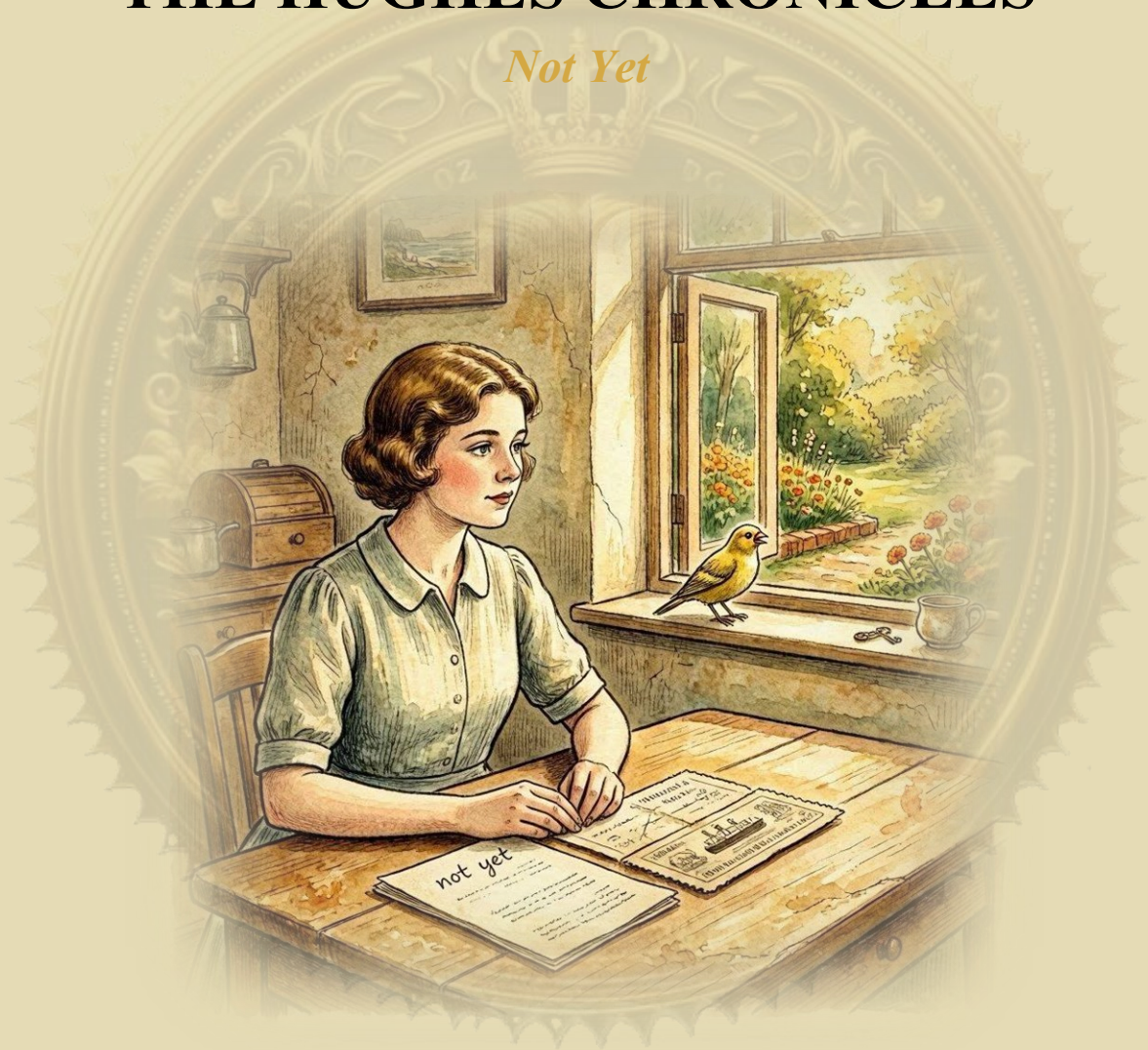
The Hughes Chronicles · Not Yet

THE DUGALLAN CHRONICLES

Book Six

THE HUGHES CHRONICLES

Not Yet



A story for young adventurers and the parents who read to them

Based on a true family story

DuGallan

DuGallan Publishing · DuGallan.com

THE HUGHES CHRONICLES — BOOK SIX
Not Yet

Copyright © 2026 by DuGallan

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means — electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise — without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other non-commercial uses permitted by copyright law.

