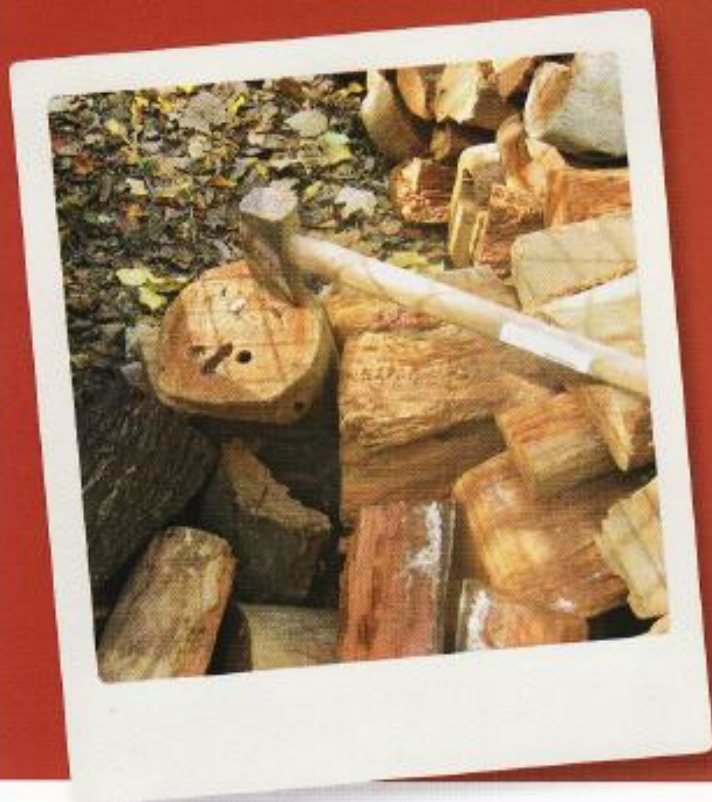


# Fireside note from Fillocks Flat



Really cold right now and not a lot going on except we've been out with the tractor and the trailer to clean up some dead trees, so we've got heaps of firewood. Dad still won't let me use the chain saw – he says when I can hold it straight out in one hand he might think about it – but when I asked him if he could he told me to get on with loading up the trailer.

Mum says don't you dare let him go near it I'm not letting my only begotten son come home with a foot missing. She was so cross she wouldn't tell me what begotten means.

But they mellowed out a bit after tea and some of that wine the Koppamura people gave us and Dad told us the story of his Dad and Uncle Hughie and the tractor.

*There's not enough room to tell it all here so I'll have to do it another time.*

*Stay warm. Love from Fillocks.*