

China Seed Market To Hit \$3.9 Billion!

Shandong Zhouyuan Seed and Nursery Co., Ltd (SZSN)
\$0.28 UP 16.6%

China is the second largest seed market in the world. China's current market is \$2.9 Billion annually and experts forecast it to hit \$3.9 Billion in the next 2.5 years. SZSN is already expanding to keep ahead of the demand. Read the news, and watch for more Monday. Get on SZSN!

They called to him in the local language but there was no response. Wildlife abounds in the forest canopy, understory and leaf litter. But he was stable and no longer seemed in intense pain. WYI is a fantastic Australian organisation providing young people with the opportunity to jump in the deep end of social justice, and work as volunteers in Kenya and Nepal. But when I looked back expecting to see Damien hot on my tail I found an empty road. Little did I know that further tests over the coming days would reveal Damien had post-op intestinal adhesions, a bowel blockage, and to top it all off. Damien needed to rest and I was feeling pretty knackered myself. His agonising moans made it clear it was a painful move. But when I looked back expecting to see Damien hot on my tail I found an empty road. It must have been a little off-putting to see the ease with which the porters moved up the slopes, carrying huge weights upon their backs and heads. The road to Malawi ran straight through the middle of this spectacular reserve and from a previous visit I knew the park was home to much African wildlife. Gathered around the bar tv we shared a few beers, infamous Mikadi slushies, and of course the spirit of the Olympics, cheering on our respective teams as they paraded through the stadium. I undid the buttons on the shredded shirt while Damien lay still. We drove fast back along the road we had ridden to an unbelievably close orphanage medical clinic run by the Sisters of Mercy. I knew I still had some hills to climb but the steep winding roads up the southern Tanzanian mountains took me by surprise. Welcome to the beatings of the second Drum, the e-newsletter for Aussies Across Africa. Unfortunately, education in Tanzania is currently in a pretty poor state. He was not a healthy lad and after I had left the doctors decided to open him up once again to sort out his guts once and for all. The Analyst had met and extensively discussed details about the business needs with the customer. Dug-out canoes may look stable but to a couple of inexperienced Aussies like Mike and myself, it was a balancing act that required much concentration and often ended in humorous defeat. Seeing up close and personal the lions, giraffes, elephants, warthogs, cheetahs, wildebeest and other iconic African animals was just brilliant. By the end of our first day we had walked the narrow streets of historic Stonetown, helped fishermen drag their simple wooden boat from the ocean, and swum with a couple of fun-loving local kids. Quite a simple process but hard work for those involved. You're not invincible Sean! This mangrove-lined estuary looked pristine and I was only a couple of miles from its mouth. A further half an hour and nothing had changed. In Ethiopia, higher education opportunities are extremely limited, as are job opportunities for those that are fortunate enough to complete their secondary education. I walked on for another two hours passing remote villages and their smiling occupants, before pitching my tent in some thick forest. Ahhh, so nice to be back in some rainforest. I went in to find Damien lying half upright in bed, his eyes closed and with a multitude of tubes and monitoring cables running from his body. I undid the buttons on the shredded shirt while Damien lay still.

Unfortunately, education in Tanzania is currently in a pretty poor state. I was hitching a ride with a fun bunch of Aussies, Kiwis, Africans, and Europeans on a Kumuka Overland Tour. Perhaps the scariest ride of my life so far. This patch of ancient growth is one of the remaining vestiges of an equatorial forest that stretched across central and west Africa in prehistoric times. So by mid-morning, after a spot of shopping to stock up on treats for the ride, I was rolling eastwards towards the town of Moshi at the base of Mt. Kilimanjaro. Eventually I drifted into a light sleep. A nurse showed me to an empty ward where I climbed onto an un-made bed, curled up and went to sleep after saying one last prayer for my good mate. Wilson you're a champ, and just another shining example of the wonderfully hospitable Kenyan folk. I sat by a small fire waiting for my fresh fish to cook in the coals. I was growing increasingly frustrated and concerned for Damien who was now desperate for pain relief. The problem with our gorgeous scenery of rolling hills was that we had to climb those mounds and it was tiring work on luggage-laden bicycles. Our hard working Business Analyst returned after two weeks with a detailed Business Model document on hand, where he together with a coworker prepared the formal requirement specification in a hurry. After a cold shower and a warm meal of greasy chips I hit the sack and slept like a bear in the depths of winter. The anxiety was flowing over inside me; my good mate was in a very bad way and he was depending on me to get him seen to as soon as possible.

