

SPELLING WORD STORIES

Back to Basics

An Educational Revolution

Aart Bark

Spelling Word Stories (1)

The 3R's The Professional Way
Cattai, 2756

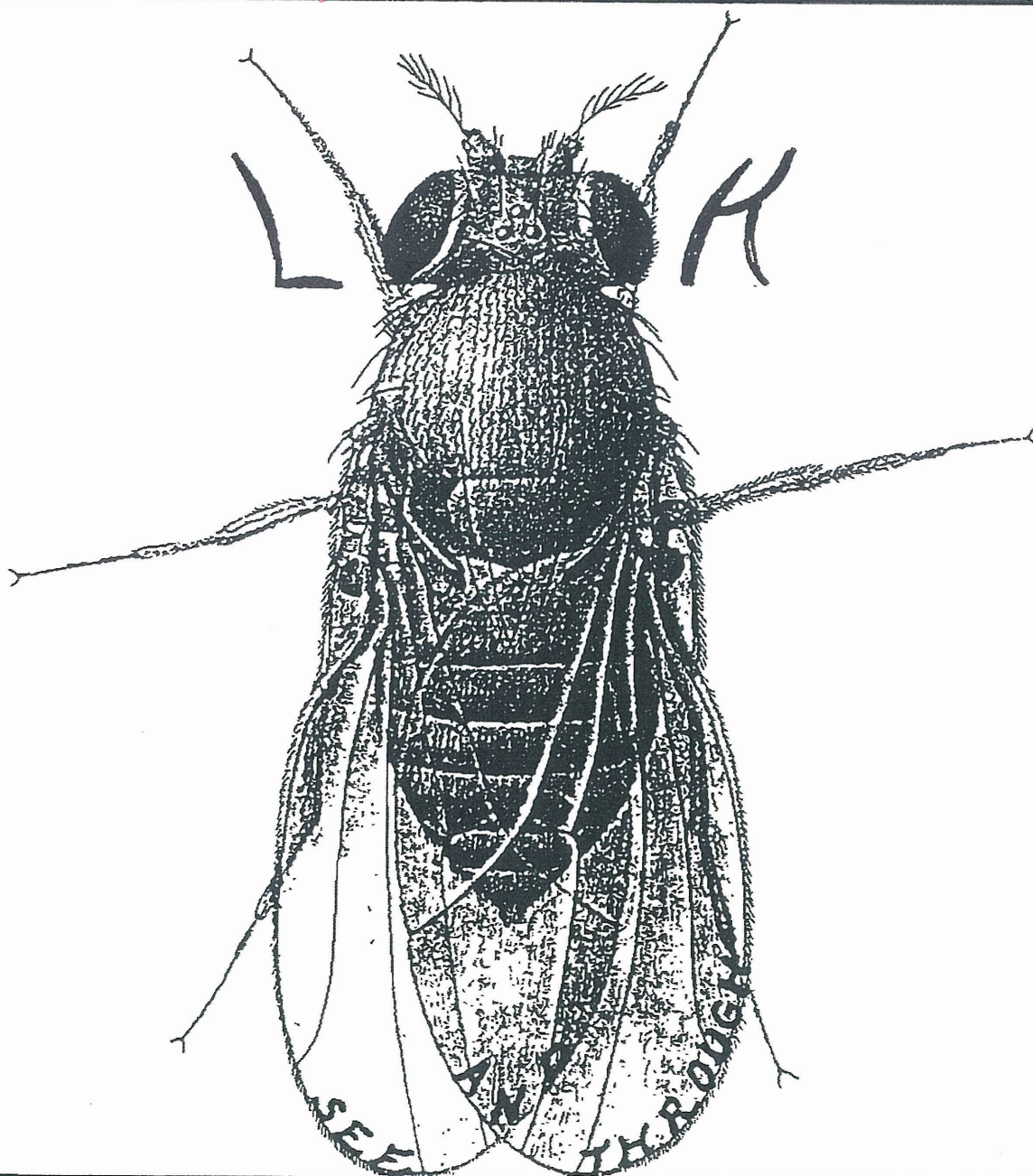
NATIONAL LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA

ISBN 0 949384 96 8

© Aart Bark, 2010



It's by **hearing** that you will
learn to speak. It's by **hearing**
and **speaking** that you will best
learn to read.



CREATIVE CURE

LITERACY: THE ABILITY TO READ AND WRITE
THE ABILITY TO USE LANGUAGE PROFICIENTLY.

READING is learnt by READING.

READING WITHOUT FLUENCY IS NOT READING

PROSODIC READING

FLUENCY in reading is trainable and improves overall reading skills.

THE SIMPLEST METHOD IS ALWAYS THE BEST: MODELLING and MEMORY READING.

1. Depending on the student's word span, the teacher reads a phrase or a whole sentence with theatrical enthusiasm.

The material in the books that make up the foundation literacy series eminently lends itself to this sort of treatment because of its readability and its coherence; after all, exaggeration, rhyme, rhythm and visualisation are the most powerful tools used in professional memory training.

2. The student imitates the teacher (echo reading) from memory, with or without peripheral or incidental reading from the corner of the eye so to speak.
A whole class can read in chorus (Choral reading). Apart from giving students the opportunity to legitimately exercise their vocal cords, it is more beneficial than allowing them to engage in fruitless small talk.
3. A whole paragraph, a whole passage or a whole page may be treated this way, always aiming at increasing the word span.
4. The student should only be asked to read it by himself when he can fluently imitate what was read to him. No nagging, no "sounding out".
5. In case the student still baulks at a particular word, the teacher must act as a prompter; no more, no less.
6. Practice makes perfect: Remarkable results may be obtained by breaking through the "sound barrier". For that to happen, the student must read the rhymes without hearing the words; up to 1400 words per minute.
7. Two stand-by methods may be helpful:
 - ◆ Neurological impress method based on the learning-to-ride-a-bike principle. The teacher begins by reading slightly ahead and louder than the student; he "drags" him along, but he must know when to let go altogether or to change to "shadowing" the student for a while.
 - ◆ The chopstick method: In this case, the chopstick "drags" the student along. Since it is not human, the chopstick can exercise power **without causing resentment** because it would be silly to argue with a chopstick. When it stops, the student knows that he has misread a word, (a, the, for, from, house, horse, hopping, hoping, offend, etc.) in most cases the result of "skim reading", because some weak-willed teachers don't want to "discourage" the student; **play now, pay later.**

Reminder

Indefinite article

[ə]

muttering
vowel

not A [ei],

although all schools teach it!
it's almost impossible to change.

How on earth can you learn to read fluently if you use A instead of a:

"The bug dug A hole in A rug to give another bug A hug."

"Can I have A, eh, hamburger please?"

The Sentences

At this stage, students will have acquired quite a skill in talking and comprehending. The new skill of decoding (mechanical reading) is learnt first and then immediately combined with the above skills.

The sentences have therefore been written with that in mind.

The building up of an appropriate vocabulary should not be left to chance. In this book, the most frequently used words (word count) are included.

(Modified Language Experience Approach).

The brain cannot absorb pure data; it becomes information only when seen through the spectacles of an idea. (Edward de Bono). This information has to be processed within 30 seconds. The brain is capable of making 10 new connections per second. It means that words must lead to language. In this case, to the language the student its already used to.

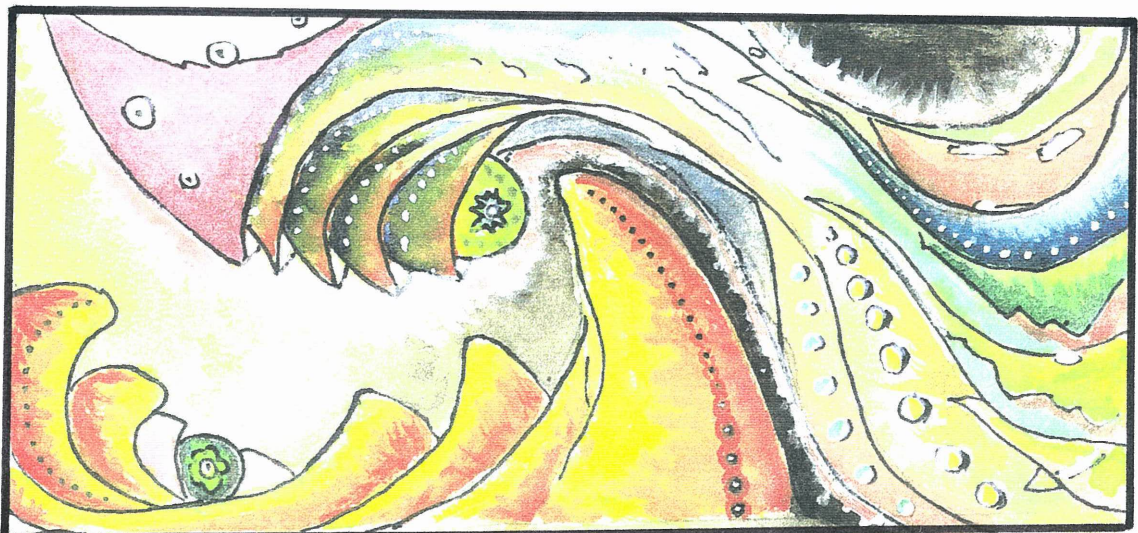
Do not go back to baby talk: Dan has a van.

Don't demolish the house when you only want to build an extension.

Talking about babies: How can they possibly learn to say, "Banana" if you keep saying, "Nana"? And what About "Breckie" instead of "Breakfast"?

Spelling Word Stories

- The 60 episodes contain all prescribed words for NSW Primary Schools.
- The short stories were written by using the unique **Words on Stage** method described in **Creative Writing**.
- Although in a way restricted by the compulsory use of a certain number of words, this method is of course infinitely better than writing umpteen words in isolated, stunted sentences. That useless exercise never leads to language.
- **Homework** is an **unwanted chore** not conducive to learning.
- **Note:** The stories should only be used to **promote reading fluency**.
- Although there **is** some story line, the text is definitely not suitable comprehension material. There is a wealth of books available for that purpose. Both teachers and students are thus free to choose what interests them.



1. THIS MORNING

My name is Bill. The cat, with a bell around his neck, has fun with my red ball. I have a jam sandwich and a cup of tea. My black dog sits on his rug in the sun; he likes to watch me have my breakfast. Mother gives me seeds and nuts for play lunch. Here is the bus, so I must go now and do some work at school.

2. LEAP FROG

A friend of mine, Frankie Anderson, not a bad sort of a six-year-old boy, ran into the classroom one day, schoolbag under his arm; he had to still do his homework. He had with him fifteen frisky fish and fifteen frisky frogs. One of them was jumping about in such a way that it landed on the inspector's head when he came in, hopping on his one leg, to put some books away in the cupboard and to pick up a new one about an ill-tempered hen. The well-tempered man laughed and put his hat back on before sitting down at the desk to read his book.

3. LET US DRAW WHAT WE SAW

The black van with black food boxes and black drums went up the black hill.

That black jet with winking wings sending tiny people to tiny places.

The black duck, black flagship of our pond, took off for a swim between stars and running moon's whim.

4. ONE BIRD IN THE PRAM...

Princess Baby Louise drops out of her cot, puts her best dress on, gives her doll a hug and puts it to sleep in the new pram, a gift from Santa. When the pram tips over, Baby Louise is not just sad, but gets mad as well!

Just then, a mother bird shows her baby birds how to chirp a song. One little bird chirps so hard that it tips out of the nest and into the pram.

Baby Louise looks up and says, "Did you come down to give me some help?" "Yes and no," chirps the baby bird. Louise laughs and says, "I am glad that I'm not the only one mad."

the baby bird. Louise laughs and says, “I am glad that I’m not the only one mad.”

5. SPICK AND SPAN MERRY GO ROUND

Frank’s mother had milked her cow in the mud by the big green tree. “There are ants and grubs on your good boots,” said father Hans Christian. “Give them to me, and I will rinse them off under the tap. Here you are! They look like new. Ouch!” The tap knocked off father’s hat. It fell into the mud with the water, the ants and the grubs.

“Give it to me, and let me rinse it under the tap,” said mother. “Here you are! It looks like new”

“There are ants and grubs on your good boots,” said father. “Give them to me, and I will rinse them off under the tap. Here you are! They look like new. Ouch!”

6. SKYMAN (FRANK'S DREAM)

A week ago, I could see lots of little green men come out of the blue sky. Later on that day, one of them, a yellowish old man, came up to me. He wanted to take off his new fur hat to greet me, but it fell off because his weak hands were ice cold and now his ears as well. He started to cry. He asked if he could eat our eggs, and if there was any tea left. Then, our sky man was happy again. He told me that his people came down to do their shopping. once every four years on the 29th day of February, between five and six.

7. WHOEVER DOES THAT SORT OF THING

“When I had to go away the other day, who came in to make a go-cart out of the door, burn my coal to bake a cake in my birdcage and wash the face of my dear calf in the bath with my bone coloured coat on and my best belt that cost so much? Whoever does that sort of thing?” Asked Mr Stone sternly.

Most heads turned towards one that didn't. It belonged to The Stitch, a boy who always burst out of his clothes and who was always in trouble.

8. KING KONG OF HONG KONG

The Stitch and his skinny friend Stocky Horror sneaked into the classroom during playtime to pinch a couple of jellybeans out of Mr Stone's tin. They nearly died of shock when a voice behind them said, "Here are the headlines:

We hear now that five kidnappers want to keep our kind King locked up to add a full day to the world apeholding record before letting him free again; it will still be another four days. You won't find them; they are hiding in a hole underground. Digging it half killed them. The King helped, but hurt his foot. He has gone to bed to catch up on his sleep. They gave him an aspirin. He will soon be well enough to break loose."

9. **FAST THINKING**

Many people saw Frank's mate Bill crack the news when he pulled his brother's girlfriend out of her airmail van. She had missed a turn and had hit a letterbox. Her car had caught fire with her foot wrapped around the clutch. He had put out the fire and he had pushed the van along the nine-mile open road.

