Sitting on the bricks outside, I can feel the slight breeze of my face and arm as well as the warm sun on my skin. So warm and nice. Ew I hate this song, skip. Ugh why do I even have that song, I should delete it, I’ll do it later. The bricks are nice and warm, like the road out front, so good growing up on a cul de sac road, what a weird thing to call it, lying on the road with my sisters so nice and warm-better times when the bush was still at the end of the street with the swing why’d they have to build more houses they look out of place. When kids around our age were on the street, wow that was so long ago, the next lot of little kids on the street now. Hard to think that I was ever that little, yet again I don’t have a lot of memories from then and the ones I do have aren’t exactly clear.

Hope I don’t get anything in my hair, especially any bugs. Oh the little blue birds back and where’s the girl one. Must be somewhere else. Well my throats feeling better, thank god. Ugh that medicine was disgusting, how is something that’s supposed to help taste so bad. What’s that noise, oh just the dog snoring, he’s so much like an old man. Damn used up all my skips, I hope the songs after this are all good; apparently not. Why do I have these songs if I’m sick of them? I’m going to delete them now. I should keep some of them if I still kind of like them or might want to listen to them later on.

Well that put a small dent in my playlist. Need to get more songs for my iPod, where’d I put that list, near the computer somewhere. I’ll look for it later. It looks so are out here now, why’d they cut down all those trees, barely any privacy i can see right into their yard and they can see inside. That tree we got cut down so long ago actually looks normal, they cut it so badly you’re not supposed to just chop off at a part of the truck your supposed to go on an angle a bit. But that regrowth was horrible all those weird looking bugs and you couldn’t even get near the trunk, though we tried when we lost our ball or something. The one down the back was worse the regrowth came out so far.

What’s making the rustling noise, is it one of those little birds. Nope, nup, no, get inside get the dog inside. Need to get dad, Ayla’s at the computer I’ll get her to get him so I can watch where it goes. Why does she have to question everything, it’s not that hard to understand to get someone. Well it’s brown and there is a perfect example of my knowledge of snakes. That one a few years ago baby dugite at the front of the house. That snake when I was little at the newer house in Moora, black head and orange body, never seen dad move so fast in his life to get me off the trampoline and on the veranda to go inside. He chased that one away with the hose; he’ll probably do the same with this one. Here he comes now it’s still on the grass; he has to go to the mandarin tree to get the end of the hose. It must have come in form the back corner of the yard near the compost bins, just a grassy paddock type thing, nothing there but rabbit holes. Dad will probably chase it that way. Ill the hose reach that far.

He’s chasing it with the hose, it looks so funny. Ayla and I are watching him from inside the house with the dog at the door not understanding that he can’t go outside just yet, he’ll probably want to come straight in once he’s out anyway. That dinosaur park with that huge snake all the kids held and the birds outside, some were nice other bite. I was perfectly fine holding the snake then why’d I want to get rid of the one I was holding that time, when was it and where? Holding it out and it started to come closer to my stomach, yeah definitely going to give it back asap. Well the snakes gone and Dad’s coming back, he chased it where I thought he would. Still don’t know what type it was, I’d search it up but I don’t really care, it’s just a snake it only matters what type it is if you’ve been bitten. Dad reckons it looked like a dugite, just like the baby one we had here a few years ago, definitely not the same though the baby died, trying to climb in the brick wall died when the man tried to get it out, they would have released it if they got it out alive. Mum’s just got back from the shops she hates snakes, well she’s going to love hearing we had one in the back yard.

By Kirsten Haas