

When it was time to start a new garden bed Grandad went looking for horse poo. His usual method of building a new bed was to put down a layer of cardboard, then a thick layer of horse poo and cover the lot with mulch.

He put the old bedspread into the back of the car and drove down to West Creek Road. His friend, Petra, his gardening guru, had told him years before that this place had the best horse poo in Bass Coast so he went the extra distance.

There was no horse poo at the gate. Grandad drove down the unmade, potholed, winding driveway. There was no horse poo beside the fence.

Grandad took the long route to Cape Patterson. There was a sign. 'Clip clop plop \$1 per bag'. But no bags.

Everywhere he drove Grandad kept a look out for horse poo. He asked all Petra, Bernice, Terry, John, Mary, Les, Rob, Pierre and Marg.. 'There was some at Cape Patterson yesterday,' said Bernice. Grandad went back – but there was none there. He wrote a note asking them to phone him when they had some ready and left it in the letterbox.

The weeks went by. Grandad couldn't believe that the horses had stopped pooing. 'I know we are all in lockdown because of the corona virus but *surely* the horses are still pooing!' he complained.

Because of the pandemic children all the world over were being home schooled while their parents worked from home. In London, in Johannesburg, in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane and in New York City. This meant that Emily and Luki were home schooling Anastasia and Rex in their tiny apartment in Brooklyn NY.

Grandma was getting up early every morning and telling the children a story and teaching them poem. It was 7:30 am in Kilcunda and 5:30 pm in New York. Grandma enjoyed talking to the children and sharing the stories she knew while Emily and Luki got 30 minutes each day where dinner could be prepared and they did not have to answer any questions. Each story session began with a little conversation and then Grandma recited

Chook, chook, chook.  
Good morning, Mrs Hen.  
How many chickens have you got?  
Madam, I have ten!  
Four of them are yellow,  
Four of them are brown,  
Two of them are speckled red,  
the nicest in the town.

They had a lovely time together.

Finally Bernice phoned. 'Petra said I should let you know that there is some horse poo on the Inverloch Road to Tarwin Lower. It's a bit more expensive - \$2 per bag.'

Grandad put the old bedspread into the car and drove to Wonthaggi, then on to Inverloch and on towards Tarwin Lower. Not a bag of horse poo to be seen. On and on he went until he saw some tiny bags of chook poo on the right hand side of the road. He kept going to find somewhere safe to turn around.

Luckily for him, just as he found a wide driveway he could see, in the distance, what looked like big bags of horse poo. And so it was. Four large bags of horse poo, two dry and two a bit wet at \$2 a bag. 'At last!' he said.

Grandad loaded the car, turned around carefully and set off back home. Back through Inverloch, round two roundabouts, down the road. Half way to Wonthaggi he joined the end of a traffic jam. 'Must have been an accident,' he said.

As he pulled to a halt he could see a large fire appliance coming towards them. 'Must need rescuing,' said Grandma. Grandad backed the car so that there was plenty of room for the fire truck to turn. 'They will be ages,' he said. 'We'll have to go home via Leongatha.' He did a careful u-turn and drove back toward Inverloch.

Grandma looked at the map on her phone. 'I think we can go down Ullerthorps Road,' she said 'And use the Inverloch-Cape Patterson Road and get round that way. Slightly quicker than Leongatha.'

As they turned into the Inverloch-Cape Patterson Road they could see some huge earthmoving equipment. 'This must be where the road is washing into the sea,' said Grandad. They peered out and the crumbling asphalt, the enormous rocks, some as big as Grandma's car, and the rolling waves. 'What a job!' Grandma said.

They got home eventually. 'An eighty kilometre round trip for four bags of horse poo,' Grandad told Grandma. 'You'll have to make a poem about it like your chook one.'

When he unloaded the bags he found that one of the wet ones had leaked into the car. Grandma washed the old bedspread while Grandad washed the carpet in the back of the car.

The next morning Grandma presented Grandad with this poem:

Clip clop, clip clop  
Good morning, Mrs Horse.  
How much poo have your got?  
Four bags of course!  
Two of them are sloppy,  
Two of them are dry.  
All of them will make your vegies  
Grow up to the sky.