Her name is Miss Pink; she almost had a fit, but she is all right now, and so is he. She lives next to Red Leaf Park. She made him a nice fruit-loaf with ripe apples and a chocolate clutch on top.

10. **CIRCUS**

The very tall silk show tent of the Gargoyles rose like the sails of a yacht, while the circus boss and all the school children sang, "Baa Baa Black Sheep have you any wool?"

"What time does the show start?"

"Eight O'clock."

We were told that it is quite safe to walk a tight rope, but that you must not stop to wash your feet; that will make you skid and crash and won't solve any problems will it?

11. **CLASS PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK**

Frankie and a few other brave boys of about the same age say that they want to go the very top of the cliff called Olimbos. They leave the other children behind, guzzling their slices of fresh brown bread with apple jam and cream as they go.

It is getting hot. At a fork in the path, they take up the left track, winding their way all the time, going along one after another. Deep down, the creek snakes to the beach.

The bottle brush bushes begin to brush against the children again and again, as if to clean them before going to sleep; it seems hard to stay awake. They reach the top and sit down in chairs cut into the rock, next to a clock without hands.

Then the clouds move in, swiftly. When they have gone, the chairs, the clock and the children have gone with them.

12. NO LUNCH

After a good night's sleep, Queen Catherine, wife of Rodney the Powerful of Berowra Heights, mother of Princess Louise, went riding. Her horse was doing well. They came first; that had never happened before.

Her shirt was dirty, so she put a clean one on as well as a pair of shorts and sandals. before going outside to have a drink and a sandwich on the grass in front of the palace. You could tell that she was happy. She took a sip of orange juice out of her silver thermos flask and opened her lunch box to... "Help!" she called out. A little grey mouse with sharp teeth quickly crossed her hand. The horse, afraid something had happened, strolled down and found that the Queen had fainted.

13.

UNDER THE BONNET

Today, those small Barkly Tableland girl guides in their blue shirts and skirts will spend eight hours out in the country. The train is half full of these flirtful, sweet little women, standing around, singing pop tunes and happy birthday to Princess Louise, or shouting and waving to friends. Tonight. They will need a cure for their hoarse throats. In a fortnight's time, Dr. Instant will send the bill.

The whistle! There is a smell of thick smoke.

Suddenly, as the train passes through Pine Creek, quick thinking Mr Steam puts on the brakes but the train still skids another eighteen metres, yet luckily, not far enough to hit the car parked in the middle of the railway track, bonnet up. Two tough looking men, Frank's father, Mr Anderson, and his friend Jack Schooner from Cape York Peninsula, got out just in time but, although not hurt, they were too troubled to talk. They were looking for Frank. The big jumbo is letting off steam, and so are the girls! The big jumbo is hissing, and so is the wall-to-wall carpet snake under the bonnet!

14.

SUPERNATURAL POWERS

When Frank came back the following Sunday, his mother thought he had risen from the dead. In order to praise the Lord, farmer Anderson and his family went in their noisy truck to the white church around the corner. Anyone but the farmer would forget the trick of how to start the truck with half the muffler

coming off. Inside the church, the priest, all in a huff, was reading a newsletter to say that he hadn't been well lately; too many headaches. He needed a break from the noisy cars one heard these days.

A black kitten sat beside him, it didn't budge, it just purred. The dull air was filled with ten cents worth of incense. The silence that followed sent shivers through their spines. Then the church hose burst! The priest's cousin, Mrs Holy, went into the garden shed to look for buckets. The flowers, the holly and the ivy, were begging for their daily water.

When the Andersons came home from church, their daily dinner was waiting, but their daily fresh butter didn't melt.

15. BLUNT PENCIL

Yesterday morning and afternoon, in fact the whole day or just about, my brother, my sister and I sat in front of the window waiting for something to happen because our teacher was sick, and there was 'nothing much' on T.V.

Summer had gone; Spring still far off, another Winter's day without Sun.

We looked at anything and everything. My father, with a long horse float, tried making a U-turn. Now, our street is very pretty, but not very straight and very narrow. As often happens, the car cut into the big tree in front of our house. Poor dad was dumbfounded; he looked as glum as the tree. He had hurt himself, but he didn't sulk and made no fuss.

A stunning policewoman arrived early. She checked his pulse to see if he was all right. He blushed! Can you believe that such a nice woman should lay charges against such a nice man? She said that her pencil was blunt, but I think so got cold feet and chickened out, don't you?

16. THE NUGGET

After taking his photograph, we could see that he was thirsty and ready for a snack before his after-tucker nap, so we grabbed our three chops out of our knapsack to braise them in the ashes that were still hot. When he had finished telling his story, the dark grey brush of dusk swept over him, hanging in his hammock. Frank's grandfather, Mad Nullarbor as they called him, had not always been a tramp with scratchy pants, dragging along on more or less sole-less thongs, and won't be for much longer thanks to his tireless efforts.

Mad Nullarbor, strangely enough, had been a busy logger, a tree of a man. There were no trees left where Mad Nullarbor had been! It doesn't often happen that one finds a gold digger's map wrapped around the roots of the last tree one fells! Lucky fellow! Once he had decoded the scribbles, he sold out and swapped jobs; he was sixty then.

He became a squatter and started panning for gold. He built himself some sort of a shack in a spot not far from Golden Ridge Inn, on the West bank of a creek, the name of which will remain secret. Nearly three years lapsed. Then, one day, he saw a big

boulder with twelve grooves carved into its side. He put his big shoulder against the big boulder and pushed and pushed. His thongs gave way, but not the boulder. He tried again; he pushed and he pushed. His shoulder gave way, but not the boulder. He shaped a stout stick and lodged it underneath.

Out jumped a huge scorpion, back jumped he! He knew it was deadly! But he also knew that, once through the troughlike entrance, the thousand and one specks of gold dust on its body would lead him to the nugget.

17. BORN IN 1900 AND AGED 82

Bold Miss March, an aunt of Frank's grandfather, lived near Darwin with her pet kangaroo in a house that had a hole in the roof, which was all right in May, June, July, August, September and October when the weather was fine, but in November, December, January, February, March and April with the heavy rainfall, it was terrible!

At Christmas time this year, Miss March became anxious. "It says in the paper, Roo, that we're in for some heavy rain. Indeed, it seems to be raining right now listen! Plip, plip, plip. I have a plan, Roo, but I shall need your help. First we shall move the sofa and the television set to a part of the house that remains dry; by the side of the wall over there, I think. I shall also try to fix the roof, once and for all." Miss March turned one of her blue buckets upside down, and Roo held it while she stepped on top to push newspaper into the holes. But no matter how much paper

Miss March pushed in, the roof kept leaking. The living room slowly filled up with rainwater, and by the third day, it was four feet deep! “It has gone too far for me to be able to do anything about it now, Roo. I’ve got an idea! I will put my living room to good use. Anyone who goes past my house in Summer, will tell you that it’s possible to see ducks swimming around Miss March’s living room, and each morning you will see them happily line up...while she deals out duck pellets!

18. **FRANK THE LIMP**

Frankie Anderson, the boy with the fifteen frisky frogs and the fifteen frisky fish, always got into trouble, and more often than not, he was lost. People had started calling him The Limp, because the now seven-year-old child always fell off or into something, so more often than not, he was limping. Ambulances, fire brigades and tow trucks were not new to him. His I.Q. was okay, but he could never remember where he lived although he did know the postcode, so he was once sent home by mail! Then his mother wrote his name and address on a card and tied it around his neck with a strong string, hoping that it would last: Frank Anderson (The Limp) Widgiemooltha, Australia. One day, his mother was sick in bed. At last The Limp had finished his page of handwriting, something that always took him a long time because his mind was always wandering.

He sang out “Can I go now, mum, I finished my page?” A voice from upstairs answered. “Can you?”

I mean, may I go now, Mum?

Yes, but... did you take your card?

Yes.

Stay away from people with lollies.

Yes.

Don't ride on top of the trolleys.

No.

Don't be late.

No.

Don't bring half the town with you when you do come home.

No. Bye Mum.

Bye Frank.

The Limp skipped into the yard, sat on the swing for a while, then decided to go and see his friend Bill; William the Conqueror they called him, because he was always looking for new faces and places. William lived on a block of land near the fringe of the town, not far from the old gold mines. William had taken over an abandoned one from other rebels. William and The Limp had a race. During the final sprint, The Limp was in front, but he could hear William closing the gap. He looked around, but unfortunately, kept sprinting...

At the end of nowhere, night started to fall. A strong wind was now blowing, and it started to rain. William was dripping. He had to act fast! The Limp was sinking deeper and deeper into the mullock. Between life and death there is hope!

19. BECAUSE!

The Limp's uncle Alpha, one of the toughest Australian sons under the sun, had been a key figure in the Army during the Second World War.

He was an able bodied man. He could read a map with an eye as sharp as a bear's toenail. With his bare hands, he pulled out a few rows of oak trees that were in his way, and then debarked them with twenty barking dogs standing by, because he had embarked upon their property! When stocks of wax candles were too low, he would buy new ones with money Aunt Bet sent him. Once upon a time, he blew out a row of fifty candles in one go, and that's not a lie! He used to sew his own bow ties while adding up the prices of the groceries and heating stingray beef pies in boiling oil! Yes Sir! Why? Because!

20. TRUE TALE

The Limp's test team – The Wild Worms- had worked well and wiped out all other teams. They were tired, so they were going on a trip by taxi to relax somewhere in the country; without The Limp, because they didn't know where he was.

Mrs. Wolf, the taxi driver's wife, had seen the word SALE somewhere and couldn't wait to rush down to be sure to seek out all sorts of tings: soap for itchy skin, onion soup, table salt, a roll of wire, a tyre, a maxi for herself and, above all, the warm suit Mr. Wolf wanted to wear because the temperature was going to be just above zero. However, Mrs Wolf was not very wise and mixed up the sizes of the wire, the tyre, the maxi and Max's suit. The tyre was too tiny, the wire was too thick, the maxi was too mini, and the suit for Max too maxi and therefore unsuitable, so in the end, the team didn't go at all by taxi!

Henry and Mabel Mullings hated the heat of the city, so they went by East-West Airline to the edge of the bush, but close to the river to grow ferns and corn. They had done it before and knew that it was not easy.

One day, some carefree fool had let their prize fowl out; they flew high up in the sky. After an hour's hunt, the fowl dropped dead. The country couple were livid! When they regained their senses, they went back to their galvanised iron shed which had in it nothing else but two chairs and a light bulb hanging by a long knotted cord over an old knotted desk. They sat down. Soon, fair haired Mabel was busy eating some weird, evenly mixed mixture with an old, one-pronged fork out of the bowl on her knees while Henry was combing his grey hair with a 16-inch comb even though they kept feeling uneasy, fearing that the care free fool would try something else.

At least once a month, Princess Louise, now a trainee nurse, has a party; actually it has more the features of a real, Royal feast! People laugh and often march in a ring through the porch of her house, North of the mouth of the river leading to the Ocean. The light music played by the four-piece band doesn't quite match the motor's knocking noise of the river's heavy traffic, but we learn to live with it.

They always have a raffle, but for an obscure legal reason, it is called 'guessing competition'. First prize: a large sum of money. Other prizes include honey, lemon paste, jellybeans, paper plants, and a pocketknife.

At the stroke of midnight, the guests leave in a hurry, stepping into one another's footprints so as not to wake up the neighbours. Near the gate, they hop on their penny-farthings and disappear into the night with a wriggle and a giggle.

On Sunday the tenth or maybe Monday the eleventh, it's hard to tell which, Millie Ten Pin, Princess Louise's Godmother, was getting ready for the annual Melba Melba picnic on the other side of Round Lake, when she stumbled over an iceblock that had fallen out of the freezer.

She fell onto the floor and bumped her head. “Ouch!” for a few minutes, she felt sick, but after sitting quietly, she soon began to feel better, that is, she thought she did. In fact, she became quite bright, that is, she thought she did.

She was running late now and she said aloud to no-one in particular. “Oh please, don't start the games, races and the brass band before I get there!”

Millie was ready at last and ran all the way to the lake, upon which, tied to a post, was a glass boat to take her to the place of the picnic. This boat was not quite the same as the one Millie was used to seeing on the lake, though the two were much alike. Millie thought this one was much more grand. The fare of one dollar was well spent. There were no boatmen, but this did not seem to matter for the boat took off on its own accord and began sailing across the lake, which seemed larger than Millie remembered and, indeed, it was dark before the boat finally came to a sudden halt when it bumped into the big stone wall at the entrance of a cave.

A large crowd of animals were waiting to be let in. A majestic Kangaroo in coat-and-tails bowed to each visitor in turn. Millie was last. As she approached, the Kangaroo, with a deep voice,

asked politely, “Do you have an invitation?” “No, Sir.” “Well, in that case I’m afraid I cannot let you in unless...” “Unless what?” “Oh I’m so sorry. What was I saying, oh yes, unless you donate something to the ‘Save the Roo’ fund.”

Mille gave her last shilling. The Kangaroo smiled, put a stamp on her handbag and shut the door behind her. Millie headed for a strange light in the dark distance. She felt as if she was under a spell and wondered whether she still was a person or an animal, something like wallaby, a koala or maybe a bandicoot. It was hard to tell though in the dark.

When she could see better, she looked down and noticed that in place of her soft and pretty red boots were a pair of hard, ugly claws! She opened her mouth to cry out in astonishment, but instead... a rollicking laugh came out and didn’t stop. Everyone in the brightly lit ballroom stared at her! “Wasn’t she dressed properly, whatever she was?”

Soon, a very distinguished looking Magpie came up to her, greeting her warmly. “Good evening Kookaburra.”

Millie was about to reply when, suddenly, she found herself back home on the kitchen floor, in front of the fridge! Her head was sore. She had indeed been under a spell: a dizzy spell.