This book is a work of creative nonfiction based on the true story of Samuel Thomas Isaac Hughes and the Hughes family. The author has made every effort to ensure the accuracy of the historical events and family recollections described. Some scenes, dialogue, and details have been reconstructed for narrative purposes, representing the author's honest interpretation of confirmed family history.

First published 2026

Published by DuGallan Publishing
Cape Town, South Africa
DuGallan.com
Written by DuGallan

For permissions: doug@dugallan.com



For

Amelia Hughes

Who waited as long as a person could.

Who chose life when the alternative was an unanswerable question.

Who never entirely let go.

There is no wrong way to survive.

Continue to read the book or
Read the Flipbook [HERE](#) or scan the QR CODE



The Hughes Chronicles — Book Six
Scan to read the flipbook



BEFORE WE BEGIN
What I Know So Far



Before we go any further, let me tell you what I know.

My father's name is ST — Samuel Thomas Isaac Hughes. He has been missing since I was young. He left Wales, came to South Africa, bred horses in Shannon, made Black Forest Tea from an orange flower that grew on a boot-shaped island in the Congo, and went to find that flower's source. Something stopped him coming home.

But he did not simply vanish. He left a trail. A network of people, each holding one piece of a larger truth. Old Joseph in the Shannon tack room. My sister Peggy in the Bloemfontein sanatorium. Charlie Mokoena at the Rialto Hotel in Johannesburg. Emrys in the DuGall valley in Wales. And Jan Heyneke, who drives Spoornet buses across the West Coast of South Africa and has been pointing at the third flower every August without knowing what it meant.

Three flowers. The Congo island. The DuGall valley in Wales. The Namaqualand hillside near Kamieskroon. Together they form a formula that ST understood and that a man

called CJ Barnard — working for a European company called Hartmann — has been trying to steal for years. Barnard has two of the three pieces. He does not know about the West Coast flower.

I went to Wales. I met Emrys. I found the two-hundred-year-old book. I copied the Welsh half of the formula. I brought home seeds — and they are growing now, in the Shannon garden, small orange flowers in South African soil for the first time.

The ancient name of the valley is Du Gallan — the deep place where things come together. DJ Hughes, my great-grandfather, carried that name when he left Wales. ST understood what it meant when he found the Congo flower. And someone, in a generation not yet born, will carry it forward without knowing why it feels right.

And then a letter arrived. From Johannesburg. A smudged postmark. ST's handwriting. Two words:

Not yet. Wait.

He is alive. He knows I went to Wales. He is telling me to wait.

My mother Amelia has been patient for a long time. She searched with me through Shannon and Johannesburg and Bloemfontein and the long voyage to Wales and back. She has waited more than a decade for a man who keeps sending messages that say “not yet”.

I am nineteen years old, turning 20. The war is ending. The world is beginning to move again. And in this house in Shannon, two women are looking at the same two words and deciding different things.

The canary is singing. It has never stopped.

Come with me.

CHAPTER ONE

Not Yet

SHANNON — EARLY 1946



The letter had arrived on a Wednesday.

It was sitting on the kitchen table when Daphne came downstairs, already opened — Amelia had got to the post before her, which almost never happened. The envelope was face down. The single page was folded twice and placed beside it with a care that suggested it had been handled many times in the hour before Daphne appeared.

Daphne picked it up.

Two words, in the handwriting she had been studying for six years.

Not yet. Wait.

— ST

She stood at the table and read it three times. Then she looked at the postmark. Johannesburg. Smudged enough that the date was unreadable, but the city was clear.

He was in Johannesburg. Or had been, when this was posted. Alive. Still alive.

She looked at the canary on the windowsill. It was singing — a long, elaborate, entirely satisfied series of notes, as if it had been waiting for this morning specifically.

"He is alive," she said.

Amelia, at the table, said nothing. She was looking at the letter with an expression that Daphne had never seen on her mother's face before. It was not grief and it was not relief. It was something older and quieter. The expression of someone who has been holding a question for so long that the answer, when it comes, no longer feels like what they were waiting for.