Why We Should Design Systems Properly?

When I awoke a startled woman stood frozen a short distance from me, alarmed at the sight of a strange and pale man lying flat out on the ground. Our hard working Business Analyst returned after two weeks with a detailed Business Model document on hand, where he together with a coworker prepared the formal requirement specification in a hurry. Gathered around the bar tv we shared a few beers, infamous Mikadi slushies, and of course the spirit of the Olympics, cheering on our respective teams as they paraded through the stadium. Seeing up close and personal the lions, giraffes, elephants, warthogs, cheetahs, wildebeest and other iconic African animals was just brilliant. The Sisters had just finished suggesting we take Damien to another hospital so I knew I had to act. Three bouts of extended, early morning beeping to scare male elephants off the narrow dirt road we were travelling on, in one of the few thickly vegetated areas we passed. The Sisters had just finished suggesting we take Damien to another hospital so I knew I had to act. It was the last piece of African soil that many extremely unfortunate natives ever stood upon before being inhumanely stacked in the dank holds of large ships and sailed to foreign lands. This mangrove-lined estuary looked pristine and I was only a couple of miles from its mouth. The doctor nodded but then went on to explain that it was going to take time, and possibly a lot of it. I was quite exhausted and had already gone through about four litres of water. He examined Damien briefly asking him about the accident and the source of his pain before calling in an assistant and ordering x-rays and ultrasounds. From his silent, motionless but conscious state I knew he was seriously injured.

Later that afternoon the sky grew very dark and I tasted my first African raindrops. There was no questioning the pride they seemed to ooze in their sweat as they pounded the ground with their feet and raised their shields in unison to the sound of beating drums.

The doctor nodded but then went on to explain that it was going to take time, and possibly a lot of it.

It was the last piece of African soil that many extremely unfortunate natives ever stood upon before being inhumanely stacked in the dank holds of large ships and sailed to foreign lands.

I had earlier in the week seen how the bricks were made by packing mud into a wooden mould and then emptying the cast bricks onto the ground.

I pushed my mountain bike up a row of the tall stalks until I was sure I was hidden from passer bys.

I sat by a small fire waiting for my fresh fish to cook in the coals.

Add to this the enormous weight of devastating health issues and the result is a largely desperate population in great need.

Naturally I was a little nervous about our arrival in this big smoke.

It wasn't long before we were waving to locals outside their mud huts.

With so few resources and no government support the energy and compassion of the people at TEMAK was truly inspirational.

Yet here they were lending their hands as labourers and carers to meet and assist the people of Ugunja.

Zanzibar is steeped in history, having been under the control of various African and colonial powers during many centuries of human habitation.

The long decorated pipe strapped to my bike frame also had them guessing.

On the way I met beautiful twins who helped me out with directions, sending me off towards yet more hills.

After a cold shower and a warm meal of greasy chips I hit the sack and slept like a bear in the depths of winter.

It was a fantastic experience and so rewarding to know that the assistance of the volunteers would have a very real outcome in providing a place of education for the children of Ugunja.

Malawi is among the world's poorest countries, but is also endowed with much natural wonder.

With so few resources and no government support the energy and compassion of the people at TEMAK was truly inspirational.

An hour later, and through the trees the shimmering lake water came into view - it was spectacular.

The scenery continuously switched between cultivated fields and native scrub, and everywhere I found myself returning waves to locals.

Perhaps for a moment she thought I was dead.

Watching the boys brought back memories of my childhood excursions to the local creek with my brothers, a bucket and a dodgy net.

The blood hadn't begun flowing.

It was great to see him again, ready and raring to hit the roads of rural Malawi

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It introduces a new concept that allows beginners to easily break and design complex software systems.

Other students majoring in electrical studies were already bringing money in to support the schools activities by fixing the wire windings on water pumps around the town.

During this process they conferred with the customer to clarify some requirements.

We even met one rider who had a university degree but had returned to working the bikes due to the lack of professional employment opportunities.

The tools of their trade were simple - a thin stick from which dangled a one metre piece of nylon line, which in turn supported a struggling worm just beneath the water, concealing a rusty hook.

It symbolizes a crossbar device.

I walked on for another two hours passing remote villages and their smiling occupants, before pitching my tent in some thick forest.

