

I concentrated on the inner northern suburbs: Kensington, Flemington, Moonee Ponds, Essendon; Carlton, Brunswick, Coburg; Clifton Hill, Northcote, Fairfield, Thornbury. Everything I looked at was too small, or too expensive, or too grotty, or too far from a tramline — some all of those things. Big house near tram stop, I kept saying to agents, and they kept sending me to tiny houses with six little rooms, two kilometres from a railway station. On 3 June an agent said he had just the place for us, at Kingsbury. Where's Kingsbury? I said. Near La Trobe, he said. Too far out! I said. But there's a tram stop almost at the door, he said. Big deal, I thought. On Saturday 6 June we looked at a wonderful old house, beautifully renovated, opposite Coburg Lake. The bloke who took us through said he'd put us on the list and let us know on Tuesday (Monday was a holiday). We wanted that place, but kept looking. On Monday we looked at a house in Preston, which was awful, and I said to Sally we might just as well go on, since we were on Plenty Road, and see what Kingsbury looked like. We used to have Sunday School picnics out here, I said; of course it was all bush in those days. We drove into Clunes

Life goes on. Dylan has spent a lot of time at the Pascoe Vale Veterinary Hospital and seems to have survived yet another fatal cat disease. Sally spends two hours a day on trams, reading. I'm getting a bit of work, but I spend a lot of time watching cockatoos: they like our back yard, and come visiting, twenty at a time. Fascinating.