24. LEFT IN THE DARK

Unknown masterminds have broken out of Maitland Jail, into the Newcastle Museum for fine Art, and stolen two well-known paintings, both dating back at least four hundred years.

The guard, Mr Joe Sculpture of nearby Cessnock, nearly died when the culprits struck him with a rare rice-paper print you can't buy anywhere else but in China.

They left behind their two copies painted during the off-season remedial master classes held during September, October, November, December and January. when the museum is closed to the general public, thus giving inmates plenty of time to prepare their case, in case it would come up in court. They usually take advantage of these classes to further their education and freedom. Mr Joe Sculpture said that, at the beginning of his regular round, once a month, on Friday from 9 p.m.– 9:10 p.m. to be precise, he heard the sound of rusty handcuffs being oiled. He then took off his shoes, wriggled his toes and shuffle shuffled ahead! He peeped around the corner and saw two heads: none of them belonged to people he knew, he had said in his statement. He peered straight into their eyes, coughed three times so as to give them plenty of warning and ... then woke up in Newcastle hospital!

He will write to the Shadow Minister for Off Duties, requesting a pay increase over and above the award, a crash helmet, theft proof premises to work in, reduction of rounds to one a year, but not on his birthday, Easter Sunday, Christmas, weekends and other public holidays, 364 days holiday pay and one day sick pay at overtime rates, between time-and-a-half and double time, depending on new or full moon.

Wishful thinking! The doctor said that he was still very weak, but that he would be all right again within a week. Mrs Hardware, our press photographer, herself an art teacher, sought

permission to talk to Detective Superintendent Watson, one of the finest among the Police Force, and to take photographs, but it was felt that it might retard catching the students. They have begun looking through every file, sorting out visitors and unwanted visitors. Although they have many loose ends, it won't make a string yet! They won't lose hope though. They know that the answer is somewhere. Thus we are left in the dark so far. They won't meet again until the whole Power strike is over; all the detectives have been stood down, either marching time while standing still or twiddling their spy glasses.

25. MEATROLL: HIS OR HERS

Rodney the Powerful's wife, Queen Catherine, a rich Lady whose house was shady, had only one first rate maid who knew more or less how to read recipes; none of the others could. The Lady's favourite meal was rice with meat rolls, poached eggs and pears in real port.

Do you know that, once upon a time, a bit past noon, the maid was about to lose her life and her job as well when a mean, lean lion of yellowish colour happened to pass by the pile of poles near the water pump where the poor soul, while the Lady was out, had a rest in a yellowish beanbag for most of the afternoon, curled up in knots, like a yellowish cockroach on a yellowish lamb? The Lady arrived just in time! She shouted, "Don't move!" She took a mini weapon out of her handbag, took her mark as well, and... Bang! The mean, lean lion dropped dead.

At her sign, the vain coachman dropped his reins, approached the lean lion to lead him away, but in vain!

The Highland maid, Miss Bagpipe from Mount Colah, afraid of not being paid after this afternoon's raid, laid her plaid onto the dead, lean lion and pulled him away with the aid of her braid!

26.

FAIRY TALE

Early every morning, on clear days, a dozen Arrellah fairies with blue gloves of thin cloth, would go down to the coast to dance cheerfully, catch fish or chase one another without fighting.

They always had a great time, they were always in a happy frame of mind. Then they would climb onto the chalklike rocks that were here and there covered with a few blades of grass, or, suddenly, in great haste, go to the field below to sit on the fence and enjoy a break, taking in, eyes closed, the scent of the good Earth and the fresh fruit, mainly berries for juice, or, instead, burst into the waterproof, cave-type cabin of Booral, the funny looking deaf giant who lived all on his own, to help him count the number of giant bags of flour he would carry in and empty into his giant tea chest, all alone, without so much as twisting his giant wrists!

27. MEMORY LANE

Henry and Mabel Mullings were spending a quiet Sunday afternoon at home. Henry was listening to the sport on the radio, the grand final between Souths and Easts on North Sydney Oval, while Mabel was knitting on the lawn in front of the house. They were a happy middle-aged couple, enjoying life at Yamba very much. The front of their house had been made into a General Store where they sold everything from fruit and sugary sweets to toys, spades, lawn mowers, sheets for beds and sheds. However, life had not always been so easy for Mr and Mrs Mullings. Twice, Mr Mullings had tried to make a go at farming in the Western part of the State. In spite of his hard work, he had not been able to make a decent living. In fact, when he first moved out West to become a farmer, Mr Mullings got the shock of his life when he found out what a rough life it really was. Once he lost his thumb when he tried to shoot a smart fox that was chasing his sheep. How dumb! It was a shame, but the truth was that while he was otherwise as smart as the fox, he was not an outback hero!

The past was a subject he did not often touch on now. He liked working in the store, since he did not have to speed. He especially liked Sunday mornings when the local children came by on their way home from Church. He would reach up his hairy arms to take a jar from the shelf and give each child a treat. He had a sweet tooth himself and would also taste one of the oval

shaped lollies. Then he would twist the lid back on until it was tight and stiff before putting it away again. The greatest pleasure in his life was camping. Every so often, on a sunny day, Mrs Mullings would help Mr Mullings to get ready by putting all his stuff into a big knapsack. Then he would go all alone down to the bank of the Macleay River. There was nothing he liked better than the sight of all that blue water, while casting out a fishing line, sitting, staring and waving to people in their boats sailing right down the river.

Sometimes, when he was thinking about old days, he would feel just a little sad.

As they sat in their cottage on that Sunday afternoon, a thunderstorm came over. Mr Mullings was not sad now that he was not out in the country. He was glad that he didn't have to worry about his crops being ruined or his windows being smashed by flying branches or hailstones. "Yes" he thought, "I will spend the rest of my days here at Yamba."

28. THE LIMP (PART 2)

The Limp was sinking deeper into that giant hollow hole, hoping and hungry. A miracle saved The Limp from sinking into the black nothingness. He was up to his neck in the mullock when he struck ground or rather something hard. At the same time, his shoulder hit a sort of a handle belonging to an old lorry dumped years before. William had a clear run to the market place. Nine o'clock. Fortunately there were still a number of

people about. But no matter how he argued, nobody listened to him, partly because, one day, he and The Limp had let loose all the monkeys of the monkey monger, and partly because they were quarrelling amongst themselves with a stream of nasty words.

William started running again. There, under the light of an old fashioned gaslight, stood, stock-still, a pleasant looking person selling pencils for the coming spellathon. You could see that he was pleased to have a customer, since he had still plenty left in the case around his waist, and it was getting late. William told him the story in a nutshell. The man, without making a single sound, was pointing to the price tag of twenty cents. Only then did William realise that the pencil vendor was not only unable to talk, but deaf as well!

Rather than wasting any more valuable time, he went straight to the Police Station. When he arrived there, he was surprised to see a sign on the door that said, "Don't disturb!" Not only that, he heard somebody burp! He thought that it was a bit rude for a person upholding the law! So, not perturbed and with plenty of courage, he burst into the room, and just as well! ...There, right in front of him was his greatest enemy The Stitch, a member of a rival gang who always burst out of his clothes because he was too fat.

The Stitch knew that William was much stronger than he and disliked smooth talk intensely, besides being able to strike him upstairs with little or no strain; so he ran for safety.

The Stitch had wanted to put a sticky poisonous potato spread on the Constable's silver spoon, while the man had gone out of the room for a few minutes after writing a bad report on him.

When Sergeant Pepper came back, he was surprised to see William instead. He explained that he had just been transferred from Rottnest Island, and that the rest of the Police Force had started to comb the nearby forest after The Limp's Mother had raised the alarm. He was grateful and invited William to climb onto the rescue-van loaded with ladders, ropes, searchlights and safety belts. The Limp finished up in hospital on Health Inspector's orders. He was glad to see his mother.

Hello, Mum.

Hello, Frank; did you learn a lesson?

Yes

Will you listen in the future?

Yes

It won't happen again?

No.

Bye, Frank.

Bye, Mum.

29. CAUGHT!

The Limp's mother, Mrs Anderson, a very tender woman whose husband had died in a car accident after making a wrong turn with his horse-trailer, had ten young children to look after, including twin babies. She was on a pension and now so poor

that she couldn't even afford to give them names any longer, except for The Limp, a name given by other people.

She seemed to spend a lot of her time either with needle and thread, sewing on buttons and patches or changing and washing the children's clothes.

Anyway, it didn't really worry Mrs. Anderson. Every year, during the school holidays, she bundled up her team to take them down to her brother Alpha in Mittagong, a world champion weightlifter.

The children loved these yearly visits to their uncle, a busy blacksmith. Besides, they could always do with some colour on their pale cheeks. Mrs Anderson would write a week beforehand so as to give her sister-in-law Bet enough time to number all the beds in the spare room.

They almost always travelled by train because the boys liked to have a ride next to the engine driver, except this time. Uncle Alpha was in Sydney where he had been busy doing business, which gave them a chance to travel back with him in his horse and buggy. While Aunt Bet waited for the visitors to arrive, she baked a huge cake and divided it up into thirteen pieces. As soon as the crowd came in, they sat down in the cosy kitchen to guzzle them up.

Mrs Anderson was going to have a rest, while Uncle Alpha felt like playing the piano, singing at the top of his voice until his sister woke up; then he had a nap himself.

The children were of course eager to stretch their legs in a different way! This twenty-five acre property was like another

world to them. At home, in the city, their backyard was just big enough to hold a garbage bin; not much to choose from!

They split up into two teams. The numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 were expected to stay around the house. They could play on the swing that hung from a branch of the big gum tree at the bottom of the garden, climb on the big old wheel with the one thousand and one wooden spokes and a thick iron hoop behind the stable, or give wheaten chaff to the old plodding horse that belonged to the neighbour, always neighing and barging through the fence to watch Aunt Bet make butter, cheese or fresh buns while waiting for a kibble nibble. But the young fellows were not to touch the old bellows! The numbers 8, 9, 10 ran down to the old rickety bridge that stretched over the pebbly creek. Unless you lifted the heavy leaf laden twigs of the willows, you could not possibly see the sign that read:

Danger! Beware of nibbling fish. In case of emergency ring Dr. Instant immediately.

Guess what! Eight fell into the creek a caught a cold. Nine caught a fish. Ten, The Limp, caught his finger!

30. THE LIMP (PART 3)

Captain Limp and his soccer team had won the Nullarbor Cup and were going to play some friendly matches against friendly aborigine teams of the surrounding deserts. The first night, they stayed at a youth hostel at the foot of Mt. Whaleback.

They got up early. Some had a go at boomerang throwing while others were waiting their turn to blow nothing but bubbles into a huge didgeridoo.

Breakfast was ready. Everybody rushed in to get a seat. The Limp was busy telling his goldmine story to someone from the Widgiemooltha tribe, while putting some French mustard on his cheese sandwich, when, all of a sudden, he jumped up, making the weirdest noise they had ever heard! Most children thought that bad spirits had cast a spell on him, and, instead of being surprised and wondering what could be the trouble, let alone helping, they panicked and scattered outside through the open verandah doors, stumbling over the loose laces of their soccer boots.

Nobody but The Limp could have made the mistake of swallowing the lid rather than the mustard! He remembered to throw himself on the floor, head between knees, trying to cough everything out of his hoarse throat.

The man in charge of the hostel was understanding and friendly and, in fact, no one other than the famous Second World War Spitfire flight Commander Don Field who finally caught the Red Baron in his underpants!

There was nothing else to do but to go, once again, to hospital. The commander had kept the Spitfire, because it was sometimes useful, especially in cases like this.

Without stopping to do anything else, they hopped on board with everybody present, leaving thunderclouds and bad weather behind, on their way to the country hospital somewhere in a valley with daisies everywhere, not far from Lake

Disappointment. Princess Louise, who had graduated, was the matron in charge.

Towards noon, when they flew over the scattered huts of the Jiggalong mission, strangely enough, they saw the hospital right in front of them although it was still at least four hours flying away! Perhaps stranger still, the commander saw the matron walking upside down, getting ready for supper, in a wrinkly uniform as if it had never felt a hot iron! The Gibson Desert in bloom? A weird picture indeed! He turned upside-down and then went into a loop that would have scared the daylight out of anybody but himself and The Limp.

He was trying to get rid of a speck of dust in his eyes and to make sure that he was seeing quite clearly, but the picture remained as weird as it was before. "Get the parachutes ready!" he shouted to The Limp who loved every moment of this trip, uncomfortable as he was. Can you imagine, he, The Limp jumping out of a Spitfire in full flight? He felt sure that William, and for that matter even The Stitch, would call him Sir Limp from now on!

The commander, realising what went on, kept his cool. He remembered that this could occur at certain times and under certain conditions; it was called mirage. Actually, he could do little else with such a tough cookie behind him. He promised to let The Limp do a few loops once they had pulled the lid from between the vocal chords in his little larynx. Prt, prtt, prt, prt! "Oh my god! Jump!" he yelled to The Limp. When the lump on The Limp mushroomed out, he lost the lid and drifted, once

again, somewhere between Heaven and Earth where there still is hope.

31. **BEACH BURIAL**

When the matron saw The Limp coming down she immediately rang Dr. Instant of the flying Doctor Service who, unfortunately, had gone fishing with old Henry Mullings. Fortunately, Jack Schooner, the friend of The Limp's father, involved in the carpet snake scare, happened to visit his mother in hospital. He went out into the desert with two camels to pick up The Limp. When Jack left a couple of days later, The Limp went with him. Jack Schooner was a huge, ginger haired man with firmly formed habits and a glowing wit, sowing and growing potatoes, owing nobody anything, because, already early in life, in New Zealand, he had learnt to endeavour earning his yearly earnings. He carried his head in a regal way. His property was on the tip of Cape York Peninsula, but, as a hobby, he also ran the Country Folk Club on nearby Thursday Island, just past the Prince of Wales, with his friendly friend Friday. During his sovereign reign, he gave a free rein to his neighbours, Torres Strait Islanders who lived straight across, breeding neighing reindeer for Santa. They often came over to dine with him in regal native

regalia, enjoying lavish free meals to eat for tea. No wonder they called him The Duke! There was no Duchess.

