

Sunday mid-day, Trish, Tim, Bosley and Dan sat in front of the garage. They had a pic-nic lunch of hot dogs and a mug of strong each. Nin hovered in the background with a cup of oolong.



Bosley said, "What kind of build are we imagining for next door?"

"A canteen I thought we had decided?" Trish said. "With our cabin on top?" She gestured between Tim and herself.



“Wonder if Jed will be back?” Tim said.

“And wondering if he’ll be bringing his crane,” Boz said. “If he doesn’t, I can see us breaking your cabin apart. Raising it bit by bit.”

“I wish Wendy was back,” Trish said. “And Jacky. I’d like to know which of the two will want to share the canteen roof.”

“Wendy won’t,” Drew said. He just arrived from the swamp, where he’d been helping the herders get their cabin built.





“What?!” Trish said. “Last I heard she planned to take over Jackie’s cabin and help Jackie build bigger? Because of Joey?”

“I promised Wendy I wouldn’t say,” Drew said. “But I said what I did, so we can get on with things. I suggest Jackie, her bub, and possibly Jed next to you.”

Trish frowned. “Are you sure? Wendy and I are best friends. Why wouldn’t she tell *me* before you?”

Drew shrugged. “Don’t overthink it. Just ask her when she gets home.”

Trish couldn’t leave it alone. “I had my heart set on Wendy next to us and sharing our bathroom since Jackie’s cabin only has a washbasin?”

Drew dialed *his* expression on forbearing. Telling Trish he was being patient. “Another bathroom cubicle on your list, please Dan.”



Dan slid down the yellow ladder from Nin Wiz's yard.





“Interesting stuff going on out there.” He gestured with his binoculars toward the mudflats adjacent to the town rubbish dump downstream. “Bunch of hunters out there. Guns. Nets. All kinds of gear. And quite a long way from them but not very far from here a large green animal reminiscent of a T-rex protecting its patch.”

Everybody ran to get to the yellow ladder first, it being the only way to the highest place they had.



“A dinosaur?” Boz said when he got up there. Dan passed him the binoculars.



“Don’t worry,” Drew said. “The big one is a fake. A news crew set it up. They’re filming a warning-slash-promotion for National Parks and Wildlife.”

“A warning for *what*?” Tim said. “The *big* one?” Dan said at the same time.

“Yeah, Robbie Rafter was full of it, apparently.” Drew gestured surprise with his hands. “Well, the herders told me. Robbie brings them their supplies.”

“Told them *what*?” Trish said.

Drew dead-panned. “Someone poking around at the rubbish tip said they saw a *little* dinosaur hatch out of an egg.” He chuckled. “That wasn’t you by any chance, Dan?”

Dan laughed. “Wish I had. Wish it was. But still, restricting access to the rubbish dump, aka our preferred salvage site, wouldn’t be a good thing for us.”

“Robbie thought National Parks is just taking advantage and filming a promotion,” Drew said.



"I'm confused," Trish said. "National Parks took advantage of a baby dinosaur hatching at the rubbish dump? Because someone poking around at there saw that?"

"I'm thinking about something totally different," Boz said.

"Go ahead," Trish said bitterly. "Just because I can see a dinosaur doesn't mean it's real, right?"

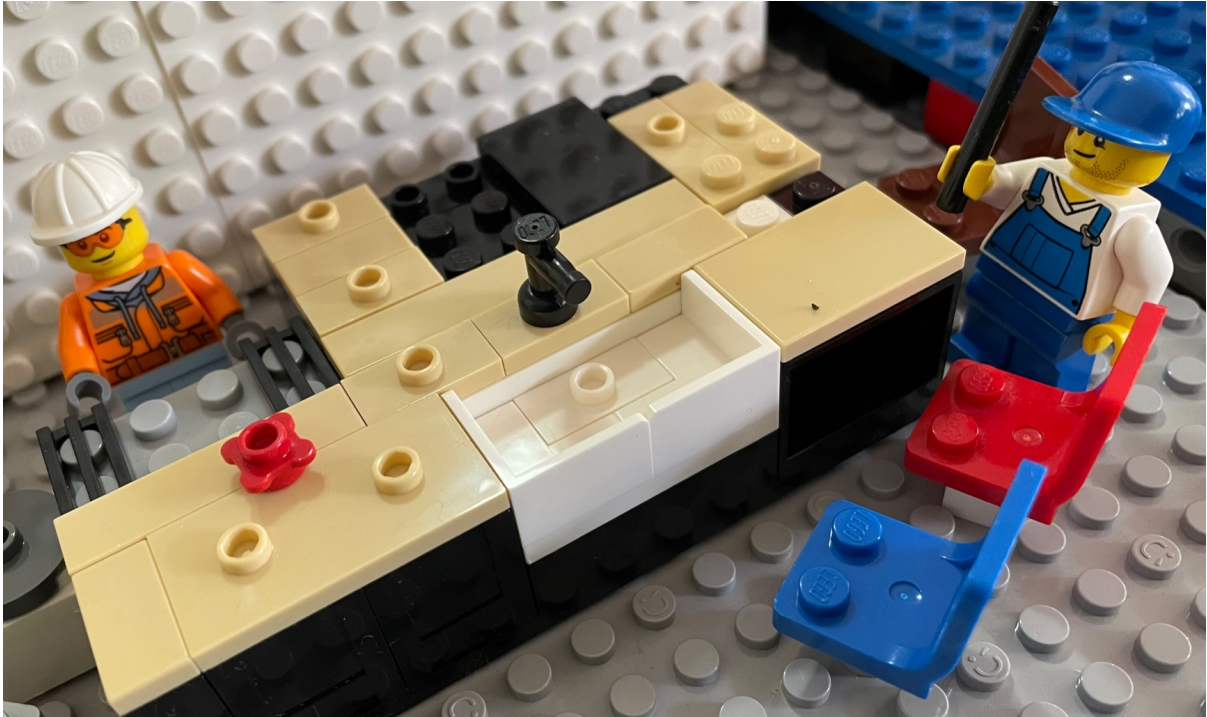
"Right." "Right?!" "Right!" a couple of people echoed, at least one sounding as confused as Trish.

"I vote we set up the canteen amongst the rocks and pillars," Boz said. "See how we can best fit the kitchen elements among the necessary structural needs."

"Gonna need my truck?" Dan said. "Because of the stove being pretty heavy?"

"I was thinking of a sling contraption?" Boz said. "Because it's just next door? Four of us carrying?" He walked out ahead of them to get that happening. Rounded the corner and startled. "Huh? Jed?"





"I was just getting myself some lunch before I joined you," Jed said.

"Hip hooray," Trish said tartly. "Jed's here. Did you bring the crane?"

"Nope," Jed said. "I did not bring the crane. Had to rent it out to cover costs. Hungry. Helped myself to the last couple of hot dogs, I hope you don't mind?"

Trish rolled her eyes. "I'll get started with the sledgie."

"Break up our cabin with the sledge hammer?" Tim said. "Let's hold off on that. Help us move the kitchen?"



Story: about 1K words and 8 +/- pictures

Do writing first

Insert photos into appropriate places within written stories

Photos: 15 x 10 cm; 72 dpi not 300; center whist in Home

Font Calibri body, 12 pt

WORD: Heading: double click on heading to get in; add title in, page numbers new for each story

Resulting in Instalments of about 1 MB