"He says not yet," Amelia said finally.

"Yes."

"He has been saying "not yet" for nine years."

"I know."

"Daphne."

"Mama."

They looked at each other across the kitchen table with the letter between them.

Outside, the orange flowers in the garden moved slightly in the early morning breeze. The first time they had bloomed in South African soil. Small, papery-thin, the colour of the sunset over the veld.

The canary sang on.



CHAPTER TWO

What Amelia Said

SHANNON — THE SAME WEEK



Amelia had been writing letters to Australia for three months.

Daphne had known. She had seen the envelopes with the unfamiliar stamps, the careful handwriting on addresses she didn't recognise, the way her mother sealed them with a finality that was different from ordinary correspondence. She had said nothing, because Amelia was entitled to her private letters and Daphne had learned, young, that some things needed to be allowed their own time.

Now Amelia told her.

A cousin. Her mother's sister's daughter, settled in Adelaide for fifteen years with a husband and three children and a life that sounded, the way Amelia described it, like solid ground. The kind of life that did not shift under your feet. The kind that did not send you letters from smudged Johannesburg postmarks saying not yet.

"I want you to come with me," Amelia said.

The veld was very gold and very still. A bird called somewhere in the acacia trees.

"I know you do," said Daphne.

"There is a life available, Daphne. A real one. School, and after that — whatever you want. Adelaide is a city. There are universities. There are —"

"There is a formula I have not finished," said Daphne. *Quietly. Not unkindly.*

"There is a third flower I have not been to see. There is an island in the Congo that has ST's mark on it. There is a Johannesburg postmark that says he is alive and says, "not yet", and I intend to find out what "not yet" means."

Amelia was quiet for a long time.

"You are twenty years old."

"I know."

"He left when you were six. He has been gone for ten years. He sent one letter and it says wait."

"Yes."

"Is that enough for you?"

Daphne thought about this honestly. The way she always thought about difficult questions — not looking away from them, not making them easier than they were.

"It is enough to stay," she said. ***"It is not enough to feel nothing about the waiting. But it is enough to stay."***

~ ~ ~

Amelia looked at the veld for a long time. When she spoke again her voice was careful in the way that voices are careful when they are saying something that has been thought about very precisely.

"I have loved your father since I was twenty-two years old. I have waited for him since I was twenty-eight. I am thirty-eight now and I have been waiting for ten years for a man who left me two daughters and a tin trunk and a trail of clues designed for someone younger and braver than I am."

She paused.

"I am not braver than you, Daphne. I never was. That has always been you."

"Mama —"

"I am not leaving because I stopped loving him. I am leaving because I cannot be the thing this search needs. I am not Old Joseph. I cannot sit in a tack room for the rest of my life waiting for a man who may never come home."

She looked at her daughter.

"You can. I know you can. I have watched you do it for six years."

Daphne did not speak.

"Come to Australia. Start your life. The search will still be here."

"The search is my life," Daphne said. Simply. Without drama.

"I know," said Amelia. "That is why I am asking."



CHAPTER THREE

The Garden

SHANNON — TWO WEEKS BEFORE AMELIA LEAVES



Daphne taught her mother everything she knew about the orange flowers.

Not all of it — the formula was incomplete, and the complete formula needed to stay protected and dispersed, the way ST had designed it. But the Welsh half. The DuGall cultivar's properties. The preparation method that Emrys had shown her and she had copied precisely into her notebook.

She taught Amelia to grow them. Which conditions they needed. How they preferred the morning sun. How they did not like being waterlogged. How they had grown in Welsh hillside conditions for two hundred years and had adapted, willingly, to Shannon soil.

She taught her how to harvest them at the right moment and how to dry them and how to make the tea that people in Shannon had once travelled far to buy.

And she gave Amelia seeds. A small paper packet sealed with wax. The same way Emrys had given her seeds in the Welsh farmhouse.

"Plant these in Australia," she said. "They will grow. Emrys said the seed remembers where it came from."

Amelia held the packet carefully.

"What do I do with them?"

"Grow them. Keep them. If anyone asks about them — and they will, because the flowers are extraordinary — send them to me."

"You think the formula might be completed in Australia?"

