

Chapter 2

Kelly slept in the ute. She wouldn't go into the house. Why would she? Who wants to sleep in a rat infested dump with twelve camels, a few lizards and an old mule with a bad leg?

The next morning while Kelly sulked in the car, Dad hammered bits of wood to hold things together, and I had to sweep. But what was the use? Every time I cleaned the floor, the camels would come back and start pooping again.

In the end I got bored of sweeping and went to see Kelly in the ute.

‘Are you going to stay there for the rest of your life?’ I asked.

Kelly sighed. ‘No, I’m sick of sitting here.’ She got out and slammed the car door and stormed into the house. ‘This is disgusting,’ she shouted. ‘Why is there poop every where?’

I told her I couldn’t keep the camels out. There wasn’t a door and part of the wall was missing.

Kelly went and grabbed Dad’s hammer and nails and found a few old bits of wood. She hammered the wooden slats across the door and stuck a plank over the hole in the wall.

‘There,’ she said. ‘That’s better.’ But the camels didn’t think it was better at all. They were very cross. They kept sticking their necks in the windows and holes and spitting at her.