

THE TRUE STORY OF GRANDAD, UNCLE HUGHIE AND THE TRACTOR

It took a while to find out what had happened because there was a lot of shouting and after a while I went and sat under the table (said Dad) but what had happened was this. Hughie started up the tractor and set it going up the track and then he went to start the old ute, and the old ute went like this.

R-R-R-R-R-R

R-R-R-R-R

R-R-R-R

r-r-r-r

r-r-r

r-r

r.....

- I bet you flooded it, you galah, said grandad.

Meanwhile the tractor was going slowly up the track, going nice and straight but slowly getting further and further away.

And Hughie was still trying to start the ute. But now it wasn't even making that little click noise. So Hughie decided the battery was probably flat.

- Probably ! says grandad.

Hughie decided he better catch up with the tractor which was now about to go over the top of the hill and it was getting dark. So he runs up to the top of the hill and when he gets there he can't see the tractor at all.

After a bit of a think he walks back to the house to tell grandad about it.

When everyone finished shouting gran says well, there's no point looking for it in the dark and Hughie hasn't had his tea yet and I don't think the Hogans next door will appreciate being asked to make a search party – not after last time.

So grandad and Hughie go out next morning to find the tractor. They came to the top of the paddock and there was no sign of the tractor.

- Maybe it went round in a big circle and back down over the hill again, says Hughie.

- Maybe pigs fly, says grandad, but we'll have a look anyway.

As they are going past the dam Hughie says,

- I don't remember us putting a pipe out there in the middle of theOh.

So that's how they found the tractor and yes the only bit you could see was the exhaust pipe sticking out and uncle Hughie said that night he was going to leave the farm and be a prospector but it all ended happily because the insurance man was a good mate of Grandads and he got a (fairly) new tractor out of it. (with thanks to my brother Fergus who originally told me this (true) story. HR)



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.