

I used to play outside making dens and swings and having picnics with my dolls.

One day when we didn't want to come in for a bath, we hid all the dolls and prams in the cow shed and ran off.

When we came back, the cows had emptied the pram and trampled the dolls clothes and blankets in the manure.

So as not to get into trouble, we hid them all in the Hay Stack.

Dad kept finding them over the next few days.

Runts of the litter were often brought into the Farmhouse to be bottle fed until stronger.

On one occasion, the Sow accidentally trod on one of its piglets legs chopping off its trotter. As it was unable to walk and feed.

It was my job to feed the piglet and learn it to walk. This took a while, and the piglet soon became my pet pig.

When it got too big, it had to go outside. It would follow me everywhere. Coming every day, pushing the gate open, to get its milk.

Eventually it had to go to market to be sold.

I bought a nice watch with the money.



As I got older I had jobs to do.

One of the jobs was collecting the free range eggs and cleaning them.

