



Melinda's Diary

Making a gift for Nick was a mistake!

Saturday

I haven't seriously started my major money-earning business ventures yet, so that I can buy Christmas gifts. I must get to that soon. However, today Eggle announced that he didn't have any money to buy Christmas gifts either.

Then he put on his 'pathetic little brother face' sooo... guess who volunteered (*in a weak moment*) to help him make some gifts.

I knew it was a mistake. I don't mind helping the little guy. I mean he IS my brother. BUT... would you believe, that the first two gifts Eggle wanted to make were for his guinea pig, Myrtle and our Golden Retriever, Nick.

Eggle also wanted to get started NOW because he said that pets like early Christmas gifts! Even that wouldn't have been so bad, except for WHAT he wanted me to make.

Eggle said, "Mel, you're an expert at making a harness for Nick."

Eggle said he needed a harness so that Nick could go with him when he rides his billy cart, AND, he needed a carry case for Myrtle, so he could go too.

Promises! Promises! Me and my BIG mouth.

Sunday

I knew it. Eggle told me today that he wanted the harness so Nick could actually 'pull' the billy cart. Some gift for poor Nick!

Anyway, I found a few metres of old webbing in the garage, which was ideal to make a harness for Nick. But, do you think Nick would stay still long enough for me to get accurate measurements?

I also found a small wire cage in the garage. I figured... that's Myrtle's gift taken care of. YES! Sometimes I'm sooo... smart!

A few fancy knots later and Nick had a harness too.

Then Eggle said, "I'm an expert at trying the harness straight away."

He frantically harnessed poor Nick and then sat Myrtle (*in his new carry cage*) beside him in the billy cart.

(*Oops - I've run out of room today but I'll continue tomorrow. This is such an amazing story.*)

Monday

(continued from yesterday)

The three of them sat in the driveway BUT I didn't have to say 'Ready, Set, Go!'

The neighbour's ginger cat passed by the house and Nick was OFF!

The billy cart, and of course, Eggle and Myrtle were off too.

Eggle yelled really loudly for help. Sooo... embarrassing!

However, the ride was short - VERY SHORT!

Nick bolted down the driveway and made a sharp left turn at the end, slipping right out of his harness. *(I said that Nick wouldn't stay still long enough for me to get a good fitting.)*

The billy cart tipped over. Eggle went one way. Myrtle went the other.

Mum flew out the front door and rushed to Eggle. He wasn't hurt. He was all noise... as usual.

On impact, Myrtle's cage split open and he scurried into a large pile of unwanted household items that Dad had left on the footpath for the reuse/recycle guys to collect.

MYRTLE... gone forever? I would say so!

Tuesday

It was school as normal today. Nothing much happened so I'll finish the missing Myrtle story...

You guessed it! Every member of the family hunted through EVERY item on the footpath looking for Myrtle. Nick sat innocently on the sideline, staring at the pile as though he was somehow contributing to the search.

Eggle kept crying, "What do you think Myrtle will be when he's recycled?"

I didn't answer. A floor mat perhaps? I decided not to make that suggestion.

We were down to checking the last few items, when Dad found Myrtle, alive and well, hiding in an oversized fruit juice can.

Eggle was thrilled. Then he said, "Mel, next weekend we'll make gifts for the rest of the family."

Me and my BIG mouth!