One night, it was pretty late, The Duke left the Club to go home, leaving Friday and The Limp behind to do the dishes. He hopped into his twin-carbie dinghy. The moon was only half, and so was his way when he ran out of gas. He called the base on his C.B. radio, but through lack of community support, nobody answered. Since he had no money on him, he couldn't call a water taxi either, nor did he have even one single coin for the hydrofoil fare.

So he just sat he and his case of ginger beer, at least that's what was written on the label. In fact, its real contents was quite different, but Jack didn't want people to know that he had a drinking problem.

He folded his hands to jack himself up a bit, but it was too late to pray, so he gazed aimlessly into the hollow distance of the night. Hitchhiking was out of the question, because there was an occasional pirate in the area, and that would certainly harm his calm. Besides, hitchhiking after hours was frowned upon by the Unions unless penalty rates were paid. He didn't dare to break the laws of the Land and to be then led away joining others curled up in one of the cells of the hardly insulated Peninsula Dungeon, waiting till dawn would wash away the memory of the night before.

Jack was bored. Slowly it dawned on him that he DID have fuel! What a brilliant idea. By this time, both he and the tank were full of spirit. He pulled out the choke under the dash to give some overproof, turned on the ignition, and ... Bang! He leap-frogged

onto the foreshore of Cape York! First aid was slow to arrive, and when it did, it failed to heal the unhealthy wounds. The Duke died and was buried in the simple beach burrow they borrowed. Some weeks later, Friday and The Limp found one of The Duke's bottles washed onto the beach; it had his last will in it:

32.

TONE POEM CONTEST

First prize:

Tour around Australia in authentic Stone Age dugout dating back at least eleven thousand and one years plus a couple of months.

Second prize:

Stone Age life jacket

Among the long list of rules and regulations they must obey, entrants will find the following ones of particular interest:

Poets and would-be-poets, apart from singing aloud their own poems, must pay for their own didgeridoo orchestra and make sure to send in their entry before Wednesday the eighth of February. The organisers can't be held responsible for any missing notes. The Tone Poem must be based on the following, revised story of

KONDOLE THE WHALE

Deep down the mother ship, shiny upper bodies were toiling over boiling boilers of oil from foreign soil.

The highest-ranking officer, alive, but still weak because of the loss of his arm, was pacing up and down along the railing. In his own peculiar way he prayed, suppressing as much as possible his anger. "For goodness sake, let me come to terms with this sperm whale; have pity on me!"

The lookout in the crow's nest raised the alarm! "Starboard, Sir!" The captain looked through his new viewfinder and indeed saw an apron of misty spray whipped up by the stirring tail of the whale as well as from the spear-wound in its head.

"Starboard!" "Starboard!" "Steady as she goes!" "Steady as she goes!"

Kondole the Whale was now straight ahead. The captain warned the oarsmen. "Lower the boat!" "Aye, Aye, Sir!" Soon the tiny whaler had left the mother ship behind, falling and rising with two pairs of oars amidst the roaring waves, heading for its seemingly hopeless task.

Since the men's afternoon rest was ruined, they voted unanimously to stay out at least a week before putting in for a new wage claim, including a 'suffering hardship award', an agreement that would allow them to pour their own wine and increase their oven fresh chickens by two a day.

33.

QUORK-QUORK THE TREE-FROG

(The first myth as told by Friday to The Limp)

In the beginning of the World, at the end of every dry season, the Melville Island people would crowd together and watch with fear, on the distant mountain ranges, the birth of Pakadringa, the man of the thunderstorms. They were afraid of him, because he always grew into quite an awful, cruel looking angry beast. He would fill up the empty sky and raise his voice to call for from the Upper World his far from charming twin-sisters, Tomituka, the woman of the monsoon rains, and Bumerali, the lightning woman. They both would at once enter the Sky World in reply to their brother's rapid roaring cough, with equal devilish pride. Tomituka would drown the parched land, while Bumerali's stone axes were no doubt bound to crush and claim the boughs of trees as well as the lives of living loners caught unaware. After their death, Wiriupranali, the Sun Woman, in her round brass basin, would drain the blood from their brain and continue once again her journey through the sky. The people didn't really see Pakadringa as an enemy nor did they blame Tomituka for her blessing rain, but they were quite eager to put a brake on Bumerali's stone axes to check and avoid her crimes. One day, the Board of proud but slightly curved Elected Elders sat down, their pupils around them. They decided to build a cheaply priced humpy for Quork-Quork, Bumerali's mother, in the hope that she would ask her naughty daughter not to slaughter their people.

Then they taught their sons and daughters never to catch Quork-Quork the tree frog because, once caught, her haughty child might revenge her.

34. **MT. MARUMBA**

(The second myth as told by The Limp to Friday)

In 1606, the Dutch ship “Duyfken” (miniature dove) sailed into the Gulf of Carpentaria. The skipper, a friend of van Diemen, called the land ahead Arnhemland after the place in Holland where they grew up together, often playing marbles in church when the minister wasn’t looking.

On board, there was among the passengers a hefty farmer who had, as a child, put his finger in the dike to save the country. He had with him a healthy Friesian heifer and her black and white boyfriend to start up a new family. The farmer was given a grant of space in the heart of Arnhemland by the Earl of Friesland in exchange for mowing the lawn in front of his castle and looking after his Early birds.

The farmer, with a knapsack full of Edam cheese and pancakes, accompanied by his cattle, left the shore and went up the trail of an old stock route leading towards the upper slopes where the grass, as always, was greener. He met a friendly looking couple. Little did he know that they had been expelled from their tribe for eating tree frogs and were now involved in the white slave trade with cattle stealing as a sideline. He taught them a Dutch verse he had learnt at school and in return, they invited him to

have a look at their local breed after praising the farmer for his own beautiful head and heads of cattle. He had never seen crocodiles before; soon, he was no more! When a troop of soldiers from the Defence Force came down from the East Indies to trace the farmer, they were greeted with grace and trustworthy eyes surrounded by reddish ochre. The couple spoke with a grave, faint voice so that they could hardly be heard. The soldiers didn't want to spoil the guessing game, got out their dictionaries and said. "Sorry, can you speak up a bit," coming a few steps nearer at the same time. As they stepped onto the door of a giant trapdoor spider who was just about to say grace and as always, happy to share dinner with guests, ready to serve a life sentence, it flashed through their minds that he must have secretly loosened the screws of the hinges.

When the Duke of Friesland heard of the bad events, he took them with a grain of salt, but still, on the following Wednesday, he asked Woden, the Master God of the Sky to send his Deputy Thor, God of the Thunderstorms with his steel, spoon-shaped flamethrower together with a few spare sparkplugs.

Early Thursday morning – it was daylight saving, you see - Thor arrived in New Holland as it was then called. Thor's girlfriend Freya, Goddess of Love and Fertility, had asked to give the total livestock twenty-four hours to board a replica of Noah's Ark. The couple didn't know what to do when they saw the animal exodus in a long line and in groups of two: emus, kookaburras, brolgas, magpies, butcherbirds, goannas, cockatoos, wedge-tailed eagles, wombats, barking spiders, frogs, bellbirds, black snakes, rattle snakes, carpet snakes, red bellied

snakes, mice, lice, rice-eaters, ants, ant-eaters, exterminating termites, kangaroos, lyre birds, bandicoots, lizards, hard and soft skinned, fancy frill necks, flying foxes, platypuses, tiger cats. On Friday, the billabongs swelled. The couple understood the message of the Migrant Gods and fled, away from the floods, to the highest strip of land they could find. Thus exposed, Thor struck, scorching their flesh. They are still standing on top of Mt. Marumba, petrified with clutching hands, serving as a beacon for oncoming ships.

35.

THE CLOWN PRINCESS

Rodney the Powerful, omnipotent ruler of Berowra Heights, was worried about his beautiful, adopted daughter Louise Marilyn, mainly because he was getting older and knew that some of his bank officers were preparing a military coup to curb spiralling interest rates.

The Princess was quite pleasant but different from other people and more often than not indifferent. She had difficulty finding happiness. She was bored stiff; bored with ballet - although she had naturally pointed toes - bored with the viola and the violin despite her elongated, thinly sculptured fingers. However, she had taken up the piano; many fingers make light work.

She had been the matron of a Country Hospital near Lake Disappointment, looking after mutilated war-heroes, listening with interest to their past adventures and voyages, admiring the shiny medals carefully tucked away in drawers and only worn,

once every year, on Anzac Day. Apart from that, the work had let her down like the parachute of the sixteen-year-old boy that had let him down when he jumped from the Spitfire that had run out of fuel. The Limp, they called him. She liked him because he was not like all the other boys she knew.

She had even joined the Police Force, but finished up paying the fines herself because she always felt sorry for the people she booked!

One day, the Princess went to her vegetable garden near the ferry at Berowra Waters. She watered her cabbages, sprayed against cabbage moth, did a bit of hoeing, milked her doe, took off her shoes because one of the soles had come undone and tiptoed to Joe the D.M.R man who, once a month on a Monday, carried out maintenance work.

Before leaving, she bought the Courier, a local newspaper, and scanned through the ads to look for vacancies while floating in her canoe betwixt and between black nun-buoys and brown boys on boats. She discovered one that would change both her life and life style. They wanted an apprentice clown willing to learn the trade.

How wonderful! She had written straight away and received a weird envelope with a very irregular handwriting. The type-written note inside invited her to come in for an interview.

Afraid that she would not be welcome and that they would deny her the job due to the fact that she was not only a woman but a Princess as well, she took a big pair of scissors and cut off most of her long, blond and straight hair she usually wore in a pony tail. Then she went up to her brother and said. "Tonight, I will be

leaving you. I have an important duty to fulfil. Don't worry, I'll be back tomorrow. I'm only going a couple of villages away; it's a short trip." She rummaged through his wardrobe. Whether or not they would discover her disguise remained of course to be seen.

When she was due to leave a bit before midnight, her brother whistled softly to wake her up. They whispered together for a while, and then she shuffled away towards the darkness of the entrance.

She felt indebted to her stepfather, and yet, she had so far been no more than a bored passenger on his Royal electric bus. Now she felt electrified and knew by intuition that she was on the way to start an underground movement to destroy his decoys. She drove through an area mostly cut up into five-acre lots until she came to Cattai Creek, not far from Paradise Gardens where Adam and Eve used to pinch apples. She waited in silence for the Blue and beautiful Mountains to appear in the distance.

36. THE GARGOYLES

"The Gargoyles are in town! Haven't you seen them yet? They go to all the cities in the district. Throughout the month of February on Thursday- and Saturday nights on a public golf course, under extra bright lights for people *wieth* slightly bad eyesight!

The Gargoyles are in town! Haven't you obtained your tickets yet to follow, with climbing eyes, the mighty, world famous

knights of the tightrope running up ten flights of heights in their light tights, almost out of sight, to see whether- weather permitting or not- they might get hurt in the fight against their plight. The Gargoyles are in town!”

The Sandwich Man, none other than The Stitch, from between his two boards while standing in his go-cart (sitting was out of the question) and naturally bursting out of the biggest part of his otherwise smart looking circus outfit, so invitingly shouted. “Go and see the art of throwing darts; starts at eight! The Gargoyles are in town!”

He was doing the announcing to get a free ticket, not knowing of course that shortly after his departure, he was to have the crowd in stitches and would not escape the sudden attack of yellow fever awaiting him.

William the Conqueror had favoured the other offer of a free ticket. His object was to spray laughing gas into the crowd and to pick a fight with The Stitch by hitting him over the head, from a certain height, with a great degree of accuracy, carried out with only the slightest amount of pressure to guarantee maximum success and minimum injury (in a few practice runs, he had nearly fatally damaged the rest of The Stitch’s gang: horrible Stocky Horror!), with a weighty circus tent peg hammer in order to crack the couple of delicate double-yolker eggs cunningly hidden in the double-decker hat! After first gaining momentum, the blow was direct and spot on! By then, a huge crowd had gathered around.

The Stitch was supreme! An unusual result indeed. Not even so much as glancing at the colourful gentle glue gliding down the

brim of his double decker cut into halves, he kept up the action without conceding defeat or retiring.

“The Gargoyles are in town!”

Down he went in his striped brown gown half drowned with a yellow frown under his custard tart crown.

“The Gargoyles are in town! Funny clowns of renown!”

After the show, The Limp was going to join his cousin Captain Hardware in the fight against the Royalists. Although he had not the slightest knowledge of politics, he felt very much indebted to his Uncle Alpha who, after his father’s tragic death, had practically adopted him.

The Limp was going to miss the circus; he liked being behind the grotesque mask of the Gargoyle, looking into the honest, open faces of the crowd. Besides, the boss was a nice fellow, a bit weird perhaps, living as he did in his tiny off-duty mud hut with piano, potbelly and piled-up personal property. He liked working with him and would hate letting him down; after all, he was the one that had rescued him from Thursday Island after attending Jack schooner’s beach burial ceremony. He felt much better after the boss had told him that somebody had answered the ad.

37.

BACK IN PRISON

The minute William The Conqueror read the article about the disappearance of two famous paintings from the Newcastle Museum of fine art, he knew instantly that it was a typical Stitch

stunt. The reward of \$10 000 was just what he needed; he had left 4th form High School in search of steady work. He had gone to the Commonwealth Unemployment Officer in the backroom of the old Henry Mullings General Store to fill out a drawerful of do-it-yourself forms using up all the spelling list words of his school years, but wound up having to accept the special unemployment benefit for adolescents: the dole! \$40 fortnightly plus a needle against the empty sense of boredom so bashfully borne by even the most belligerent bread-and-butter bludgers. William, with a keen Alsatian sense of smell soon picked up the scent and made the headlines once again.

