



HOME ACCESSORIES FOR THE MODERN LOUNGE, KITCHEN AND KID'S ROOM

MEMORY NUMBER 3

LOVEBIRD

Dad caught the fish, I hawled it in from the back of the boat. Grandad gutted it on the jetty. Mum went for a wee under a spruce. Mormor picked blueberries for dessert and my cousins collected dead wood for the fire. We would eagerly eat the perfectly flame grilled trout handed out to us on paper plates and drink fresh water, straight from the lake. By the time it got dark someone would inevitably have had too much moonshine, stumbled over their clogs and fallen in to the water. Those were beautiful happy days. In the morning we would be awakened early by the birds, crawl out of our sleeping bags and count the mosquito bites. The one with most had to empty the wee bucket. It never failed - it was always me emptying that bucket...