Several days of vomiting and refusing to listen to his body's demands for reprieve saw Luke wiped out in the tent on the night we were to attempt the final ascent.

Crowds of ambling people and busy road-side markets dominate the streetscapes. WYI is a fantastic Australian organisation providing young people with the opportunity to jump in the deep end of social justice, and work as volunteers in Kenya and Nepal.

Zanzibar is steeped in history, having been under the control of various African and colonial powers during many centuries of human habitation.

I went to sleep excited at the prospect of catching up with another of my Aussie mates on the other side of the world, in ever-amazing Africa.

I pulled up for lunch down a dirt side road and found a comfortable rock beside a trickling stream.

A couple of minutes later and I hit the muddy north bank without any hiccups.

But the going soon became easier as I rapidly lost height and descended towards the beckoning freshwater lake.

The sunlight was slipping away and I had hoped to cover a few more kilometres on the way across so I resorted to plan B.

With the wind in my curls and impressive views aplenty I was feeling fantastic, and waving to locals working in their fields at every opportunity.

But getting off the beaten track has its rewards.

The sunlight was slipping away and I had hoped to cover a few more kilometres on the way across so I resorted to plan B.

The drivers and some of the onlookers loaded our bikes and bags onto the truck's tray and then we carefully carried Damien to lay him in the back seat of the car.

The Mikadi Beach camping ground was packed with travellers of various nationalities.

The tools of their trade were simple - a thin stick from which dangled a one metre piece of nylon line, which in turn supported a struggling worm just beneath the water, concealing a rusty hook.

Despite my insistence that after half an hour I was ok to continue riding by myself, Wilson continued to pedal his single speed iron dinosaur beside me.

I knew something was wrong.

The sugar cane farmers I stopped to chat with on my ride to Kisumu were no exception.

His name was Kabwenkha and he was delighted when I said I had time to walk with him and visit his family and nearby hot springs.

But I knew that tomorrow I would be rewarded with an exhilarating, speedy downhill run into Malawi.

It was tough going at times; obviously these four legged beasts were more nimble than I at negotiating the undergrowth.

During this process they conferred with the customer to clarify some requirements.

They called to him in the local language but there was no response.

Wildlife abounds in the forest canopy, understory and leaf litter.

Other students majoring in electrical studies were already bringing money in to support the schools activities by fixing the wire windings on water pumps around the town.

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And due to the long period between the accident and the operation Damien had also lost a lot of fluid and blood.

Ahh, Tanzania - a zoological treasure chest.

There they immediately put a drip in Damien's arm: in a few days I would learn f

rom Damien's surgical doctor that this prompt action most probably saved his life.

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In reality, climbing aboard a truck traveling as part of a convoy is the only option for crossing this stretch of east Africa.

It looked like hard work.

All Directshow interfaces I've used are well-known interfaces exposed by Directshow developers except IAMCrossbar interface.

I was going with him to the bright lights and busy hospital corridors of Johannesburg.

He was in too much pain to raise his head and examine himself.

After some testing he was re-admitted to a ward bed and put on a drip again.

Relief began flowing through my veins.

Br Frank O'Shea runs the neighbouring Edmund Rice Sinon Secondary School where several hundred students are enrolled.

The potential to chat with strangers exists everywhere, and a warm welcome is almost guaranteed.

It looked like hard work.

A couple of minutes later and I hit the muddy north bank without any hiccups.

Wilson you're a champ, and just another shining example of the wonderfully hospitable Kenyan folk.

The Mikadi Beach camping ground was packed with travellers of various nationalities.

The sunlight was slipping away and I had hoped to cover a few more kilometres on the way across so I resorted to plan B.

He had lost his appetite and plenty of weight and his mother and I were growing increasingly concerned.

Unfortunately, education in Tanzania is currently in a pretty poor state.

In a few short years Gemma and her team of merry women and men have built a wonderful place of learning, with the support of various international Lions groups.

It was an extremely short-lived effort.

There's no sleeping through such offences to the nose and ear!

I felt privileged to meet such a great bunch of people and to witness a fantastic show of solidarity with the locals.

A nurse showed me to an empty ward where I climbed onto an un-made bed, curled up and went to sleep after saying one last prayer for my good mate.

His shirt was in tatters and large patches of skin were missing on his elbows and knees, with the underlying white connective tissue exposed.