This time, The Stitch and Stocky Horror went to quite a modern looking, sealed, non-profitable private prison, built especially for members with lengthy records who had to remain in narrow, but otherwise spacious confinements (the word cell being abolished) often leaving them with cold feet due to rising body temperatures and air. Another uncomfortable but beneficial side effect arose from the hobby of the prison's Master Mind and Manager Prince Rosstopoverty, son of the mighty Rodney the Powerful.

The Prince had a lovely nature, usually racing his miniature fibre glass, interiorly reinforced dragster around the exercise yard to inspect his shiny trophies as well as the gaily striped guests, stripped of any sharp objects that might have possibly harmed them, or ploughing his minute native orange orchard in the middle of the prison square. However, he kept on spraying a powdery insecticide from a secretly hidden copper kettle under the seat of his pet-tractor, causing, without prior notice, with the

slightest breeze, chronic sneezing and wheezing of the freezing, non-air-conditioned lawless guests, squeezing their airways like tweezers, which resulted in speech impediments, cutting long sentences down to simple phrases.

The prison was in many ways ahead of its time, with press-the-button service and cheerfully furnished dungeons. It had a proper porter with highly polished pacers, steady at regular intervals to say a one-minute prayer for himself and inmates, with rapidly moving rabbit lips: silent shadow searching pockets and parcels of parents and friends who returned from their afternoon visits, and removing unwanted articles or nodding in praise if not.

38. SOFTWARE V HARDWARE

The Limp's cousin Captain Hardware respected the courage of his hardwearing, but perfectly contented soldiers. One day, as an endurance exercise in marching, he arranged a journey to take a box containing a hand grenade and a very important message to his wife Mrs Hardware who was as tough as her husband.

She lived as a spy in that part of the country taken over by the enemy. Although they knew her, they thought she was a bit strange in the head, and never paid any attention to her. Of course, that was exactly what she wanted. To them, Mrs Hardware was a beautiful but weird lady with a perfect display of several fake diamonds and leather clothes with fake feathers or a fake black cockatoo's tail, either in the kitchen baking

scones for starving kids in the district or hidden, stretched out on silk cushions while stroking a Siamese cat, behind silk curtains as a safety measure against strokes and space invaders. She was all right otherwise. A certain, not too rough, but tough enough looking soldier- The Limp himself as a matter of fact - was selected to make the journey. He promised not to wander off and to protect the parcel to be delivered to the required address. However, already in the very beginning of his mission, Private Limp developed blisters, so the foolish soldier hitched a ride in a butcher's station wagon with a suspicious looking driver. When evening came, they were still not within reasonable distance of the railway passage beneath the ammunition factory where he was supposed to shelter, call in on the radio and wait for replies. Hardware almost had a stroke! His ticktock nearly stopped. He was confined to ticktacks for a whole week. This was the worst chapter in his book on tactics!

39. WISHFUL THINKING

Mrs Hardware or Madam Butterfly as she was known in the neighbourhood, wondered why the parcel was not brought to her in time and thought that Private Limp might have been captured. Anyway, she had to hastily cancel her project of blowing up the rude intruders' head quarters.

Although the children were taught not to talk with their mouth full they soon told her that their spy mothers and fathers had

seen Private Limp being driven away in a station wagon, box on his knees. She wrote the following account of what happened:

Tuesday, August 22nd

Dear Hardy!

As you are probably aware, Private Limp has been kidnapped! The enemy will want to get the bare bones out of him; he's probably in chains.

I've had a final notice to pay my income tax account by Wednesday, but I will be unable to pay unless I sell some of my jewels and gold chains. Anyhow, that will at least take care of that and leave me with eight dollars and a few cents, enough to cover the price of the steam train ticket.

Love M.B.

She put the letter into her handbag to hand deliver it herself, not only to save stamps but also to make sure it would reach its destination.

As the steamer approached Madam's goal, the level railroad crossing where Private Limp was supposed to have waited, she gathered her leather handbag and skirt with feathers, jumped and landed right in the middle of a patch of beanstalks of a hobby farm alongside the track. After she had recovered, she tried to

stalk away, but stopped when she saw a deerstalker come out of the rickety shed. Jack walked up to her in anger to tell her that trespassing was an offence. However, when he saw who she was, he apologised and brushed the chalk off her dress. She booked into the brand new hotel-motel built on the site of the old ammunition factory and began straight away to inspect the extra linen to see whether it was bugged or not.

Private Limp was obviously in a different spot; it had bugged him that he hadn't done as he was told, and saw that he was now eating out of the clawy paw of the enemy. He had always been an obedient subject of the Queen, but like all human folks, subject to merry moments or merely miserable ones.

He wished Captain Hardware had never married, partly because he would have liked to marry her himself! Not a bad thought in itself, however impractical. It would have meant that he wouldn't have had to prove the cause of his pause!

40.

THE LIMP IS PUZZLED

After a hasty interview behind the rows of cleaned bricks on the site of the old ammunition factory, the butcher-van driver drove across the peaceful Emu Plains beyond a point seldom mentioned in the ordinary school atlas and towards the solemnity of a solemn looking castle worth several billion- a cattle station in disguise- bought by the royalists.

A round-the-clock watch was kept by underweight dogs of considerable height, powerful animals on a free rein in their sovereign reign, ready to charge, leaving no waste after attack. It was therefore unwise to arrive in haste and without invitation. The Limp's kidnapper turned out to be a beautiful lady with bare collarbones, the typical result of undercut opera dresses. He was sure he had seen her before! She was playing excerpts from the Beauty and the Beast on an upright piano in front of a huge canvas of one of her famous ancestors. Through a hole in the eyeball, about one-third down from the top copper coloured metal frame, peered the contact lens of a camera. Six men attended the meeting, sitting in a circle around the coffee table, staring at the bottle in the middle and admiring the sound produced by her agile fingers in the execution of the complicated complexities.

They gave Private Limp a small amount to drink, just enough to give him a chance to become accustomed to the warmth of the room. He was bitterly cold, and they were afraid that he might fall asleep. They gave him two wholesome but bitter tasting, organically grown plain hamburgers. His captors were either vegetarians or they couldn't afford to buy meat. Then they ordered him to answer their questions. The rebel soldier appeared calm, hamburger between his palms. He ought to be; he had fought tough battles before.

The guard with a double-breasted, Lest We Forget, R.S.L.-medalled, Liberal Party jacket in Union Jack colours, stood immobile, between two, three hundred year old eucalyptus trees complete with four koalas and five possums. He kept a round the protractor protective watch with eyes peering from underneath his wallaby-type headgear. He admitted that he was tired but would be fired if he turned a blind eye to our approach. He was only allowed to admit the Party's participants of this special annual St. Patrick's Day Court Martial. The guests arrived. William the Conqueror, who had invested his reward money in uranium shares with daily dividends, dropped out of the Blue Gum and leapt forward to guide them without delay so as not to annoy them, along the bush trail towards the volunteer Bushfire Brigade building, up to the forty-ninth unit on the fifth and final floor.

Once again, there was a Power strike owing to a fresh dispute over overtime bans.

Consequently, the Party was not in a position to avail itself of the use of the escalator and therefore obliged to scale the one thousand and one steps sponsored by grandparents at ten cents per step to raise money for "The House With No Steps" in French's Forest.

The Chief Judge, captain of the Local Bushfire Brigade was out of sheer habit in front. He was a faithful man with no religious

denomination in particular, discreet, exact, broad headed and minded was followed by his nice niece, a model Court clerk to whom he had given his briefcase with clerical work and a packed lunch. When the guests arrived in the improvised kitchen, they were eager to eat and drink. When William arrived upstairs, the guests were already gorging away whatever was credibly edible; mainly bacon sandwiches with blue vein cheese from the local air-pollution-free dairy with Ayrshires on an artificial American prairie with Cowboys and Indians. They were listening politely, without grudge, to the fair-haired Judge. William was going to have his lunch in another room. When he opened its door, he couldn't believe his eyes. There, right in front of him, in the dock of the impoverished courtroom, looking like a Church of England choirboy starting his first note, stood but his great friend The Limp! Who's to blame them for taking off!

42.

CAR TRIALS

Prince Rosstopoverty gave his private prison to the Salvation Army after his faithful porter broke out in foot-and-mouth disease, and released all the students held in detention already scaled down to a mere handful because of the special weight watchers diet. Alas, you can't win them all, as we shall see.

The Prince went abroad to study new racing methods. He took part in the breathtaking annual autumnal trials in Brussels where they grow the world famous sprouts.

Roaring down the solid cement without pausing to make U-turns, the authors of this almost absurd, circus-style entertainment ignored the advice and appeals of scores of scared, bebrooched, youthful women- girlfriends, fiancées and weary wives- lining the avenue in choiceless acceptance until at least one of them would anxiously value from a distance the wreckaged scene, broken hearted and wringing hands in disbelief.

43. **MESMERISED**

A lonely figure of a foreign nation, one hundred and seventy-eight centimetres in height, hastened in the direction of the Palace. They thought he was none other than the famous Franz Anton Mesmer who could cure people's imaginary ailments; an expert in hypnosis. The fact was that he only happened to have the same initials. This was the fourth time his client, King Rodney the Powerful had demanded his presence. Nearly ninety patrolmen with lively, fearless, insatiable and able Alsatians, enough to fill a kennel easily as big as half the palace were employed to defend the King.

Although it was a common custom for each of them to check every detail on the entry permit, Mesmer was accepted without fuss. A herald from Sydney sounded a descant recorder to announce Mesmer's arrival. A few minutes later, his nephew, opened the two hundred-year old doors and informed the hypnotist that the King insisted on dining with him after the treatment. Mesmer decided that, whatever excuse he invented, it would have no effect whatsoever, so he answered with a nod and proceeded to the drawing room where the head of the Palace, drained of most of his energy and crouched behind an antique chest of drawers decorated with French lilies, looked up in his unusual manner.

He had dreamt that his memory was failing him and that he suffered from a hoarse throat caused by a mysterious growth, the left-over of a previous injury.

"I intend to engage you permanently to design a method to cure me forever; both my existence and yours will depend on it," he said croakily.

This command exceeded all previous ones. Mesmer did not feel like making a magnetic bath like the one his uncle had at the clinic in Vienna, so he just replied. "Touch this ring and you will be cured." The King at once felt much better when they had their after dinner coffee. Mesmer talked with a monotonous voice while he kept stirring the long, silver sugar spoon, around and around. At the eighth time around, the King complained that he felt a bit drowsy, thus giving Mesmer the opportunity to put a few 'wake -up' drops in the King's coffee cup.

Mesmer left specific instructions not to disturb the King for exactly one month. He told the guards that the King had given him the antique cupboard in exchange for his services, and that they could expect two servants to pick it up in a couple of days, where upon he hastened effortlessly towards the exit.

44.

PLAYING CHICKEN

Mesmer had not always been a wise, healthy and wealthy chemist in the busiest business centre of Brisbane, capital of Queensland. Although he had always been an ordinary citizen, selling flimsy five-cent articles with the life expectancy of a one-cent balloon on the side of the road, protected by a First World War Prussian helmet and a shiny black mackintosh on rainy days. He was not the real Mesmer, just a nephew pupil. When his famous uncle died, he had inherited the recipe for making magnetic baths as well as the art of hypnosis. He had received a special award when he and his friend had accidentally mixed the wrong ingredients during a Science lesson; they had blown up the school. Mesmer Junior had remembered his mistake, the result of guessing rather than reading the name of a certain chemical. Now, he had a stable bank-balance and winning race horses in his stable. Evil tongues remarked that the money came from an illegitimate source, and that the chemist shop was really no more than a front.

Mesmer was a prompt, but careful man. Seldom did he have the slightest regrets about decisions made; he refused to believe in negative thinking. He had selected two rather young looking local lads used to handling horses, ready to take care of the shop in his absence. He had paid them in advance and felt sure they would soon settle in successfully. He had been impressed by the warmth of their handshake and was quite satisfied with their credentials. They had been penitentiary assistants while running a non-denominational tuckshop in their spare time, licensed to sell germ-free German bandaids and approved South African white bandages for black people and black ones for Spring Boks. Mesmer reckoned he could achieve his goal to blow up the Sydney Harbour Bridge in one attempt. He couldn't recall ever having to repeat important missions.

He and a specially selected crew of fourteen went on board of what appeared to be an ordinary fishing vessel. However, this one had a large bulletproof weather shield around the bridge. Once out in the open, they got involved in an unusual sea battle: a tunnel boat being chased by an aircraft carrier! The sky was dotted with hovering helicopters...

When the Judge and his party had finally woken up a week later, they noticed that the two boys had fled! He had every reason to catch them; the colour of his wig depended on it! Fortunately, the bushfire season had ended.

He heard that The Limp and William the Conqueror had escaped in a tunnel boat from the Brooklyn Marina and were now somewhere off the Central Coast. He was so anxious to recapture them that he could hardly breathe. He suffered from

short breath and could hardly eat; his lungs were always full of smoke although he knew that smoking was a health hazard! People called him Smoky Dawson despite the fact the he didn't play hillbilly at all. He signalled the aircraft carrier Melbourne doing exercises in the Pacific Ocean on its way back from the Channel Islands where it had been under repair after colliding with a herd of Jerseys and Guernseys.

Mesmer made a fatal, but human mistake. Eager to increase his ever-growing fortune, he decided that this was a golden opportunity to take a few undisturbed photographs of the carrier. However, The Limp, thinking that the Navy had called in the coastguard to catch him, decided to go into the attack by playing chicken with Mesmer whose small craft chickened out, but collected the Melbourne instead! It created so much confusion that, by the time Mesmer and his crew had been rescued after abandoning ship, the boys were out of sight, leaving the Judge mesmerised!

45. MASTER PLAN

After a good night's rest in her debugged bed, Madam Butterfly ascended to the private library of her red and white hotel-motel, enclosed by deep gullies and gorgeous gorges. From the balcony, one could see the exact spot where Saint George, patron of the Australian Branch of the R.S.P.C.A, while standing on his horse drawn wagon, had finished, in merciful slaying, the dragon in agony. The purebred barbarian, a permanently retired

soldier and part-time librarian, had just finished his night shift and was now fast asleep with mumbling lips, probably saying his two-times tables before adding up his overtime.

