

Chapter 1

'I win,' shouted Dad. 'I'm the winner. Look, Zac. I really did win.'

Dad had been grumpy, sorting his mail and complaining about all the bills, but suddenly he was yelling and jumping up and down, waving a letter about and grinning from ear to ear.

'What did you win, dear?' asked Mum.

'The quiz. I entered the quiz that was in the Drains Weekly. It was all about pipes and drains.'

'Nobody knows more about drains than you do, Dad,' I said.

'No, Zac, you are right. I am the drains champ. The pipes star. The gutter victor.'

‘But what did you win, Dad?’ asked my big sister. ‘A car? Will you teach me to drive?’

‘A bike?’ I asked.

‘A holiday?’ sighed my mother.

‘I hope it’s some cash,’ Dad muttered, ‘to pay all those bills. But let me see. Hmm...’

He kept reading. We waited.

‘Oh,’ he said and frowned, ‘It seems that the prize is ... a cow.’

‘A cow?’

‘A real cow?’

‘Perhaps it’s a spelling mistake. It should be a ... ‘

‘No, no, it really is a cow,’ said Dad. ‘I have to go and claim it today.’

‘Where?’ asked Mum.

‘At Bounty Bay. Good, I have been

thinking of having a drive down there. Do you all want to come?’

‘I am working in my cake shop,’ said Mum.

‘I am going out with my boyfriend,’ said my sister.

‘Seems like it will just be you and me, Zac,’ Dad told me.