It was tough going at times; obviously these four legged beasts were more nimble than I at negotiating the undergrowth.

Quite a simple process but hard work for those involved.

Seventy-five kilometres later my belly was rumbling and the sun dropping.

As with the WYI volunteers at Ugunja, they were an inspiring group and a real pleasure to be with.

The array of teaching programs was amazing, and extremely encouraging.

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Traffic was congested through the busy city centre so we headed north on some backroads to avoid the crowded tarmac and plumes of diesel.

The magnitude of the situation began to truly bear down on me now that I was alone and could do nothing.

The Mikadi Beach camping ground was packed with travellers of various nationalities.

He spent a good deal of the time feeling like his lungs had been removed, with a pounding headache, nose-bleed and nausea.

Crowds of ambling people and busy road-side markets dominate the streetscapes.

The scenery continuously switched between cultivated fields and native scrub, and everywhere I found myself returning waves to locals.

There are no expensive mechanized harvesters in these parts though, and so the f

farmers cut the mature cane with large machete-like knives called pangas.

It was a difficult situation.

The sugar cane farmers I stopped to chat with on my ride to Kisumu were no exception.

It seemed my only option as the sunlight dwindled and the rain continued to fall

Most of his left side was coloured dark red where blood was pooling beneath his skin following the impact, but there was no punctured or torn tissue.

Other students majoring in electrical studies were already bringing money in to support the schools activities by fixing the wire windings on water pumps around the town.

The tattered clothes and weather-beaten smiles on their faces were added proof that an existence on the land did not come easily at all.

Most people speed past on four wheels he explained, never knowing the beauty of the area he grew up in.

My cruisey day soon turned strenuous and I needed several pit stops to take in some biscuits and water on my way up to Tukuyu at the top of the range.

Our hard working Business Analyst returned after two weeks with a detailed Business Model document on hand, where he together with a coworker prepared the formal requirement specification in a hurry.

It symbolizes a crossbar device.

The sunlight was slipping away and I had hoped to cover a few more kilometres once across so I resorted to plan B.

I watched as he inspected them against the dim glow of the hospital ceiling light.

There is no doubting the breadth and quality of education these students are receiving at Sinon Secondary School.

I had earlier in the week seen how the bricks were made by packing mud into a wooden mould and then emptying the cast bricks onto the ground.

I knew something was wrong.

As always I was conscious of not wanting to be seen to expect special treatment or white privilege.

It is a remarkable thing to see such an integrated approach to education and self-sufficiency.

Panic suddenly crept across his face.

My cruisey day soon turned strenuous and I needed several pit stops to take in some biscuits and water on my way up to Tukuyu at the top of the range.

And judging by their quarry it was an effective technique, producing enough for a decent meal.

I could have happily stayed at Mutumbu for far longer, but the wilds of Tanzania were calling Luke and I.

The anxiety was flowing over inside me; my good mate was in a very bad way and he was depending on me to get him seen to as soon as possible.

There are no expensive mechanized harvesters in these parts though, and so the farmers cut the mature cane with large machete-like knives called pangas.

After a cold shower and a warm meal of greasy chips I hit the sack and slept like a bear in the depths of winter.

Other students majoring in electrical studies were already bringing money in to support the schools activities by fixing the wire windings on water pumps around the town.

I watched as he inspected them against the dim glow of the hospital ceiling light.

The problem with our gorgeous scenery of rolling hills was that we had to climb those mounds and it was tiring work on luggage-laden bicycles.

They were trying to catch small fish isolated in the shallow backwaters of Lake Malawi.

The blood hadn't begun flowing.

Most people speed past on four wheels he explained, never knowing the beauty of the area he grew up in.

Seventy-five kilometres later my belly was rumbling and the sun dropping.

Crowds of ambling people and busy road-side markets dominate the streetscapes. It seemed my only option as the sunlight dwindled and the rain continued to fall

As I pulled back the material the closely gathered crowd gasped, most likely sending waves of fright through Damien's mind.

The Mikadi Beach camping ground was packed with travellers of various nationalities.

And due to the long period between the accident and the operation Damien had also lost a lot of fluid and blood.

Wilson you're a champ, and just another shining example of the wonderfully hospitable Kenyan folk.

In reality, climbing aboard a truck traveling as part of a convoy is the only option for crossing this stretch of east Africa.