He looked weird with one eye closed and one eye open and glittering from underneath his fool's cap, like a fluorescent marble in the neon lights.

Madam Butterfly pulled a do-it-yourself library card out of his black uniform pocket marked "IN", stamped it, pushed it into a self-addressed envelope before putting it back into the pocket marked "OUT". She couldn't resist looking into the marble arch, hoping to catch a glimpse of the man's computer. However, the screen was shrouded in betrayal black. Fascinating fascist! The library itself was consistently furnished with Turkish, delightful, black currant patterns on wallpapered partitions with mohair camel feet. The easiest, most comfortable adjustable couches for slightly disabled bodies and sufferers from morning sickness, were helpfully placed next to a complex looking machine: A photocopier complete with foolscap carbon paper; a milk-shaker with foolproof flavours. A bit further, on floor-to-ceiling shelves, were the books to further one's knowledge, if you know what I mean: Volumes on the ancient and modern grammar of every lingua franca under the sun and on the history of favourite pastime stories featuring distinguished, but extinguished or decimated Rulers including ring leaders, chieftains, sheiks, ayatollahs, emperors, dictators, tsars, tsarinas with concertinas tsarevitches and even the witches of Ipswich, but not on the High-Priests of the United Kingdom. Jack suddenly appeared in front of the window on his beanstalk to have a talk to her and to

lend her a copy of a black Mahabharata, a poem of India, announcing himself with a soft cooee and a bang on his orange-ribboned tambourine. Madame Butterfly, also in orange, looked up from her Anne Frank-type diary and was pleasantly surprised; she liked the earnest looking, follower of Krishna; he might be helpful in securing her liberty. Her jealous husband, Captain Hardware was causing a problem of growing concern. To mention but one example, she didn't like the way in which he received the only hastily mentioned payments, near fortunes, in connection with commanding stooges during prisoner-of-war concerts.

She couldn't prevent herself from preparing a plan to destroy him, a master plan that could not easily be explained, imitated or compared. He had once declared that Japanese pilots had drowned in the strong currents around the pylons of the Harbour Bridge although they had been good swimmers!

46. TEN DIGITS

After a series of good-byes and farewells, The Stitch and Stocky Horror left the seemingly grateful chemist and his fourteen Special Service visitors at the wharves at The Entrance.

The student coachmen on top of the carriage, usually in the striped outfits of stubborn thieves but now for a change dressed in expensive uniforms, would be the funniest odd couple to describe. They scrapped their plans to celebrate an early victory and continued the long journey ahead, commencing instead their

exercises in unknown divisions and additions so that they would be all right when it came to looking after the shop.

A benevolent sun was shining from the silence of a glorious sky onto the hills and valleys below, highlighting the shiny new brass buttons on the boys. When they arrived at the Palace gate, the patrolmen in charge welcomed them knowing that they had come to pick up the King's decorated cupboard.

Although the boys considered themselves only beginners, they were carrying the fairly large piece of furniture efficiently through the vast drawing room, with here and there a professional wriggle or a shuffle, but when it came to the narrow set of winding stairs of the Eastern tower, there was bound to be some sort of accident. The Stitch felt quite important, and didn't want to be seen chopping up the cupboard. He made his whole body tremble violently so as to gain impetus, but after applying the subsequent release of energy and an overly zealous squeeze to be in complete control, he also released the enormous contents of his clothing. Once without the necessary support of its protective envelope, it scraped two hundred years of fungus from the convict-built walls, leaving professional sandblasters for dead. The patrolmen were not so much puzzled by the bare exposure as by the ten-digit number tattooed on it.

47. SKIPPING OBSTACLE

Lay Brother Damien, a Private Primary School teacher from Wee Waa, without any previous experience, wanted to become the producer of a school magazine. He saw the importance of

publishing the material his pupils wrote themselves; they were obedient, punctual and made tremendous progress.

He hoped to get the financial backing from one of his relatives, Uncle Jack, a Justice of the Peace as well as a Real Estate gentleman with a hobby farm, a direct descendent from one of the convicts that had come to New Holland in the company of Captain Arthur Phillip, the first appointed Governor. The man, who had been a prisoner for a long time for stealing a loaf of bread from Lady Khedive while she was out horse riding, had later married a nineteen year old single woman that had come to the Colony of the British Empire, on the Cork.

Uncle Jack had bought a large property on lay-by, a run down estate near Bimerah. Thanks to an effective method he had invented to irrigate land with water from the Great Artesian Basin, he improved his own property and as a result, received many contracts to do likewise for others that had leased theirs prior to going on vacation. Brother Damien told the boys about his project because he thought that they might be offended otherwise. However, they listened attentively and after some debate, nobody raised any objections. Instead, they labelled him Mr. Perfect, not knowing that this would be the beginning of their first story to be published.

Damien was not an ordinary peak-hour motorist. Since this was a pleasure trip, he restrained himself from hurrying, especially on a slippery road. Near Glasshouse Mountains, he was ignorant of an obstacle that came suddenly skipping forward. He temporarily misjudged his personal position, changed direction and hit the shoulder of the road as well as his own. Skippy, the

local bush kangaroo almost lost her Joey when she made a U-ey to finish off the porridge and the Vegemite sandwich left over after the interval.

48. **TRESSPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED AND EXECUTED.**

Madam Butterfly was not the person to just threaten! However, the moment the whole issue was in her head as clear as “Click go the shears,” peculiar circumstances prevented her from carrying out her plan. But even more peculiar ones presented themselves to replace it by an equally spectacular one except for the absence of that heroic display of pre-mortem courage.

Mesmer and his crew of fourteen who were supposed to have taken off with fourteen aircraft from the carrier in order to meet Captain Hardware head on under the Sydney Harbour Bridge, with Mesmer himself pressing the button on an elaborate but first rate timing device, were imprisoned instead!

Jack, while talking on his beanstalk to Madam Butterfly in the library, received a phone call from his nephew to say that he could be a bit later than expected because of a motorcycle accident with a kangaroo. Although he was injured, he had stumbled on to look for help. On the way, he had made an unusual discovery: two of his former pupils sitting around their campfire in coachman’s uniform, behind their carriage which had, tied to its back, the King’s cupboard, beautifully decorated with French lilies, full of important, squatter titled, Torrens and Strata titled Real Estate documents. Madam Butterfly was not a

person to just sit and panic! Not only that, when she wanted something, she wanted it at the earliest possible time, convenient or not! She referred to her diary, ticked off the name of the man she preferred, rang him, ignored the engaged signal, expressed her thoughts briefly and finally summoned him to meet her in the library.

Sitting under a Saint George coloured beach umbrella from a Manly supporter who lived in Parramatta, but worked in Canterbury, she and the director of a scrubbed furniture company discussed how he could increase his chances of becoming mayor. Before the imminent Local Government elections, she could organise to assist him by hurriedly turning part of his huge property for handicapped aldermen into an amusement park to entertain his future constituents and to supply them with their favourite chocolates in Christmas wrapping. Part of his substantial salary, the part not mentioned in his yearly statements could be made available for miscellaneous sundries including hiring the Gargoyles. One thousand and one guitar playing locals, under the direction of an anonymous Anglican Arch Canon nicknamed Mount Baton, sounded their G-string in memory of Bach.

Then there was a deadly silence. The cannon! The bang! The smoke!! The giant Gargoyle on the tightrope!!!! Another bang!!!! The Gargoyle shot in half!!! Two halves on the rope!!! The audience went wild and applauded.

The bottom half, the apprentice Gargoyle, the daughter of King Rodney the Powerful, although nobody knew, in her awkward

handstand, through a tiny peephole in the trousers, looked into hundreds of little O's; some of them lip-sticked, others not. One stood out, because it was black! She recognised Captain Hardware and his deadly weapon! Then she made a splendid decision. She went for the safety net below, rather than for the knocking on St. Peter's front door after hours!

Yells and screams! The lights went out. Captain Hardware took advantage of the turmoil he had created and disappeared speedily, leaving behind a storm of complaints and furious statements.

During the previous acts, he had memorised the route and the number of paces to the exit, by counting the faces between the reflections on bespectacled people watching the spectacle. Although he was an athletic man of great strength, he had difficulty finding his way in the strange and dangerous surroundings. The unfortunate trespasser frequently stopped and struggled in search of the cupboard the boys had left.

49

FRAUD AND PUNISHMENT

Peter Driftwood, Madam Butterfly's furniture friend, not unlike little Jack Horner of Round Corner Dural, had his fingers in many pies. He was a successful grazier with interests in various political parties, corner shops, newspapers, television stations, racetracks, legal and illegal casinos, rotary hoe clubs, agricultural equipment, hire and fire companies, historical

societies, pink ladies, blue ladies, mother clubs, golf clubs, hospital funds, insurance companies, do-it-yourself funeral parlours, poker machines and other red-tape bureaucracies.

A week before the elections, he decided to enrol someone who excelled in writing rhymes without the use of a dictionary and with a very good knowledge of party slogans.

Driftwood swiftly bypassed the existing Mayor who nevertheless congratulated him sincerely before he left the polling booth on his two-stroke lawn mower.

Nobody noticed the false smile on his face...

Peter had always wanted to be a candidate with a difference, a mayor whose reign would be respected and remembered. From a nearby building site, he ordered a caterpillar with unusually large measurements and a 2-berth cabin on hinges. Then, the new Mayor, born in May, climbed on top dressed in full regalia, complete with an 18-carat plastic karate chain around his Taurus neck, ready to start the countdown for the official take-off.

Take-off it did, except that, instead of going forward, it went up ten feet before coming down with a thud, and then it ceased.

Confusion! They had omitted to replace the faulty, Australian made fuel gauge, and discovered that somebody had changed the composition of the caterpillar fuel into one for space shuttles.

A long queue of interested adults, standing around in a double 'U-e', happy souls who had been introduced during the garden party, rushed forward still carrying their invitations and initialled handkerchiefs. Fortunately, with the excitement of their conversations, and bent over the engine, they were therefore supplying a sense of friendship as well as an interesting

background of bottoms facing North! Unfortunately, the beautiful herd of beef cattle belonging to the new Mayor, frightened by the sudden appearance of a lawn mower on the winding road and urged into a stampede by the revving, revengeful ex-Mayor, altered its route!

And with the ominous sound of the African jungle with four thousand and four drumsticks spelling war, one thousand and one heads of cattle came thundering down the track, with two thousand and two horns facing South!!

Fortunately, from the West, like a ghost train in the blinding evening sun, came, around the bend, the carriage with The Stitch and Stocky Horror happily whistling after completing the first leg of their journey.

The foaming cattle altered their route once again, and, in a Simpson Desert of dust, went East, through paddocks and gullies to annihilate the ex-Mayor.

50.

THE STITCH IN COURT

Madam Butterfly left her hotel-motel and boarded a splendid yacht, easily double the width of a three-car garage.

Yielding to the regular reoccurrence of petrol strikes, coming under the new, general heading of liquid explosives stoppages, thus giving it a better change to become eligible for all-risk penalty rates, as well as to the looming credit squeeze, she was

compelled to turn the yacht into a houseboat. She sold her car and bought a retired galloper from the Rose Hill Race Course, because she liked, much to her relief, its rhythm and flowing motion.

After Harold Hardware had died in the recent circus affair, she was obliged to change her entire career. Since she was still held in high regard by her previous employers, it was relatively easy for her to combine the part-time job of chorus girl for the Australian Opera Company and that of editor-photographer for the Mirror's new column nine for female readers. She went to Technical College to sit for her horse-riding diploma, a seven-year, seven-nights-a-week course. She was doing saddle stitching at the moment as well as polishing stirrups for the instructor during suppertime. Hardware's father, The Limp's uncle Alpha, was coming in to teach how to make horseshoes. Her marks were excellent, and more often than not did she come home with a couple of angels stamped on her hand. She was not so sure about the bits and pieces attached to the bit, especially the one that looked like the little bracelet auntie Ten Pen had given her when she was Christened.

Her first actual Court case was coming up. She couldn't help thinking about the weird titles and expressions used: "Yes Your Honour, no Your Worship." The last one sounded like Worcester sauce. Defendants and solicitors were always seeking leave to twist the course of Justice. She knew the Judge; at least he had a sense of humour despite the fact that he had lost his wig in a fruitless attempt to catch The Limp, so there was a slight murmur in the courtroom when he came in. William the

Conqueror was told off for reading the newspaper and not standing up (he didn't want to be seen, you see!) I assure you, you're never sure what to do, are you?

Bald headed people but judges especially, look so vulnerable, sitting high up on their throne, between the pillars of justice; it reduces them to the ordinary men and women in the street, buying deodorant from Woolworths or tickets for a soap opera. The Curator of the Newcastle Museum of Fine Art was there for a two-fold purpose. Firstly to supply and handle a valuable, savage looking sword, salvaged from a Portuguese three-mast Bark shipwrecked off the West-Australian Coast in the sixteenth Century A.D. Secondly as a witness to identify The Stitch and Stocky Horror.

51. **SCIENCE FICTION (In the Outback)**

An ancient looking, barely roadworthy road train, the Spirit of Progress, on its way to Darwin, skillfully descended mighty Ayers Rock, the biggest in the world. Rocky Horror, who was born at its foot, practically knew every inch of the way. The truck had been vacant since the beginning of the Century. It had been wholly owned by a weird foreign freight company, consisting mainly of Eskimos that couldn't afford the new solar igloos,

The Stitch and Stocky who had won their Court case thanks to their free Legal Aid Defence Counsel, had bought it with the money from the chemist shop. They had turned it into a depot for local gorillas and overseas guerrillas after selling the stock half price when they learnt that Mesmer would be behind bars for a while. Despite an elaborate exhaust system that ended in a rusty chimney, its prominent feature so to speak, the truck was only capable of developing an average of ten kilometres per hour. They had devised a scheme of combining cargoes of mostly elastic bicycles for magicians, vacuum cleaners for dusty deserts, fancy biscuits for sweet-toothed nomads and shipments of weapons they were copying, serial numbers and all, from models found in "The Three Musketeers," and then hidden in the double ceiling, away from the curious eyes of occasional passengers who wanted to go on a safari into Arnhem land to hunt buffalos and crocodiles.

