

Monday 28th January

Well what an adventurous time we have had in the last few days. First I got almost knocked over twice by Wham, the pet sheep as I tried to feed the chooks. She does so love her food, well anyone's food! She was determined to get into the chook pen and I was in the way. Then I tried to feed the little lamb and he pulled the teat off the bottle and promptly chewed it up and swallowed it. Goodness knows what that will do to his tummy. Of course during this adventure my clothes got soaked in milk.

Next, the dogs! We went up to check on the little Cavalier Spaniels. No dogs in the run! What do we do now! After what seemed like ages, first one little body came into sight and then all the rest. As soon as Don bundled Lillie back in to feed her tiny puppies, she went directly to the fence and popped out again. Thank goodness she did as then we could see where to block up their escape route. The dogs must have been for a big run as they were hungry and Lillie ate half an ice cream dish of rabbit meat.

The next big adventure involved the chooks and the sheep again. I had refused to go there after my misadventure with Wham. So Don gets into his raincoat (yes by now it is raining consistently) and trudges off to put the chooks back into the pens only to find that Wham or her lambs have half destroyed the fronts of the cages in their endeavours to get at the chook food. Now you need to understand that these sheep have lots of green grass to eat and have had their feed of sheep nuts each day. Doesn't matter! They want chook food. So there's Don in the gloom of the shed looking for things to barricade the chooks in. If he can't do that then foxes or quolls will get the chooks during the night. Eventually with the aid of some piece of old farm equipment all is secure. Now remember, he has to do this with Wham in the offing all the time. Don, however, can muster as much attitude as Wham if the need arises. Sensible sheep! This time she backs off.

The lamb meanwhile has been weaned. Having devoured the teat, he wasn't about to be appeased with the finger of a rubber glove over his milk bottle. Grass definitely tastes better.

Robyn and Steve came home today. We were relieved to be able to report all animals accounted for!!!



We will be back. Tranquillity may be my usual reward for visiting Oakhurst, but a little adventure adds zest to life.