

letter from the coal face...

Fillocks Flat, June 2007

The people from Koppamurra said their customers wanted to hear what it was like at the coal face so Mum said I should do it especially since the last report said 'needs to improve literacy skills' and she said it would be good practice.

Dad said he couldn't see why they thought we had a coal face although it would be a lot better than a vineyard if what Uncle Hughie says is right (Uncle Hughie has a place in the Hunter – but we haven't heard from him for a while).

Anyway it's been really really dry up till May and then it got really really wet. Dad was pleased. He was walking up and down the rows in his rubber boots singing 'Mud, mud, glorious mud,' until Mum made him come inside. She said he was being extreme. I don't think she minded the song so much but more because the boots was all he was wearing.

So because of the dry we didn't have too many grapes this vintage but at least now we've got some water which is a bit more than those blockers up on the river. Dad said he heard some dill on the radio say



that all Australia's grapes will come from the Riverland in the future. He said it was an interesting concept and wondered where the bloke was getting his information from. That wasn't quite what he really said. I did write down what he really said but Mum crossed it out.

Anyway, that's it for now. See you next time.