Unfortunately, in the middle of the Tanami Desert, they collided with the huge volume of a stray camel that went through a stoplight, squashing the truck as well as its own front end. This was actually the farthest they had travelled without problems so they were quite pleased except that it was evident that the severe drought could cause disease, especially since they had forgotten their medical benefit card. "This is an extremely awkward situation; they're in trouble!" said one of the passengers. "And so are we," said his wife, the Duchess of Poverty Point, who had obviously been educated in one of the better subsidised colleges of the Land. "I don't feel secure at all. I am disgusted. The local Council should have condemned this vehicle when the

Department of Desert Transport went bankrupt. These boys have deceived us and certainly owe us an apology plus a refund of our expenses.” And without so much as saying goodnight, she unrolled her sleeping bag, entered it and fell asleep. When the party was ready to move again, the bag was empty....,

52. **FLANNEL FLOWERED PYJAMAS**

because the touchy Duchess was in the middle of a dream and hadn't come back yet!

She clutched onto her crutches with attached antique compass from Marco Polo, her great, great, great, grandfather, a great man who had travelled around Australia in a second hand wheelbarrow to find the remains of Alexander the Great, then to Venice to see his brother, the famous Merchant, before going on to China to look at some dragons. Unfortunately, he tripped over the Great Wall, and the trip dragged on. The Duchess started walking bare feet through the undulant sand hills that resembled the floor of an evaporated ocean scattered with sun bleached skeletons, remnants of dinosaur-type mammals that had tried to flee to New Guinea, scared by the rumour of a forth-coming Ice-Age spread by abominable looking snowmen from the South Pole.

She looked funny in way, definitely not her usual, with her white, anti skin cancer sun screened nose and curlers in her hair. She felt a bit embarrassed when passers-by laughed at her; swagmen with their waltzing Matildas, the pilot who was still looking for some missing nuts and bolts of his Spitfire,

unemployed unisex barbers of Seville looking for work in the shearing trade during the construction of the Opera House. The camel, after licking its wounds full of sand particles, caught up with her on its way to the vet, but felt sorry for her and offered its spare hump. The Duchess rudely refused; she was used to riding a different breed of Arab, a gift from Lawrence himself. Then, from nowhere in particular, eager looking eagles, ominous scavengers in a neat, concentric circled halo, joined her. She tried what little fly spray she had left but it didn't work; they screeched even louder. It was all too much! And so much heat! She had been walking for forty days! Just as she was about to scream before getting back into her Sleeping Beauty bag, she felt the ground tremble. A bit later, over the knoll nearby, appeared the resident President of the roll-your-own Tobacco Society, Sir Walter Raleigh, who happened to be the only off-season tourist on one of those scenic leisure tours, not just to enjoy the scenery but to lay a wreath of waratahs beneath Jack Schooner's barrow on the beach and to see how his potatoes were doing. After all, Walter had introduced them to the Western World and hence to Australia.

He was happy to meet the Duchess because he had run out of matches. They succeeded in kindling a fire by vigorously rubbing her crutches together, next to some brown rice paper and dried camel dung, which had more or less the same consistency as the tobacco, but without the filter and the mild Alpine taste. They finished their witchetty grub burger in silence. That very night, she became seriously ill; a mystery disease to say the least. The operating theatre was closed because of a rolling strike

by the stretcher boys who tried to stretch out their wages. They found a non-venomous mouse-eating desert spider, one that was not too fussy about his dessert, and asked if it had a spare line to ring the Gargoyles, asking them to bring their tent. After erecting the immense, movable monster, everything was ready to perform the emergency operation. The skilful licensed plumber who came with the tent, a popular referee for the local football club, hesitated to proceed with the job as soon as he had put on his professional gloves. He suggested they'd better request a second opinion. The Duchess rang Dr. Instant of the Flying Christian Science Service and, with a feeble voice, inquired what she should do. She found out that, under the peculiar circumstances, the operation was justified, and that she should realise that, although she might look O.K. on the surface, the inside could be compared with a traffic jam that needed tidying up. That satisfied her curiosity. The plumber proposed to take away a section of her stomach so that afterwards, she had to strictly observe a gradual intake, commencing with one quality, natural sausage without sauce, similar to the general variety of frankfurters found in the various Health Food stores. No Turkish turkeys!

When she woke up in her sleeping bag she couldn't imagine why she was a patient in flannel flowered pyjamas with jam spilt on it and why she had in her still wavering hand a plumber's receipt dated the twelfth of April 1816. Wasn't that the year of the tragedy for Sir Walter in which he not only lost his freedom, but his head as well?

In the beginning of our Universe, according to Sergeant Pepper, ex-constable of the N.S.W squad and now a member of the Sinai Peace keeping Force, quite a character, still studying the seemingly endless catalogue of events, an authority on community relations and subconscious physical behaviour, there was only one religion. Thor Heyerdahl, or Thor for short, was the only god around and a noisy one at that, being the God of the Thunder with the U for Thursday. Thor was susceptible to loneliness and often, just for the sake of making noise, he would strike his F.M.- hammer A.M so that the last decimal decibels could still be heard late P.M.

The week was very monotonous that way, especially there being only Thursday, his Name day. This ridiculously wasteful practice of having only an eight-hour working week seemed to be worrying the conductor of the Taxation Committee, Sir Joe Blow- Mr. Inflation as they called him- and his big-eared companion Steve Ocker.

One day, Thor had a game of Scrabble but lost. By then, he was really angry so he practised the new Russian made nutcracker Tchaikovsky had sent him.

When the mushroom of his hair-raising exercise had disappeared, he looked in amazement but with great sympathy at what he had created. The Big Bang-theory really worked!

Although it was now 10 a.m. B.C.E. He could hardly see his Parliamentary executives crawl in great haste out of their Higher

and Lower houses to enjoy a conservative lunch break without preservatives.

He invented the kerosene lamp thus creating an extra day: Keroseneday. When Aladdin lost it, it became known as Sunday. Since he saw that it was good, he split his Creation up into various allotments. He was so tired after all this that he used a third day for moonlighting: Moonday, which is now preserved as Monday.

Although he was not supposed to work on Keroseneday, he sent one of his lighting arrow telegrams to the Department of Education to tell them that he wanted to purchase a quantity of textas to colour his creatures; some white, some yellow, some red, some brown, some black. On Tuesday he wanted to celebrate and organised the Boston Tea Party at the Ex-Discover's Club. It was a B.Y.O-affair, because The Stitch and Stocky Horror had thrown all the China tea overboard, thus creating the Yellow Sea.

The Limp was in charge of the Guest book. He looked well. He had just sold all his monkeys to Abe Lincoln who thought that it was advisable to let them go to the moon before Armstrong and Aldrin, to see what it was like. The Limp and William had just come from Kingsford Smith Aerodrome where they had landed with a V.I.P. Qantas aeroplane. They had to cancel their trip on the Titanic because of iceberg trouble. Just as well; they would never have met so many, very important people otherwise..

The Limp sat next to a now extinct man from Peling who was on his way to Adelaide. From there, he was going to his nephew in Java via the Nullarbor Plain with the Indian Pacific, and then

back with the Trans Siberian Railway; quite a hike for such an old man. Under the right conditions they could see Genghis Khan and his mounted warriors involved in Nato type exercises with Napoleon and Hannibal who had come all the way from over the Alps with his elephants. Apart from a few tusky collisions, they co-operated quite well despite the language barrier; they probably signed an agreement not to be too blood thirsty. Dr Livingstone and Florence Nightingale were there with bandaids in their St. Johns ambulance, a valuable and precious asset to preserve the lives of the unfortunate with scores of sores the colour of overly ripe tomatoes.

The Limp was now sitting on the verandah of the Taj Mahal, waiting for the guests to arrive. Some Incas were sowing Spanish Peppers. It was quite shady under the Hanging Gardens; the Maori gardeners complained about stiff necks though. It was going to be a busy day. People were coming from everywhere.

William collected the toll at the Panama Canal. Thor had chosen him, because, as a kid, William used to play with the twelve goldilocks. His sister looked after the Suez, while The Stich, in a rubber dingy, diverted the thoroughfare traffic around the Bermuda Equilateral Triangle because he had finally passed his geometry exam.

The Limp felt quite important; he thoroughly enjoyed himself. He actually shook hands with most of the famous people out of his history book: Erik the Red, Columbus, Cook, Tasman, The Pilgrim Fathers, Magellan, Sir Francis Drake, Flinders, Prince Henry the Navigator of Portugal.

After a snap Gallup poll, Thor found out that people wanted more gods. Although he was a bit jealous, he hired Richard the Lionheart to do a bit of crusading and to destroy the Tower of Babel at the same time in order to stop people from gossiping. Unemployment figures kept rising though, because the Slave Trade was in full swing; the Guillotine hadn't been invented yet. The Chinese came up with a brilliant idea. They started building the Great Wall, a community project. They invented Picture Writing, which took much longer than the Pygmy Shorthand they used before. People came from all over the world to lay bricks; they did a thorough job. The Dynasty closed half their eyes to the foreign influx and kept it that way ever since.

When The Limp met Ivan the Terrible, he didn't like him at all, so he and William decided to play a practical joke. They were waiters at the time for Papa Giuseppi of Leichhardt so they talked Ivan into going there the following day. William served the pizza while The Limp poured the vodka, a bit stronger than usual. Afterwards, they told him that it was an old Italian procedure to show visitors around town. Ivan accepted, and the three went out. The two friends kept up the conversation. Since Ivan was only used to sitting on thrones, he was soon very tired. They took him to the Leaning Tower of Pisa and asked him to wait at the foot of the acute angle while they were buying after-dinner gelato. Coming back, they pointed up and behind him and shouted. "Watch Out!"

That's how Ivan the Terrible died!

The original Village School stood in a quiet location. Outside, walking alongside his dog-drawn vehicle, reins in hand, the kerosene man announced his presence. "Fill up your lamps, old and new!"

Inside, apart from the general-purpose books and medicine bottles on shelves, some scattered ornaments hung from hand-forged nails in the plastered wall of the church-like but cosy classroom.

The Stitch was in trouble as usual. His frequent and peculiar appetite and subsequent laziness made him a definite nuisance in school.

He had started an argument after the teacher had indicated that he had misspelt 'February' (he had left out the first R, because he pronounced it without the first R)

John Stone, a humorous man, was about to give a far from vicious in fact quite delicate tap on The Stitch's hand so that he wouldn't collapse in front of the Minister for Education who was on an official business inspection tour. Besides, Mr Stone didn't want his career to collapse either. Dairy Blossom, the happiest girl in the class, with her deliciously coloured circular cheeks, stood by in eager expectation of the impact while she was waiting for Mr Stone's initials of approval.

In contrast, the other innocent looking creature among the witness audience, her younger sister, with a vague glint in her eye, was more interested in the reaction of The Stitch.



The Limp, the State's casualty champion looked a bit embarrassed by the activity although his opponent always irritated him. The more cautious pupils, the majority of the far from numerous community, were not even astonished any longer by the familiar conflicts with The Stitch. Instead, it persuaded them to increase their efforts of accurately copying the names of the calendar months in between the parallel lines in their work books and hopefully as neatly as 'ginger bread man' William the Conqueror.

55. **MYSTERY**

The permanently employed traveller for the Australian Telecommunications Commission –Telstra- appreciated the privilege of having the assistance of his practical, contemporary secretary Mrs Hardware.

Owing to her excellent references and organisational talent, she had been recommended by a friend of his, Peter Driftwood, the Mayor with a difference and resident president of the politically biased Bowling Club of the of the Liberal Party.

One day, although she felt quite miserable because of a bout of influenza, her conscience forbade her to disappoint her Principal; he was such a nice pal! She herself had suggested the necessity of a temporary extension of her working hours on Sunday mornings to clear the backlog of work caused by the expansion of a Superannuation insurance scheme...

Suddenly, she interrupted the signature on one of the documents, fascinated as she was by the sound of different languages in the neighbouring room. Burglars? She'd always had an attraction for ethnic dialogues. Unfortunately, her understanding of linguistics was far from excellent, because she had learnt no more than a few artificially contrived principles. However, Mrs Hardware persevered and thought she recognised in the invisible situation an illegal operation and despite the influence of her flu tablets that had apparently made her slightly drowsy, very inconvenient indeed, she made the necessary judgement, while covering herself and the telephone with the overcoat because she preferred not to attract the attention of the strangers... She heard the zooming sound of heavy machinery overhead and tried to make a comparison, but rushed to the window when she failed to do so. All she managed to see was the tip of a helicopter propeller. Shortly afterwards, she was led away by two men in uniform.

56.

POLITICAL PORTRAIT

(The longest Sentence in the world)

Bill Urgent of the Windarra- Laverton stationery shop, affectionate father of twenty, one of them being The Stitch, responsible, independent, representative in Parliament, always fighting an extravagant Government, in possession of an endless enthusiasm and determination, speaking with expression, mischievous perhaps but with a wide experience in organisation

and observation, especially in the many lengthy discussions instrumental in the preparation of information to illustrate the necessity of the connection of electricity to his region where the population, although stationary, was handicapped by the loneliness of the reduced visibility in their Housing Commission accommodation, unfortunately favourable to an insufficiently manageable quantity of mosquitoes, especially noticeable during elevated temperatures, usually associated with the anniversary of the manufacture of a revolutionary bottleneck, the result of years of experimenting, but hopefully leading to complete destruction of this evil, was accompanied by his wife Rosella, giving her the opportunity to celebrate the foundation of the Bottleneck Association, the result of an arrangement of combinations which would eventually eliminate the competition between the two townships, the Mayors of which was been quarrelling for years.