"I think the formula might go anywhere. I think ST understood that knowledge travels in ways you cannot predict. You take seeds to Adelaide. Someone notices them. Someone makes a connection I have not made yet."

She looked at her mother.

"The deep place where things come together does not have to be a valley."

Amelia looked at the seeds for a moment. Then she looked at her daughter — this young woman who had been following a trail since she was fourteen and showed no signs of stopping.

"You will write to me," she said.

"Every month."

"And if you find him —"

"You will be the first person I tell."

Amelia put the seeds in her pocket. She looked at the orange flowers blooming in the Shannon soil for a long moment.

"He would have loved these," she said.

"He does love them," said Daphne. "Present tense."

Amelia looked at her daughter.

"Present tense," she said softly.

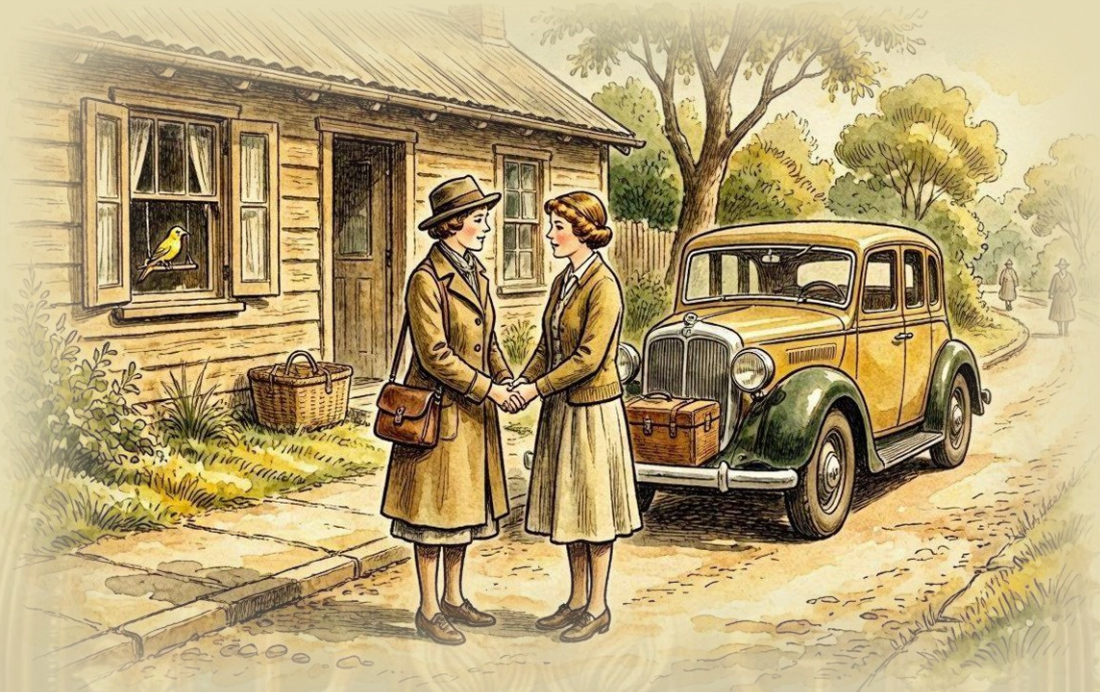
And then she went inside to finish packing.



CHAPTER FOUR

The Departure

SHANNON — MARCH 1946



The morning Amelia left was very ordinary in the way that important mornings often are.

The birds were doing what they did every morning. The windmill was turning. The tortoise — Old Joseph's tortoise, now living in the garden since Old Joseph was gone — was making its patient way along the path by the wall, headed somewhere specific.

Amelia had been methodical in her packing. She had taken her own things and left Daphne's things, which sounds simple but required a great many small careful decisions about what belonged to whom after twenty years of living in the same house.

She had left the tin trunk. She had left the racing ledger. She had left everything connected to ST's trail — all of it, everything, as if she had taken an account of what she was carrying and decided that this particular weight was not hers to take.

The car came at seven.

~ ~ ~

"Write," said Daphne.

"Every month," said Amelia.

"And if you hear anything —"

"I will tell you. Though I think —"

Amelia paused.

