

JAMIE DUNN

Firewood thieves snuff out an age-old farmgate exchange

I WENT to buy some bags of firewood from the farmer at Imbil who always has them stacked at his gate.

But it was different this time. There were no bags of firewood and no money tin.

Just a hand-written sign that said, "Sorry, but I can no longer sell my firewood from the main gate because of thieves. I apologise to all of you honest people, but if you would like to drive up to the house I can supply your needs."

A sad sign of the times.



An unfitting end

I DRIVE to work at 2.30am every morning. As I approached the Pine Rivers bridge southbound recently, I witnessed a confronting sight.

There was a koala on the verge of the road about to attempt to cross four lanes of traffic travelling at 100kmh.

He'd been lucky so far. He'd crossed four northbound lanes already. I didn't know what to do. I so wanted to save him but I couldn't pull over or put my hazard lights on or anything.

I just knew that the moment he stepped on that tarmac there would be one less koala, but there was a bridge in front of me and a truck behind me. His fate was sealed. I felt sick to my stomach that this cute and cuddly Aus-

tralian icon was about to meet his death. When I got to work, I tried to find the koala survey site

where you mark whether you've seen a koala alive or dead.

Something needs to be done immediately. Koalas are hurtling towards extinction and we seem powerless to stop their demise.

Gympie Show

CONGRATULATIONS to Shir-

ley and Judith who ran the restaurant upstairs in the pavilion at the Gympie Show. They used a menagerie of students from local high schools looking for experience in hospitality. Okay, so they were young and inexperienced, but they made up for it with their attention to customers. I ordered the Ploughman's Platter. It arrived without the cheese but a cheery face said, "I'm sorry, sir," and took off for the kitchen, eventually reappearing with the missing fromage.

My dad always used to say, "A thousand-mile journey starts with but a single step".

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Discipline

ONE of my children has apparently fraudulently put together a school assignment. Once I had finished talking to the teacher on the phone, I pulled the offending dependant aside and said, "How could you? I can't believe it. How could you ... get caught like that! I was much better at it in my day." By the way, it wasn't Jackson or Poppy.