

KOPPAMURRA *fillocks flat*

We hear from Fillocks Flat – again

Fillocks Flat, November 2007

Dear Koppamurra... I don't know why it has to be me every time to write this letter. Why not my sister? Ever since you put her picture in your magazine she thinks she's so smart. Now she says she's going to do a wine making course next year. Dad said a grape marketing course would be more to the point but maybe if she can find out how to sell two dollar cleanskins for fifteen dollars it would be a help.

Any way Mum said I had to do it and she gave me a list of what I'm not allowed to write about. This is the list of what I'm not allowed to write about: My sister. The drought. The time the wheel came off the trailer when Dad was driving to town. What Dad said when ditto ditto etc. Dad's new bore that Uncle Hughie did with his drilling rig that he brought down from the Hunter. Whether Dad has a permit for the bore.

So anyway we did the pruning and that went well. Dad says that any pruning when it finishes before the bloody things start growing again and nobody cuts off their finger has gone well. The bloody things have started growing again and its all looking really really green so they'll probably grow some grapes again soon.

Have a nice time at Christmas.

Love from Fillocks Flat.

