



George Fox

(150 words, no sentence more than 7 words)

Georgie watched as the swell passed 'Matilda'.
The unbroken horizon seemed strange.
He much preferred rolling green England.
Mucking out 'tween-decks was a pain.
Stud cattle were couped up and restless.
They'd enough of the rolling and pitching.
The two months aboard seemed near endless.
And yet there were weeks still foreboding.
The worries only seemed to be growing.
The feed and fresh water were lowish.
And some of the kine lacked condition.
And what would George do on arrival?
Not remain at Mount Derrimut farm.
Georgie wanted to travel Australia.
Get away from unscrupulous bosses.
He'd enough of those Poor House restrictions.
Being boss on his own, now his aim.
Bendigo gold was a prospect.
Perhaps he should go and dig there.
But draught horses were his prime motivation.
Teams traipsing on long roads, not paddocks.
First, deliver the cattle in good health.
Get off the ship gently in Sandridge.
Work slowly through Melbourne outskirts.
Avoid mud on Mt Macedon Road.
Mt Derrimut stud dairy's not far.
Settle cows, the calves and big bulls.
With the stock that are already there.
Morton's all very grateful to Georgie.
'Come stay with the family in Richmond'.
Grateful thanks for the services rendered.
'Now, who's got knowledge on horse teams?'
Richard Morton was full of suggestions.
'Little Lonsdale has liveries, they'll know.
The Mansergh's being first one I'd try.'
'Try old Jackie Johnstone,' said Manserghs.
'He's eight heavies all in good harness.

Bit cranky and slow, but he's square.
He should be back around about Friday.
Come back about then if you care.'
George found the Mission and Chapel.
Thanked God for the good things received.
But muddy slush and people annoyed him.
He was fretting for country unseen.
On Friday, he went and met Jackie.
Tired and cranky he was, but perceptive.
His words they came slowly and wide-spaced.
'Look after these horses till Monday.'
With further asides hard to catch.
'The Mansergh's won't mind if you stay.'
'The loose-boxes have seen many hard-ups.'
'The family will give you some bread.'
That's all that young George needed hearing.
'We'll load up new stuff at Newmarket'.
'Then be off as soon as we can'.
George worked for Jackie for two years.
He branched on his own after that.
Then the railway it ruined the teamsters.
So farming at Kyneton seemed best.
Georgie and Jean settled down there.
And felt they were mightily blessed.

(404 words)

(One sentence at least 300 words)

Try as he might, George Fox had difficulty following the sequence of events which led to his being on the 'Matilda' bound for Australia, because as he knew, he was an orphan whose blacksmith father Thomas had died, and whose destitute mother Ann had handed him over to the Parish Poor House of 190 residents in Milnthorpe, which wasn't anywhere near the house where he was born in Slelmergh, near Kendal, County of Westmorland, in the Lake District of Yorkshire, but which was where he had lived for the last 15 years, being dependent on the good graces of the local parishioners who expected to see some return for their charity, so he had gone to work as a general farm hand or dogsbody for local farmers, until he got a proper job and became a stable boy for Lancelot Steele in the Parish of Strickland Kettle, Ecclesiastical District of Cheston, County of Westmorland, Yorkshire, before being approached by Richard Morton, another local landowner, this time from Skelsmergh, George's home village, to become a herdsman for his prize Shorthorn dairy cattle, as some of them were to be shipped to Australia to fortify the stud herd which the family had established in Mount Derrimut, just north west of the newly established township of Melbourne in the Port Phillip Bay district of New South Wales, as they wanted to then employ George as herdsman while they were aboard the ship, in return for which he would get free passage and guaranteed work at the dairy, but George wanted to follow his own mind when they got to the new colony, as he

really loved draught horses, with all their paraphernalia, including the well made and maintained harness, although the need for blacksmithing and veterinary services could become a strain on the budget, unless he had well paid work, such as being the owner of his own team transporting from Melbourne to the booming gold fields such as Ballarat, Bendigo and Beechworth, as he'd heard that most of the able bodied men of the Port Phillip District had given up their usual work and had traipsed to the gold fields to become diggers; not many of them were successful at this, but there was considerable work for the carters who supplied the fields with groceries, especially flour and tea, from their wagons, which were sometime drawn by bullocks, but in George's opinion were better drawn by draught horses, as they were more friendly and had a sense of family with their team mates as well as with the teamster, so as soon as George had delivered the Morton's stud cattle to the Mt Derrimut property, he could become free to pursue his dream, for which the Morton's were only too happy to assist with information on where to obtain the best advice; so after providing George with initial accommodation at their mansion in Richmond, they suggested that he try the Mansergh's Livery in Little Lonsdale Street West, as they not only had large stables, but the senior Mansergh was a vet who had trained in Ireland, and therefore knew which teamsters were the most appreciative of their horses.

(526 words)