Quite a simple process but hard work for those involved.

My inability to speak Swahili and her lack of English meant I had to resort to hand signals and facial expressions to let her know I was alright and presented no danger.

There they immediately put a drip in Damien's arm: in a few days I would learn from Damien's surgical doctor that this prompt action most probably saved his life.

I was absolutely knackered that night, but we kicked on to share a few lagers and a well-earned meal before crashing in a couple of the pub's beds.

But as we were soon to discover, speed can be as much your enemy as friend.

Most people speed past on four wheels he explained, never knowing the beauty of the area he grew up in.

The Sisters had just finished suggesting we take Damien to another hospital so I knew I had to act.

It was great to see him again, ready and raring to hit the roads of rural Malawi

So I bowed to her pleas to avoid being trampled or eaten and joined the entertaining Kumuka truck ride through Mikumi to Iringa.

He examined Damien briefly asking him about the accident and the source of his pain before calling in an assistant and ordering x-rays and ultrasounds.

As I pulled back the material the closely gathered crowd gasped, most likely sending waves of fright through Damien's mind.

His shattered spleen had been removed, his ruptured left kidney had been stitched, and his left lung had been punctured.

I had become accustomed to simpler surroundings while travelling through Ethiopia, Kenya, Tanzania and Malawi over the past five months.

It introduces a new concept that allows beginners to easily break and design complex software systems.

Zanzibar is steeped in history, having been under the control of various African and colonial powers during many centuries of human habitation.

A rough night's sleep in the back of the truck where I found myself cuddling up to another chilly man, to try and conserve our body heat.

It must have been a little off-putting to see the ease with which the porters moved up the slopes, carrying huge weights upon their backs and heads.

On the way I met beautiful twins who helped me out with directions, sending me off towards yet more hills.

Perhaps for a moment she thought I was dead.

Do I have to answer this?

I wanted to chance my luck on the bike but in the back of my mind I could hear my mother's desperate voice.

I only wish I had visited on a Wednesday - Girl Power Day!

There's no sleeping through such offences to the nose and ear!

Carn Aussies, go the green and gold!

I watched as he inspected them against the dim glow of the hospital ceiling light.

From his silent, motionless but conscious state I knew he was seriously injured.

His agonising moans made it clear it was a painful move.

I cried a few tears of joy and pain as I stumbled the final few metres to the roof of Africa.

I calmly asked him where he felt pain and he muttered his left torso.

He explained that Damien had needed to be resuscitated on the operating table and that he had suffered extensive internal injuries.

Relief began flowing through my veins.

What Solution Providers Do Today?

The sunlight was slipping away and I had hoped to cover a few more kilometres once across so I resorted to plan B.

It was a difficult situation.

It was a fantastic experience and so rewarding to know that the assistance of the volunteers would have a very real outcome in providing a place of education for the children of Ugunja.

Yet here they were lending their hands as labourers and carers to meet and assist the people of Ugunja.

Ahhh, so nice to be back in some rainforest.

His shirt was in tatters and large patches of skin were missing on his elbows and knees, with the underlying white connective tissue exposed.

It was an amazing place and he only had to suggest I stay the night in the local camping ground before I decided to pull up stumps and hit the lake for a refreshing dip.

The drivers and some of the onlookers loaded our bikes and bags onto the truck's tray and then we carefully carried Damien to lay him in the back seat of the car.

I watched his grandchildren swimming nearby and wondered how little change had probably occurred around here since Kabwenkha himself was a child splashing in the shallows.

Little did I know that further tests over the coming days would reveal Damien had post-op intestinal adhesions, a bowel blockage, and to top it all off.

After a second matatu ride we each climbed aboard a boda boda - a bicycle taxi powered by muscle bound young men who generally work hard for not a lot of pay. The tattered clothes and weather-beaten smiles on their faces were added proof that an existence on the land did not come easily at all.

WYI is a fantastic Australian organisation providing young people with the opportunity to jump in the deep end of social justice, and work as volunteers in Kenya and Nepal.

After a few laughs at the clouds above, I resigned myself to spending the night in my tent in the scrub lining the quiet roadside.

Wildlife abounds in the forest canopy, understory and leaf litter.

It introduces a new concept that allows beginners to easily break and design complex software systems.

People rushed across busy streets to banks and shops, while street vendors did their best to make a sale from among the stream of pedestrians.