57.

THE SEARCH

The Duke of Poverty Point was panic stricken and slightly jealous. How could his wife have disappeared from her sleeping bag with all the Crown Jewels right under his nose in the middle of the desert? He cancelled his trip to Darwin and instead went to Russel Dreysdales' ghost town of Sofala where his sister was alleged to have bought the now deserted National Trust-like

main street, growing daisies in a back paddock with dock leaves. Not accustomed to disappointments, particularly during the first session of the take-over celebrations, he had difficulty in forgetting the circumstances preceding his impossible situation. Sitting on a typical Australian verandah sofa with innards out during the great escape from the hottest part of the day, they finished most of the provisions provided by the previous generation for this special occasion and were actually in a position, to use a political cliché, to give the leftovers to a beautiful but hungry, attention seeking parrot that had evidently run out of supplies and had respectfully and cordially invited himself to the conference to investigate what was going on. Since he was the only one left of the Ark crew, they were agreeable, recognising him as a victim of reduced consideration for Wildlife, immediately hoping, that after getting to know him, he might even solve their puzzle with the few words that he spoke.

After finishing their desserts, they had a preliminary examination of what could generally be described as the beginning of the nation's biggest Sale of family pictures, an estimated three hundred, an improvement on the previous year's figures. They wanted to get enough money together to be able to request the services of a clairvoyant, in an attempt to save the Duke's marriage.

At the same time, publications entitled "The Mystery of the Sleeping Beauty," with an attached application form for a changeable award, would be hand distributed by some of his

distinguished associates and fore runners of his imminent bankruptcy department.

58. **IMAGES**

Governor Macquarie, often referred to as just Gov, couldn't resist the temptation to indulge in his favourite pastime: swimming in the Hawkesbury River, near the Peninsula at Windsor, N.S.W. where local breeders used to exercise their quarter horses for the purpose of providing them with strong hindquarters and to safely wear off an excess of produce. It was a particularly fine day although Science Fiction cauliflowers were growing in the Eastern region of the sky, thus confirming meteorological rumours of late afternoon thunderstorms.

He put his possessions- woollen sweater, cotton underwear and linen cap-under the canvas umbrella he always considered useful bringing along, not far from a notice that was meant to read: PRESENTLY UNDER CONSTRUCTION. He ignored it, partly because it was a bit smoky from a nearby barbecue and partly because of rather bad spelling; he had the mistaken idea that it was some sort of protest sign in a foreign language, complaining about the presidential election.

He arrived safely at the end of the movable wooden pontoons that supported a shark net but they were so rickety and slippery that he lost his balance and almost his bank balance as well. Despite the fact that he had been a skilful swimmer, he thought that he had drowned in the strong current.

Suddenly, it occurred to him that he had fallen on the wrong side of the net; peril was looming. His leisure time was over! Not far away, stretching six metres, two dark figures approached as quickly as lightning. His welfare was at stake. Already he imagined himself dead and buried. His lifeline became thinner and thinner; his hotline hotter and hotter. He felt in a state of siege and prepared his final salute. He referred to his watch: "A quarter to two: not much time left." He obviously couldn't fulfil his promise to prepare the speech on positive thinking for a friend who was supposed to deliver it at a particular function of the Department of Education.

But wait! Something strange happened. He was really surprised when the sharks started quarrelling about who should have the fat one and who would run second, with the skinny one of the two soluble images! Blissful ignorance!

The Governor looked up and couldn't help laughing when he saw, trespassing on the opposite building site, an unusual combination of friends, The Stitch and stocky Horror, running without socks on the rocks; the glutton with undone button because of his mutton with a prize bull behind to give him a butt in the buttocks.

59. THE DOCTOR WHO LAID THE GOLDEN EGG

Every time Dr. instant, a country G.P from Brazil next to the G.P.O. had a party, many among his forty odd visitors kept coming to him to talk about their illnesses for at least an hour.

That meant that they kept him busy writing prescriptions during the Saturday night and half the following Sunday.

One day in February, here they were again; very early this time. The first one couldn't hear properly, the second one had a hoarse throat and a bad cough. The third, a loose tooth that had started to ache, the fourth was off colour, the colour of his collar.

The patient doctor answered all their questions. When he heard his dear patient friends drive away in their expensive horse-drawn vehicles, he said to himself.

"I've had enough of this, it is getting out of hand. I can't go on like this. I don't enjoy myself any longer. It does worry me. I have to break this habit. I know it won't be easy, but I believe something has to be done."

The following morning, just as he was beginning to wash his head, he could read the solution to his problem written on his forehead.

He knew that he could lose a few friends but he had to choose between two evil devils; he had been patient enough. He sent all his patients the following account:

Consultation Saturday	\$180
Consultation Sunday	\$ 240
Total	\$ 420

Guess what! Instead of complaining, they wrote back to him saying that they liked his marvellous idea very much. The doctor soon gave away his daily consultations and built up a new practice by just giving parties!

So much so that he had to eventually buy the Post Office next door, which got the stamp of approval of his great patient friend, the Post Master General, former resident president of the General Post Master's Club of Argentine who wanted to retire anyway on a priority paid pension. Both lived happily ever after.

60. PENTECOST

Often, the women of the Barkendji tribe went into the woods on Tuesdays or Wednesdays to collect the eggs of Berralunya, the white crested crane, near Lake Menindee. On every occasion they used the same, very straight road through the dense forest. Since they didn't wear shoes in those days, the wear and tear of the soles of their feet caused trouble.

"It seems to me that today has been the hottest of the whole ten days," said Yambolinya, the old guide whom they all liked very much. "I am sure many of you are truly too tired to travel till tomorrow. Tonight we will arrive at Barellan where you can rest. We won't leave until you are ready, which will make you come back later than usual; it's better to arrive late alive than dead on time. You will see my camp any minute now, immediately after this bend in the road." None of the women raised a voice; they were not meant to anyway.

They had never seen crutches before and wondered what to think of the shiny beetles sitting on one of the two crossbars.

"That is the house of Canina the Northman, my husband, who guides us on our travels," said Yambolinya quickly drying a tear from her eye. "Come in, come in, don't just stand there!" The

women entered a long cave like tent, something they had seen White Man use when he slept in the bush. They followed a narrow path for a while. At a fork in the path, they took the left track, winding their way up all the time, going along, one after another. The bottle brush bushes on either side brushed against the weary women, again and again, as if to clean them before going to sleep; it seemed hard to stay awake.

When they reached the end, they saw, sitting on chairs cut into the rock, people they had never seen before, motionless like the characters in a wax museum, staring ahead of them towards a clock without hands. Suddenly, there came a sound from above as of a rushing mighty wind and it filled the entire place where they were sitting.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues as of fire and it sat upon each of them and they began to speak with tongues of every nation under heaven.

That very night, Barowa, the large bullroarer, came to tell them that their husbands didn't know whether to be just jealous or end their marriages and that they'd better write to them before the end of the week to avoid making them angry.

Their minds had separated from their bodies. The legend says that they wrote in their most beautiful handwriting. When, in the evening, you see these sugar white streaks across the sky, wondering what they mean, you at least know that they are the letters of the BARK END II women, made invisible by Buromi the wind.

Dialogue:

A: Excuse me!

B: Yes?

A: Can I have an elephant please?

B: Pardon?

A: An elephant. Can I have an elephant please? I've got a bag to put it in. Look!

B: But you can't put an elephant in that bag!

A: Why not?

B: Because elephants are big, and your bag is small.

A: Well, can I have a small elephant, then?

B: No, you can't. I haven't got a small elephant. I don't have any elephants. I've only got what you can see here. Cats, dogs, rabbits...

A: I don't like cats and I don't like dogs, and I really don't like rabbits. I know! What about a goat? Can I have a goat? Goats aren't very big.

B: They're too big for your bag. And anyway, I haven't got any goats.

A: Yes you have! You've got a goat in your garden.

B: But that's my goat. You can't have it. It's not for sale.

A: Oh.

B: I've got a suggestion. What about a mouse? Mice are nice, and they're small.

A: Mice are stupid. My brother's got a mouse. It's really stupid! And he's got a fish. Fish are ugly. I don't want a mouse and I don't want a fish or a cat or a dog and

especially not a rabbit!

B: Now listen, you!

A: I'll tell you what. I'll have a kangaroo. That's a good idea isn't it!

B: I said listen! Where's your mother?

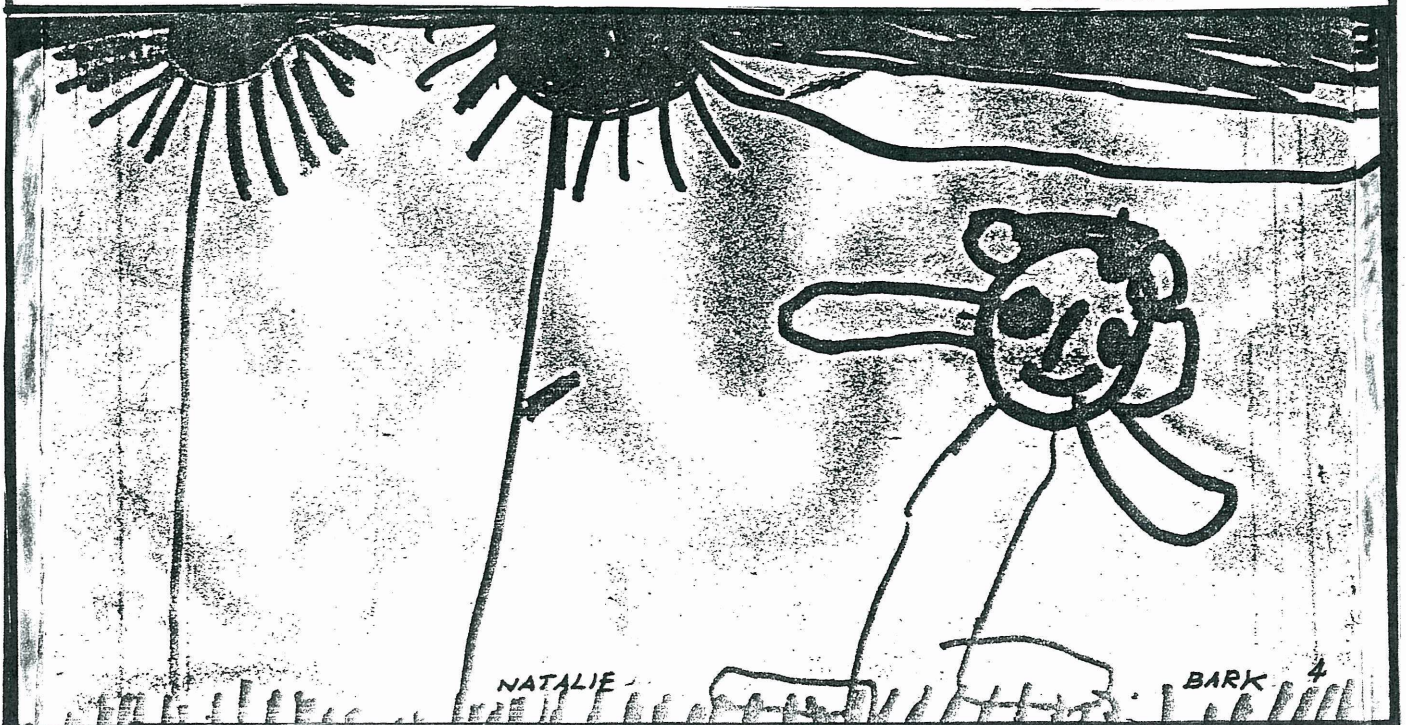
A: She's at home, having a rest; she's got a headache.

B: Well, where's your father, then?

A: He's in the restaurant behind your shop, having lunch. He doesn't like having lunch at home. He says I talk too much.

B: Oh, really?

MAUREEN LAVINIA BARK





Author's Background

Born 20.12.1928

- | | | |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. | <u>H.S.C. (HOLLAND)</u> | 1947 |
| | 4 Unit Maths, Mechanics, Technical Drawing
Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Political Economy
History, Geography, Dutch, English, French
German, Art, P.E. | |
| 2. | Certificate of Ability, Nautical College | Holland, 1949 |
| 3. | Diploma 3rd. Mate, Sea Going Trade | Holland 1951 |
| 4. | Diploma 2nd. Mate, Sea Going Trade | Holland 1954 |
| 5. | Spanish Commercial Correspondence | Holland 1954 |
| 6. | French Commercial Correspondence | Holland 1958 |
| 7. | English Commercial Correspondence | Holland 1961 |
| 8. | Language Studies: Friesian, Italian, B.A. French | |
| 9. | High School Teacher: English & French | Holland 2 yrs |
| 10. | High School Teacher | Australia 14 yrs |
| | <u>De La Salle, Ashfield</u> | |
| | Latin, French & English. | |
| | <u>St. Dominic's, Kingswood</u> | |
| | Creative Writing, English, Subject Master Technical Drawing | |
| | <u>Patrician Brothers, Granville</u> | |
| | Creative Writing, Mathematics, Subject Master Music | |
| | <u>Oakhill College, Castle Hill</u> | |
| | Creative Writing, Mathematics, Subject Master Technical
Drawing, French & Art | |
| 11. | Insurance & Real Estate Agent (Finance) | |
| 12. | Owner Builder (Rammed Earth) | |
| 13. | Hawkesbury Adult Education | Creative Writing, Spanish. |
| 14. | Professional Musician | Accordion, Flamenco Guitar. |
| 15. | Author of Textbooks | English & Mathematics |
| 16. | Private Tutor since 1976: | K-12 |
| 17. | Soccer Coach | |

THE 3RS

THE PROFESSIONAL WAY

A. BARK, CATTAL. N.S.W. 2756

National Library of Australia

ISBN 0 949384 96 8