"I think the hearing things will go the other way. I think you will hear, and you will tell me."

"Yes."

They stood together for a moment. The road was empty. The car idled.

"He loved you very much," Amelia said.

"He called me Daffodil."

"Every day. He said it like it was your real name."

"It was his name for me."

"It was his clue," said Amelia, with something that might have been a small, complicated smile. "Even that was a clue. He could not help it."

She stepped back. She looked at her daughter — the eyes she had given her, and the eyes she had not.

"Find him, Daphne."

"I will."

"And when you do — tell him I waited as long as I could."

She got in the car.

Daphne stood on the pavement and watched the car go down the Shannon main road until it turned at the crossroads and was gone.

The tortoise reached the base of the garden wall and began its methodical investigation of the corner.

The canary sang.

Daphne went inside. She put the kettle on. She sat at the kitchen table with her notebook and the letter — not yet, wait — and she opened to a fresh page.

She wrote the date at the top.

She wrote: Amelia left today. The search is mine now. All of it.

Then she wrote: The canary is still singing.

Then she began to plan.



CHAPTER FIVE

The Letter To Johannesburg

SHANNON — APRIL 1946



She wrote to Johannesburg.

Not to the address on the envelope — that had been a dead address, she was almost certain, used once and abandoned. She wrote to Charlie Mokoena at the Rialto Hotel. She told Charlie to give the letter to whoever ST had watching the Rialto, because someone had told Emrys in Wales that she had collected the canary and ST had known she went to Wales and therefore someone was watching and reporting.

She wrote clearly and simply. She told ST she had received his letter. She told him she had been to the DuGall valley. She told him about Emrys and the two-hundred-year old book and the formula's Welsh foundation and the seeds growing in the Shannon garden. She told him about Jan Heyneke and the Namaqualand flower and the knowledge of all three pieces.

She told him that Amelia had gone to Australia.

She told him this not as an accusation but as information. He needed to know. He had been making decisions based on the situation as it was when he left. The situation had changed.

And at the end of the letter, one question. Simple. Direct.

What are you waiting for?

She sealed it and took it to Hendrika at the post office the next morning.

Hendrika took the envelope and looked at the Rialto address and then looked at Daphne with the particular attentiveness of a postmaster who understands the significance of certain letters.

"I will make sure it goes safely," she said.

"Thank you, Hendrika."

"Your mother —"

"She is well. She is in Adelaide."

Hendrika nodded slowly.

"And you are here."

"I am here," said Daphne.

~ ~ ~

Six weeks later a letter arrived at the Shannon post office. Not through the regular post. Hendrika telephoned the farmhouse — four rings, the Hughes party line — and Daphne walked to the post office in the winter morning.

The envelope had no stamp and no postmark. Someone had placed it in the collection box directly. Someone had been in Shannon, or had sent someone to Shannon, specifically to deliver this.

Inside, one page. More words than before. The same handwriting.

You have done more than I had any right to expect. I know about Wales. I know about the third flower. You have assembled something it took me a lifetime to understand and you have done it in six years with a notebook and a canary and a borrowed key. I am more proud of you than I have words for, in English or Welsh.

I cannot come home yet. This is not cowardice. Barnard knows I am alive. If I surface openly he will have legal claims through Hartmann on everything I found. The island. The formula. Possibly the Welsh valley if he can find it again. I am protecting what we have found by staying where I am and staying quiet.

Tell Amelia I understand. Tell her I said: she waited long enough. Tell her the daffodil was worth naming.

The time is coming. Not yet. But soon. Trust the canary. It knows before we do.

Your father. ST.

Daphne read it four times. Standing at the post office counter, with Hendrika pretending to sort letters at the far end and Jan Heyneke visible through the back door having his morning tea.

She read: I am more proud of you than I have words for.

