



# Off-the-Grid

## Time for a Spring Clean

It's always a good time to get rid of unsightly rubbish, but some items, such as old cars are difficult - too big for the tip and hard to relocate. Now the barge crew are offering to come to our rescue. They will pick up and take away old bombs that are lying around, rusting and spoiling the view. If the car has wheels and is moveable there is **no cost**. If it is less mobile there will be a nominal charge to cover the time and effort of getting it off the property.

The old relics will then be partially crushed, taken off the island and delivered to a scrap metal merchant for recycling. Problem solved. Thank you barge crew.

Welcome to Off-the-Grid.

# Bridge Over Waters



Here is a clever combination of old and new. A large stone was installed to mark the occasion long-time islander, friend to many and Coast Road resident, Rose Scott, opened the new bridge across Tankerton Creek. Now a symbolic enclosure has been added, using timber salvaged from the old bridge, to create its own memorial.

For the practical purpose of crossing the creek in safety, the new concrete structure cannot be beaten, but for charm and visual appeal, the new enclosure, is a winner. It is in a prominent position and will make a great place for a photo, could even be decorated, to mark Christmas or other special occasions. It seems we have the best of both worlds.

By the time you read this (weather permitting), reflectors, also taken from the old bridge, will have been added to the posts – a nice touch. The old timbers have been repaired and repainted ensuring they last well, and flowering natives will be planted around the base.

Judging by the size of that rock, Rose's presence on the island is going to outlast us all... by a country mile.

## A Fond Farewell



She was our favourite crew member and skipper, on the ferry that connects us to the mainland. Emily helped with our luggage, cared for our kids, tolerated our dogs, understood our peculiarities, and always had a smile.

But now she has gone, to Queensland of all places, to work on tugboats for heaven's sake, even become a tugboat skipper! Wow! Good travels Emily, you're a wonderful person.

P.S. After many islanders held a farewell for Emily, she got stuck in Victoria due to travel restrictions. Waiting to get to Queensland, you still may be able to catch a last glimpse of her driving the boat.

# Grand Final?

What the hell is going on in this game – **Big V** versus the **COVID Germs**?

We started well and were in control for much of the first half, but the **Germs** came back after the long break and are dominating contests across the field. They seem to have a million designated forwards, kicking goals from all angles.

This is not to criticise our defence. Quite frankly they are our best performing players, under massive pressure. They try to shut down the **Germs** at every opportunity. Not pretty but it's the best tactic we've got.

Our medics are total heroes, but they did find it very hard to provide medical assistance, with vaccines arriving so late in the game. The forwards keep trying to kick goals, but are getting swamped.

Our main problem is running midfielders, some are running in the wrong direction, it's as if they want to score for the opposition. Certainly not the sharpest tools in the shed. When this game is over many players will need to take a cold hard look at themselves, ask the tough questions, 'Was I a useful contributor? Could I have helped more? Am I part of the **Big V**, or am I playing for the **La La Llamas**?'

The cheer squad has also become a concern. They are good at making banners and revving up the crowd, but they don't contribute on the field. It's not their bodies on the line. Some keep chanting nonsense to the voices in their head, treating this as a career opportunity, not a must-win game. As if the world is an uncertain place and it's all a bit frightening.

Mistakes have been made, not all tactics worked, or keep working, but we're getting there. We need to adjust to changing conditions. We need commitment. We will win this game! WE ALWAYS WIN! We just don't need massive injuries and loss of players in the process.

Post-match reviews come later. Everyone needs to know who they could depend on when the going got tough. Who were the goal kickers, and who were the grandstanders?

Remember this is a minor premiership, not the final. The big game will come when the weather warms up. We need to remain focussed on playing as a team. My grandfather was an actual premiership player and he said, "A champion team will always beat a team of champions." We need to be that champion team, working together.

We can do this Victoria! **Go the Big V!!!**

## Persevere and Prosper

Perseverance Primary school is making a comeback. Last year there were three students, this year six, and next year eight or nine. Enrolments are looking up.

It is a well-resourced educational facility, with well-appointed buildings and classrooms, plenty of modern technology, abundant art supplies, plentiful sporting and playground equipment, plus a committed teaching staff. Many suburban schools can only dream of having all these assets, on a per student basis.

They also have clever ways of integrating socially and educationally with Crib Point Primary on the mainland – when COVID restrictions don't get in the way. It is very impressive.



Michael Illman recently donated this impressive and popular swing. Perseverance also won a grant from Woolworths to build a frog bog and bee attracting garden area, enhancing their outdoor teaching environment.

In amongst all this development is a wonderful mosaic - a detailed map of the island, showing plants and creatures that live here. It has a chicory kiln and the barge bringing a car over.



This incredible piece of visual story-telling has apparently been ignored for years and does need a little maintenance. It is worth it. The level of detail and skill displayed is outstanding - a valuable monument for the school and the island. The photo doesn't do it justice.



# No Bridge

There is no bridge  
to the island, where we live  
and the ferry's at the mercy of the tides and the wind.  
Locals like it, nice and quiet  
dodgy cars with wonky lights.

People are few, homes far apart  
isolated by paddocks, gnarly park,  
swamps, mozzies and two types of snake,  
the ones you see early [the ones too late]

Some people farm,  
some it's hard to say what  
bit of this, bit of that  
general store, grab a slab  
CFA, cricket team  
many you just never see.

Paul's a genius with his plants  
got magic dirt.  
Plants one seed ten will grow.  
rhubarb, garlic, Russian tomatoes.  
Grow so much, creates a glut  
but that's ok, Paul gives lots of stuff away.

Lois has chooks, ducks and Guinea fowl  
[They're crazy birds running round]  
She gives eggs to those in need  
Helps out, where she can,  
at five foot none  
she's a real island gem.

A while back  
employees in the national park,  
got busted growing grass.  
Watering it with the fire trucks.  
They've gone now but the growing won't stop,  
it's not that hard  
there are no cops,

We have a form of self-regulation.  
Hoons came over on weekends,  
nicking stuff, speeding round.  
One day they turned up, found  
their cars slightly crushed.  
Could have been a front-end loader.  
Hard to tell. No-one knows.  
[They got the point.]

Rose's old man's gone, he's still missed,  
not forgotten.  
She unpicked his clothes and shared the zips.  
She's doing well at 85  
rides her mower, four-wheel-drives.  
The weather here can get pretty wild.

A wind kicks up across the bay  
on the pier it's a gale.  
Sea birds screaming, white caps spray  
Winter rains hit low and hard  
sallow wattles break in half.  
That's when you know, you're off the grid,  
there is no bridge  
and the ferry's at the mercy  
of the tides and the wind.

2018



## One More Thing

**Off-the-Grid** is produced on the traditional lands of the Bunurong people.

We acknowledge their connection to this land  
and pay respect to their elders, past, present and future.

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Editor - Alan Pentland

There is no such thing as zero.