



## **UPDATE DECEMBER 2018**

Yes it's been a while between updates I know. Things have been hectic, and rather stressful to be honest in recent months, due to the ongoing drought creating all sorts of issues. Sadly, the drought continues with little rain forecast during the next month or even the whole of summer.

Towards the end of November the sheep were finally shorn – they usually get their makeovers in early October but the guy who shears them has been battling with his own drought-related stuff and the one time he was going to come and do them was the one day in the past two months it actually rained – yeah I know how ironic!

Included in the shearing process was a new face – Little One (seen at front pic right) as I have come to call him, who only arrived a few weeks back having been rescued by some well-meaning but ill-prepared people and then left indefinitely at a friend's home. Said friend wanted Little One to be with some of his own kind and having no sheep asked if he could come here. He is slowly beginning to trust me and is almost completely accepted by the others of his kind.



The drought impact is making it harder to source feed supplies and get deliveries, as the guy who delivers stuff needs to have a full load to make it worth his while. Given he can't source hay for his other customers means I have to wait. The local stockfeeds store also had been having issues getting supplies and my regular monthly delivery of pellets is now only a half delivery at a time.

Summer is upon us and already we have had a number of days where the temperature was 30 degrees or more and it is times like this that I'm glad I invested the time and energy into planting and nurturing 600-plus trees here when I was establishing the sanctuary.

The Easter Monday truck crash survivors have already discovered under one of them is the coolest place to spend the day. Those who remain have celebrated eight months of liberation here, which is like old-age for them as their kind are usually killed at just seven weeks of age. As chickens bred for their meat, these guys and gals really feel the heat because of their exaggerated body growth.



Almost eight months ago I got a call asking if I could take in some day-old chicks who had been rescued from a truck crash site by caring members of the public. I didn't hesitate, even though I knew many of them probably would not survive given the trauma they had gone through. And worse still, apart from the accident, I was told later that many had been buried alive as part of the "clean up" operation by authorities and their rescuers had literally dug them out .... Such is how these birds, created to be someone's roast are thought of – they are just chickens..... Eight months on they have lived five times their intended lifespan. They are all enjoying the life of a chicken now because some lovely people gave

a damn – I will always be grateful for them because of that. I recently hosted a group of communication students from one of the nearby universities who are putting together a short documentary on the entire episode, which will hopefully become another tool to help educate the general public about issues surrounding chicken farming. The documentary can viewed on You Tube – just type *140 Documentary* into the You Tube search bar.

Of course rehoming requests continue to come in but at the moment I am really limited to being able to help out. Of course as usual most are about rehoming roosters and I know my inability to help out means death. It's guilt I have to live with on an almost everyday basis – but I can't take everyone in. Again some people are critical of my refusal and get abusive which is unwarranted given I did not create their problem in the first place. Even worse is when criticism is flung at you by people who are supposedly on your side. These are usually keyboard activists who have no real understanding of how an animal sanctuary operates, nor I'm guessing would be willing to get their hands dirty by lending a hand here.



I have helped out when I can – like taking in five chicks from yet another school hatching project in mid-September and two hens who were rescued after being found wandering in suburbia.

As we head into the festive season I can't help but wonder about all the additional beings who will be slaughtered in order for people to "celebrate" at such times I'm lucky because I can wander outside and sit with some of the turkeys who reside here amongst us and commiserate with them about their lost brothers and sisters. You can check out this year's Twelve Days of Christmas project via the A Poultry Place facebook page.



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