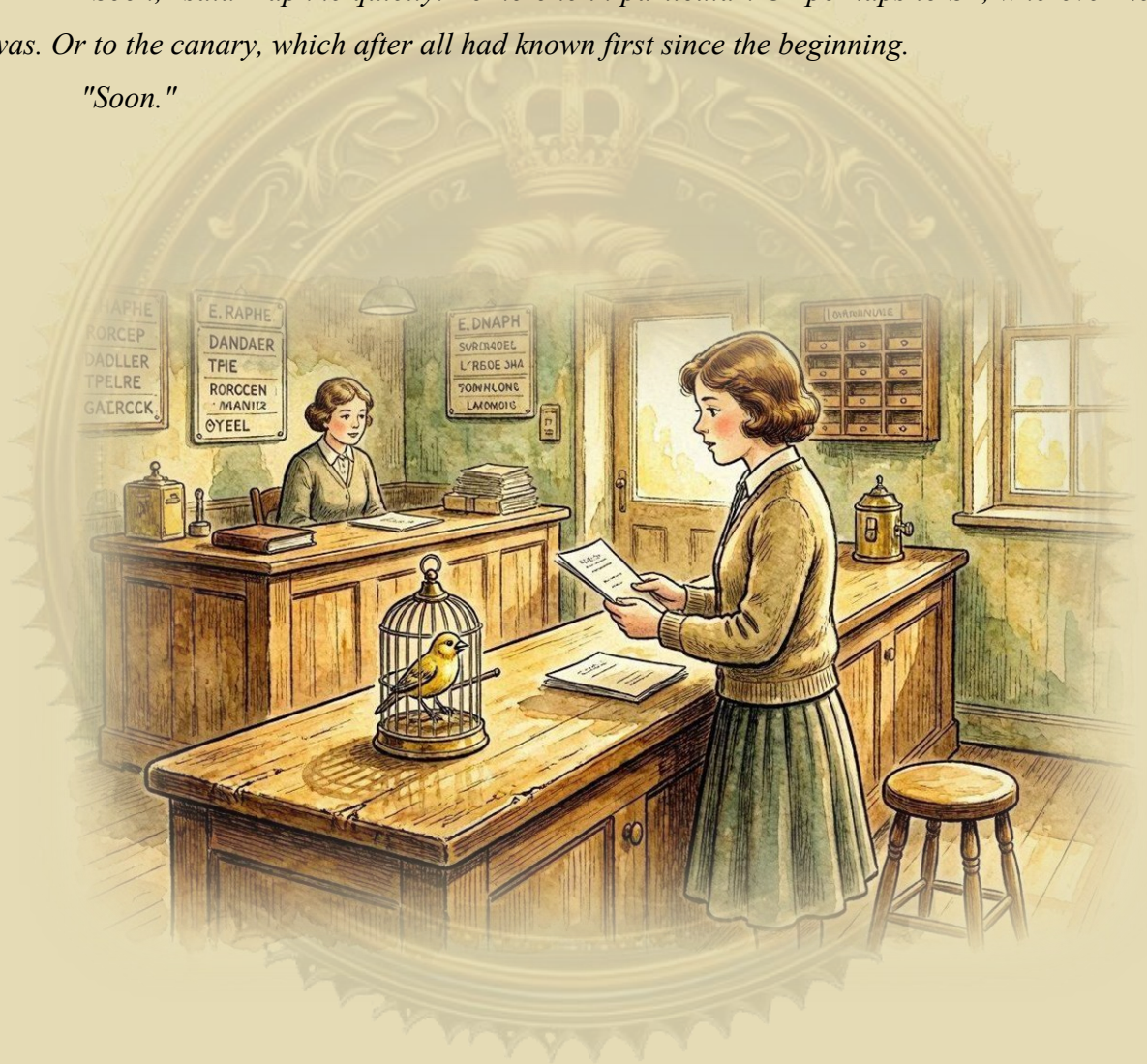
She read: the time is coming.

She read: trust the canary.

The canary, in its cage on the counter where she had set it down when she came in, sang three particular notes. Clear and high and certain.

"Soon," said Daphne quietly. To no one in particular. Or perhaps to ST, wherever he was. Or to the canary, which after all had known first since the beginning.

"Soon."



CHAPTER SIX

What Daphne Kept

SHANNON — 1946 ONWARDS



She kept everything.

The tin trunk. The racing ledger. The complete map. The notebook with the Welsh formula. The three pressed flowers — the Congo flower, the DuGall flower, the Namaqualand specimen Jan had given her. The canary in its handmade cage with the initials scratched inside.

