

Hello everybody!

Another year has gone by and we're back in the Aussie summer. Jayden and Shazza are on school holidays and they're terrorising the animals, as per usual. Des spends most of his time in the shed, as per usual.

I'm still baking scones for the Country Women's Association fundraiser. Mine are by far the best, but Margerie thinks hers are better. Anyhow, she's a rule-breaker. She sells more than four to one person per day. You're only allowed to sell four. But that's fine, it's all for a good cause.

It's been a tough year, with the death of Grandpa Harry. Des was devastated and stopped drinking. Harry passed away peacefully on 12 February this year. On 1 March, his body was stolen by a small group of Swiss people. We tried to track them down, but they were too fast. His body is gone. Des started drinking beer again. When the Swiss people showed up at our door asking for money, they were dressed in white shirts and straight ties. Des bellowed and they didn't come back. But we saw them on bicycles on the other side of town a few days later but they were too fast for us. Grandpa Harry will never be in peace so long as those Swiss people still have him. We will never stop until we get Grandpa Harry back from those Swiss people.

Des had a very hard year. After the Swiss people left someone tore his shed right down. They flattened his shed and took all his beer from the esky. We never saw them, but there were footprints. Des got his mates from the pub and followed the tracks into the bush. But they just went in circles way out, miles away. When he came back to the shed there were rocks everywhere and a motorcycle was on fire. Nobody found the beer. Not even empty tins.

I thought it would be fun to have the rest of the family write about the highlights of their year. Des refused, but the kids wrote some nice things.

Jayden

I like bugs. I put the bugs in a jar and I take them to me mate and we throw them at girls. I like ice cream. I eat it in the night. Someone told me in August to wear only black clothes. Black or white. So I wear mostly black clothes now.

Shazza

A large man with a lazy eye approached me in October and asked me to take medicine to Egypt for him. We were buying shoes. I told the man to leave us alone. We weren't even going to Egypt.

All the best Christmas wishes,

The Taylor's