



Frank's Farm

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Day One: As Farmer Frank got off his tractor, he fell flat on his face like Humpty Dumpty who had sat on the wall. Luckily, his dog Buster was there to help him get up. He walked back to his shed so he could get his chainsaw and axe to cut some corn. Pity he didn't have a hoe. He shredded the corn with his chainsaw and almost cut his finger off. So he said, "Flaming Galahs," instead of using curse words like those city boys do. Frank barracked for Collingwood, but he did like Max Gawn from Melbourne. Frank used to play for a local club, but then he got a bit fat after eating too many pies. His favourite pie was a steak and bacon pie. Don't get him started on 'dimmys' from his local fish and chip shop - apparently they're made out of cats legs. But obviously 90% disagree with that myth. What he really likes doing, is having a cold one with his feet up, with a fresh hot pie.

Day Two: Farmer Frank woke up to kookaburras laughing and the galahs annoying screeches. So he went to his shed and went rummaging through looking for something to scare off those birds. He found an old air horn. It was so rusted that he didn't even know if it would make a sound. He knew he would need something bigger and louder than an air horn, so he got the fire crackers. He shot five into the air, 'Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang and Bang!' But the birds didn't move an inch. Probably because they were dumb and annoying. There was always a problem! 'Why can't it be a good day for once,' he thought. 'Like today, the annoying galahs won't go away, and yesterday I fell getting off my own tractor.'

Day Three: Frank's family was coming up that night. They came up every six years or so. He didn't see them very much otherwise. They used to come up every year until he spilt red wine all over everyone. They went off their nut, yelling, "Why did you do that?" So Frank waited out on the porch on the old rocking chair. He'd already seen a kangaroo or two, a snake, two koalas that were probably the same one, a goanna and about three thousand rabbits. He apparently hated them, so he hunted those pests. They made a good stew. His Gran had one as a pet, and they were fun to play with when he was younger, but not now. 'Beep!' The family was here. He had prepared pulled pork and wood fired pizzas. For dessert, they would have chocolate self-saucing pudding – Frank's favourite. They enjoyed the big feast. "Bon Appétit!" Frank cried. The night was going well, until 'Bang!' Something exploded. The pan with the pork fell onto the floor and hit the pizza maker and it had petrol in it now for some unknown reason, so everything went up in flames. Luckily, no one was hurt, but sadly Farmer Frank knew, that no family were ever coming to visit him again. It was going to be very lonely. 'Maybe it was time for a pet rabbit too,' Frank thought. 'As long as Buster doesn't eat it!'