She kept the seeds going. Every year the orange patch in the garden grew a little wider. She dried the flowers carefully at the end of each season and stored them the way Emrys had shown her, and she wrote down what she observed, adding to the two-hundred-year record in her own way, in her own notebook, as if she were adding a new generation's entry to the DuGall valley book.

She wrote to Amelia every month. Amelia wrote back. The letters were warm and careful and said a great deal in small ordinary language about gardens and neighbours and the particular quality of Adelaide light in summer. Neither of them referred directly to ST. They had found, without discussing it, a way to maintain connection without reopening the wound.

Every few months, a letter came through Hendrika. Never stamped. Never postmarked. Always in the same handwriting. Short. Careful. One piece of information at a time.

The situation with Barnard was complicated. He had moved his operations. The Hartmann company had changed its structure. There were people involved that ST was still mapping.

She wrote back each time. Through Charlie at the Rialto. Through Hendrika's post office. Through the network that had been built to carry exactly these messages.

She was patient. Not because patience came naturally — it did not. But because ST had said soon, and the canary had said soon in its own language, and Old Joseph had said it before he died, and Emrys had said it in his ancient careful Welsh.

She waited. She kept the search alive. She kept the flowers growing.

~ ~ ~

In 1946 she married Arthur French Green.

This requires explanation, because the reader has been with Daphne long enough to know that she does not do things without reasons.

Arthur was a jockey. He moved in exactly the circles that ST had moved in — racing, gambling, Turffontein, the world of men who knew about large amounts of money changing hands on a horse's performance. He was twenty-one years old and good-looking and charming and not entirely sure why this quiet, purposeful young woman with her father's eyes was interested in him specifically.

He was right to be uncertain. Daphne was interested in what he knew and who he knew and whether, through the racing world that ST had used and CJ Barnard had inhabited and the Hartmann company had funded, there was a thread that could be followed to wherever ST was hiding.

She liked Arthur. She was not dishonest about that. He was kind and he made her laugh and the marriage was not entirely strategic.

But it was also strategic. Daphne had been trained by a man who left clues in doorframes and pressed flowers in tin trunks. She had learned to think in layers. She could like Arthur and marry Arthur and simultaneously use the connections his world provided.

She was turning twenty-one. She was alone. She had a formula to complete and a father to find. She used every tool available.

~ ~ ~

Patrick was born in 1947. Whitney in 1949.

She loved them immediately and without calculation. Whatever she had married Arthur for, her sons were entirely and simply hers.

She told them stories. Every night, the kind of stories that stay in a child's body long after the words have been forgotten. About a man who left clues everywhere he went. About yellow shoes on a Durban dock. About a canary that sang in a Johannesburg bar for twelve years. About a valley in Wales where orange flowers had been grown for two hundred years.

She did not tell them these were true. She let the stories be stories.

They would be old enough for the truth soon enough.

The canary sang on the windowsill. The orange flowers bloomed every summer in the Shannon garden. And somewhere, in a place she had not yet found, ST was waiting for the time to be right.

Not yet. But soon.

She could wait.



Daphne's Clue Keeper

Everything we know — Books One through Six

New clues from Book Six are marked **NEW!**



From Books One through Five:

THREE FLOWERS:

Congo island, DuGall valley, Namaqualand hillside near Kamieskroon

THE WELSH FORMULA:

Copied from the two-hundred-year book. The DuGall foundation.

DU GALLAN:

The deep place where things come together. The ancient valley name.

THE SEEDS:

DuGall cultivar growing in Shannon garden. Second year bloom.

BARNARD / HARTMANN:

Two of three pieces. Does not know the West Coast flower.

THE CANARY:

Still singing. Has never stopped.

New in Book Six:

NEW ST'S LETTER — NOT YET:

Smudged Johannesburg postmark. His handwriting. He is alive. He knows about Wales.

NEW AMELIA:

Daphne's mother. Named Amelia Hughes. Divorced ST in absentia. Moved to Adelaide, Australia. Took seeds. Makes intermittent contact. Left because she chose survival — not because she stopped loving him.

NEW ST'S SECOND LETTER:

Delivered through Shannon post office, no stamp. 'I am more proud of you than I have words for.' The time is coming. Not yet. But soon.

