

THE TRUE STORY OF GRANDAD, UNCLE HUGHIE AND THE TRACTOR

This is the story that dad told us one night last winter after he and mum had finished a bottle of Koppamurra (each). It all happened, said Dad, when grandad and gran had the farm in Tassie and uncle Hughie was a bit older than you are now and I was just a little tacker.

Grandad and Hughie went out one day with the tractor and a load of posts in the paddock ute to mend the boundary fence. Hughie was old enough to drive the ute but not outside the gate and anyway it was the paddock ute and not the good one and anyway if you think I'm going to let you drive our ute after we had to pull it out of the creek you've got another think coming, so just let me get on with the story, said dad. (I thought that was a bit unnecessary, really).

So off they went and took their dinner with them but half way through the afternoon gran remembered that they were supposed to go to town to talk to the bank. So she'd have to go and find grandad and drive into town. (My sister who has no brains said why didn't she ring him on his mobile).

Gran put dad into the good ute and drove off to find them. But when she did there was a whole business of what about Hughie and how to get the tractor and the paddock ute back to the house and what time would they get back from town and anyway it would be dark by then and what about Hughie out here on his own ?

Finally grandad says no it's all quite easy and stop all this silly fuss. Hughie will set up the tractor on the track, get it going nice and slowly and follow in the ute; it'll guide itself along the track and if it wanders off he can run after it. - You can manage that, can't you, son? says grandad.

So grandad and gran and dad drive off to town in the good ute with gran looking back out the window at Hughie who is standing there next to the tractor and the old ute at the bottom of the paddock, waving goodbye.

We didn't see your uncle Hughie for quite a while after that, said dad, in fact not until well after we got back from town and well after dark when he finally came into the kitchen and said,

- ummm.....aaah.....you know the tractor ?....well..... I can't find it.



I did this picture for school and Mrs Bristle said it was very geometric and perhaps I should call it 'The Day They Lost Poor Fergie' I don't quite know why.