

The secret of Yesterday Hills

'Is that it?' Janice leaned over Perry for a better view as the little twin-engine plane began another descent.

'You ask that every time we put down,' Perry grumbled. 'There's another hour yet.'

'I don't think I'll get out this time for a bit of a stretch,' Janice yawned.

When the plane took off again only three passengers remained, men in wide-brimmed hats. Bits of conversation drifted down the aisle. 'Over 20 000 head . . . if this drought keeps up . . . heartbreak corner . . .'

Separated by the narrow aisle, the twins stared glumly out at the few wisps of clouds. They tuned in silently to each other's thoughts, out of habit.

They could have taken us, Perry was thinking for the umpteenth time since

they had left Melbourne that morning and changed at Brisbane for their stay in south-west Queensland. *Then we'd be jetting to London, instead of some crummy little town beyond the black stump—wherever that is!*

'You'll love it,' their parents had said, 'seeing more of Australia. We can't take you with us. It's a business trip.'

Six months, Janice thought bleakly. *With some great-aunt we haven't seen since we were babies. Some old witch woman who'll forget to turn on her hearing aid, I bet.*

Witch woman! Perry grinned as the twins' thoughts tuned in to each other again. He wasn't too worried about some old great-aunt. But a new school . . . Perry was frowning.

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