NEW BARNARD'S LEGAL THREAT:

ST protecting everything by staying hidden. If he surfaces, Barnard has legal claims through Hartmann on the island, the formula, the Welsh valley. The hiding is deliberate protection.

NEW ARTHUR FRENCH GREEN:

Daphne's first husband. A jockey. The marriage was partly strategic — access to the racing world. She also liked him. Patrick born 1947. Whitney born 1948.

NEW THE STORIES:

Daphne tells Patrick and Whitney the stories every night. As stories. Not yet as truth. They are absorbing everything.

NEW THE TRAIL PASSES ON:

ST says soon. The canary says soon. Daphne believes them both. The search passes to the next generation.

Big Question: When ST says 'soon' — how soon? And what will it cost him to finally come home?

A Note To The Reader

This is the end of Daphne's part of the story.

"She is twenty-three years old at the close of this book. Married. A mother of two sons. The search entirely hers." She will live to be ninety-three. She will spend the rest of her life continuing the search — sometimes alone, sometimes with her sons, sometimes through the network ST built and she has maintained and extended.

She will never find ST. Not in the way she hoped as a fourteen-year-old girl following a tortoise across a Shannon paddock.

But she will find everything he left for her to find. The formula. The valley. The meaning of Du Gallan. And the understanding — which comes slowly and quietly across the years — that some searches are not about the ending. They are about what you become while you are looking.

Daphne became extraordinary. She became a woman who held things close and gave exactly the right thing to exactly the right person at exactly the right moment. She became a mother who told her children stories every night. She became a keeper of orange flowers in a Shannon garden.

And in her final years, in a house in Port Shepstone with the veld going dark outside the window, she made sure that everything she had gathered — the notebook, the formula, the recipe tins with Agnes May's handwriting, the seeds, the knowledge, the whole long trail — went to the right person.

She gave it to Douglas.

Because she was always Daphne. And Daphne always knew who needed to receive the clue.

*The story continues with Daphne's sons —
Patrick, Whitney, Douglas and Robert —
in The Hughes Chronicles, Book Seven:*

The Brothers

Available now at DuGallan.com

Fun Facts For Curious Readers

Adelaide, Australia

Adelaide is the capital city of South Australia and one of Australia's most liveable cities. It was founded in 1836 and has a strong tradition of attracting settlers from Britain and Europe who were looking for a new start. The climate is Mediterranean — warm, dry summers and mild winters — which is good for growing many types of plants, including those that prefer the conditions found in southern Africa and Wales. Someone carrying seeds from the DuGall valley across the ocean to Adelaide would not find the conditions entirely unfamiliar. The plant might well grow.

How Families Stay Connected Across Distance

Before telephones were common and long before the internet, families separated by great distances maintained their connections through letters. A letter from South Africa to Australia in the 1940s might take three to six weeks to arrive, depending on the ship route. People wrote regularly and carefully, understanding that their words would be read weeks after they were written. Letter writing was a skill, and families who maintained it across oceans developed a particular kind of relationship: slower, more deliberate, and often more thoughtful than the instant communication we have today.

Horse Racing In South Africa

Horse racing has been part of South African life since the earliest European settlement, and by the 1940s it was one of the country's most popular sports. Turffontein Racecourse in Johannesburg, which opened in 1887, was the centre of the racing world in the Transvaal. Jockeys, trainers, bookmakers and stable hands formed a close-knit community that moved between racecourses across the country. A jockey like Arthur French Green would have known everyone in that world — the legitimate businessmen and the less legitimate ones, and the connections between the racing world and the wider commercial world of 1940s Johannesburg.

Why We Tell Stories To Children

People have been telling stories to children since long before writing was invented. Stories are one of the primary ways that important knowledge, values and history are passed from one generation to the next. A child who hears a story about a brave girl following a trail of clues

across a continent absorbs something from that story — a sense of what persistence looks like, what it means to follow something you believe in, how to read the world carefully. They may not remember every detail. But the shape of it stays. Daphne told her sons stories every night — not yet as truth, but as stories. They were absorbing everything. That is always how it works.



Daphne's arc is complete.

The search continues.



DuGallan Publishing · DuGallan.com

The DuGallan Chronicles

Follow the clues.