

Reflections on first days at Trinidad..

The looooooong, straight road ahead,
The never-ending plains to right and left,



The sight of a Road Train
looming in the distance

The 'whoosh' as it passes

The 'crack' of the stone on the
windscreen!

Now marked in a small, spiral, dint.

120kms of sealed 'road' behind...

90 kms of unsealed track ahead.

Sliding on the slippery surface,

A pool of muddy water. Too big??

Sit and think,

Make a cuppa.

"What's best?" and think....

Wait.... unhitch Matilda...

A ute looms in the distance...

"I can get you through, no worries.."

Driving a stranger's ute through,

In case he gets stuck in the middle

With Matilda,

But "Whoooooosh" they're through and

We're on our way again.

No more puddles that big,

But lots of slippery surface

That whooshes under as we pass

The rig no longer white,

But reddish and getting heavier with

mud

That cakes under every surface

And falls with a thud,

When dry.

Now hard and stony

After coming over the rise

To higher ground

But still slippery in places

Adding more mud and stones

To weigh us down.



"Hello" I made it...

And 'Oody' clambering all over me

Jen standing, watching and waiting,

Wendy, holding Dan, the tiny baby.



Jen and Oody (Tayla)
getting used to Matilda.

A chat and a drink,

Then a place for Matilda to find

With passengers eager to come

along for the ride

who play with 'Duddles' and the new

clown

while I set up home,

Beside the 'staff quarters'

Out in the wide open space.



Busting!!

I cannot wee on the green tree frog
That's made the toilet home,
So I move to the other one
Whose frog lives stuck to the wall.



Dinner of stew,
One can't be fussy about eating meat,
When that's all there is!!
And likely to be.
And I will survive!!!

The sleep of the dead!
Under another ocean of stars,
Even brighter than the last.

Awake and breakfast
Before heading off
15 kms down the track
To round up the goats,
Herded by the plane,
To chase them across
Paddocks as big as cities
Dodging trees,
Some vertical, some toppled,
Sprawled on the ground.
Through chasms cut by water
That is no longer there
All possible in the old Suzuki!!



And kangas, endangered?

Not here... where 50 BIG Reds,
Bound away from the motorbikes
And Suzuki
Not to be rounded up
With the goats.

The goats are yarded
In the warm afternoon sun
Sweat now rippling
Down everyone's brow
Under hats to shade the sun.

About 600 goats
is the guess
Some babies, born yesterday,
Some born as we watch.



Some wise old Billies,
With a smell to match!
Cut out the Billies
For they have an overseas trip ahead,
Only they won't know it,
And will travel in the fridge.
The nannies and their kids,
Will go back out
To roam the 260,000 acres,
Until it is time,
In a year or two,
To do the same again.

