

Right on target!

GOT AN EARLY-MORNING call from a small blonde grandson. “Hi Grandad,” he whispered. “I want to tell you something cool but you mustn’t tell Gran ‘cause my sister wants to and she isn’t awake yet ...”

I sat up in bed – my lips were sealed! “Remember the raffle at our school?” he continued breathlessly. “Well, Gran WON it! They called out her name last night and I was so excited and it WAS her ‘cause ‘Robyn’ had a ‘y’ so I ran to find Mum but she was talking to friends and she said go away don’t interrupt can’t you see I’m busy but I said but it’s really really important and she said excuse me to her friends what is it and I said Gran won the raffle and she said are you sure and I said yes it’s Robyn with a ‘y’ and she said well that’s good news but Grandad don’t tell Gran okay ...?”

By now, my wife was stirring on her pillow. “Go and see if your sister’s awake.” So off he rushed downstairs with the phone in hand ...

“Are you awake?” I could hear him shaking his sister. “Come on, wake up – I’ve got Gran!” And, next minute, a very groggy sister came on and broke the same breaking-news to her very groggy grandmother.

Turns out my wife had won a \$500 travel voucher. Turns out her lucky raffle



ticket was chosen ... (*wait for it ...*) by a COW! Turns out they’d fenced off the playground, then marked out a grid on the grass, with each ticket-number having its own little square. Someone then went and got a cow, shut it inside the fence, and waited ... (*wait for it ...*) until the cow pooped.

And guess whose number the cow pooped on?

MY WIFE’S!

Our grandson missed the actual drop but he double-checked the grid: “Some of the poop splashed on other numbers but most landed on Gran so she’s the winner which is the best news ever eh Grandad wow five hundred smackaroos!”

Yeah, bull’s-eye!



JOHN (GRAPEVINE’S FOUNDER) SAYS, “I’D LIKE TO MEET THAT COW AND SHAKE IT’S HOOF. I FEEL WE OWE IT A HAYBALE OR TWO!”
