

It's finally stopped raining and things have almost completely dried out. It's meant that the last month of Spring is a lot about catching up before the heat of summer rears its ugly head.

The biggest achievement of recent weeks has been getting the sheep shorn. It is a necessary annual task, which I hate with a passion and catastrophise all the details in the lead up time. This year was particularly challenging as with all the mud about I had to improvise where the shearing could be done as there was no way the shearer was going to be able to drive up to the sheep's night shed where they have been shorn since the sanctuary was created in 2001. Instead I corralled them in a small yard I have off my courtyard near the house which is usually reserved for newcomers' introduction. There was some bribery involved with getting the woollies to enter the space but they did so and the rest is history.



Shearing aside I've also been playing mother hen to yet another lot of chicks born into the world through one of those ridiculous school hatching projects. So far so good, though it will be a while before these bubs can venture out on their own.

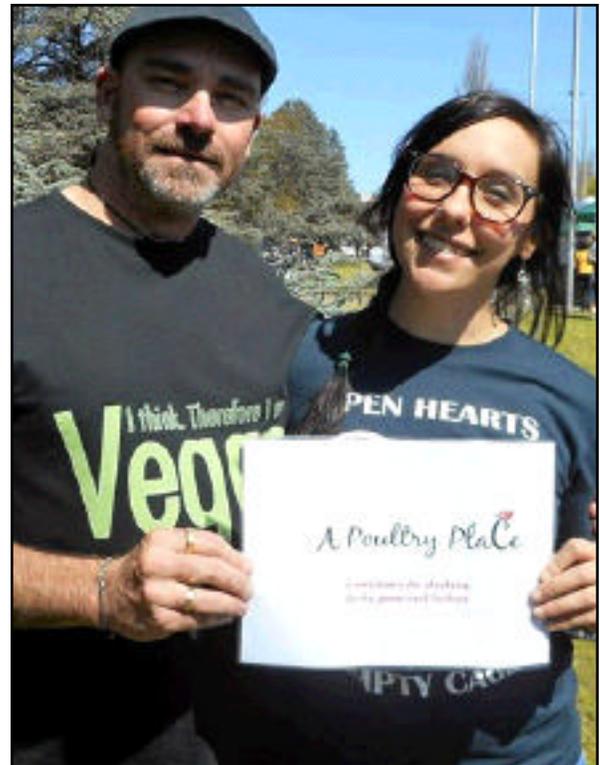
Thankfully the parent who contacted me for help successfully lobbied the school for these bubs to be handed over to A Poultry Place rather than be "returned to the farm" as often happens with such bubs when the so-called lesson is done, and has got assurances there will be no such future projects undertaken. A small victory!

There's also been the usual flurry of requests to take in roosters only to have people get abusive when I started asking questions or they can't be arsed to transport them to me. Thankfully I've been able to take in a few including four from a council shelter in Sydney. The four (who I'm guessing are also hatching off-casts) were dumped at the shelter overnight and left roaming around the shelter's carpark. Of course efforts by some of the concerned staff to find homes were unsuccessful – *"we don't live in country or semi-country, no one wants them and our boss has given them until this Wednesday to find somewhere to go, otherwise they may have to be put to sleep,"* wrote the staffer who contacted me. *"I wanted to ask for your help as I know you have a lot already, but I thought you may know a sanctuary that will take them? As a vegan myself, I'd be heartbroken, if they get put down. I am the only one that can go in there to clean their kennels and feed them, they attack others as they have no experience - I have rescued ex battery hens for 12 years. So I know how to handle them. I have been going in on my day off to do them also"* As I had space in the rooster introduction area I agreed and this foursome is slowly getting to know their new friends.

Two new hens, Betty and Ruby, arrived after their human's life circumstances were changing and she was determined to find them a new home where they would not be exploited but instead happy. *"One of my sons convinced me to buy three chickens a couple of years ago. He has since moved out of home, leaving me to be the sole carer. As much as I enjoy having them in my backyard, I have recently retired*

and intend to be travelling overseas. One of my girls died recently, leaving me with two little girls that need to go to a new home." Ruby and Betty are now part of a flock of 13 who are being introduced to a flock of 16 before all integrate with the main chicken flock.

In early October I enjoyed yet another great Living Green Festival. The A Poultry Place photo exhibition entitled Please Eggsplained and "hosted by" Pauline the hen took centre stage at the festival venue – the Albert Hall in Canberra. The exhibition, which focused on the treatment of chickens by the egg industry also acted as the unveiling of the A Poultry Place logo – yes almost 16 years after the sanctuary started there is now a logo! Colleague and friend Ale designed the simple, yet striking (okay I may be biased) logo for my little land of make believe which I really liked as it looks like a signature. Many commented how clever it was to incorporate the C as a chicken silhouette..



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