

## Chapter 3

We bumped along the track in Pop's old Holden, slipping in the mud and banging the bottom of the car on big sharp rocks.

Pop did not fuss too much about his car. When there was no track, Pop bumped across the marsh, just about hitting trees and stumps.

A branch slapped the wind-screen. Water splashed, rocks crashed and mud gushed. We slipped and slid.

'Hold on!' yelled Pop.

I held on. I gripped the door when we bumped into a log. I shut my eyes when the car slipped on a bank and slid

into some mud. The car stopped. The wheels started to spin. We were stuck.

‘This is about as far as we can go in my old Holden,’ said Pop. ‘We can dig the car out when we get back. I need to get to the fish.’

It was hard tramping across the scrub to the creek. I kept tripping on weeds and logs. I kept slipping on wet moss and reeds.

‘Come on, Mark.’ said Pop. ‘Don’t muck about. What are you doing with your feet? Don’t you want to get to the fish?’

Chips was darting in and out of the trees. It didn’t seem to be hard for him to run about in the scrub, but if there is a stick on the track, I will trip on it.