

LETTER FROM FILLOCKS FLAT



We had a pretty normal sort of Christmas at Fillocks – Dad gave Mum a new angle grinder and Mum gave Dad a new microwave and I didn't get a new bike but I did get a fishing rod. Uncle Hughie from the Hunter came but he didn't set fire to the Christmas tree this year

Just when school went back we had this terrible hot weather but anyway no bushfires although it got a bit close when Dad decided to chop up the old tankstand with his new angle grinder. Mum had words with him. She said that if he didn't put it away she'd chop up the power lead and dob him in to the CFS. So we spent the rest of the day in the dam. I caught a lot of things with my fishing rod but none of them much like a fish.

After all the terrible hot weather Dad said it was just as well he never got around to cutting back the leaf canopy on the vines because if he had we'd have a great crop of raisins. Mum said "Well don't suppose that being a lazy bugger will pay off every year". But I think she was really quite pleased, too.

