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Picture: KERI MEGELUS

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MONDAY, MAY 20

DARWIN FREE UNIVERSITY - BEYOND THE FACTORY FLOOR PANEL DISCUSSION

Darwin Free University is exploring concepts of work and labour for our May theme - Beyond the Factory Floor. Come and hear from a panel of speakers, each covering a different aspect of working life from its trials and struggles to its possibilities for reorganisation. **6pm at Darwin Community Arts. FREE**

TUESDAY, MAY 21

HAPPY YESS AGM

The Darwin music and arts community is invited to attend the Happy Yess Inc. 2019 Annual General Meeting. Happy Yess calls for nominations to the board. Young people are encouraged to nominate. Visit the Happy Yess website for nomination form and proposal to make changes to constitution. **5.30pm at Happy Yess. FREE**

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22

NURSERYTIME

Babies absorb information and react to sound and touch and the voice of their loved ones reading to them. Nurserytime involves songs, puppets, nursery rhymes and movement chosen specifically to enhance your baby's early literacy development. Sessions are suitable for children aged 0-1 year. **10am at Palmerston Library. FREE**

THURSDAY, MAY 23

DEADLY DARWIN COMEDY

The inaugural Deadly Darwin Comedy features five Aboriginal comedians who are dead keen to launch humour into their communities, just like The Commitments did but hopefully with a lot more success. But no matter what the outcome, the important thing is to stay hydrated. All five performers have competed in the National Deadly Funny competition, with Richard Fejo and Micah Kickett past NT Winners. Featuring: Richard Fejo, Mica Kickett, Normie Grogan, June Mills & Lynette Hubbard. **7pm at Brown's Mart. \$20**

FRIDAY, MAY 24

NT NEWS LIVE ON FRIDAYS

Brown's Mart continues to present its popular Friday afternoon live music program from May to October, providing a laidback music scene suitable for all ages, at one of the best outdoor venues in town. This week Kyle Maher will perform. **4.30pm at Brown's Mart Courtyard. FREE**

SATURDAY, MAY 25

MEMORIAL FOR BALANG LEWIS

A headstone ceremony will be held for renowned Territory actor and musician Balang Lewis, who passed away suddenly a year ago this month. Following the memorial, there will be a Concerts on Country in Beswick. **2pm memorial and 7pm concert in Beswick. TICKETS FOR THE CONCERT START AT \$65**

SUNDAY, MAY 26

THE ART OF MOSAIC

Create a personalised piece of mosaic art for your home or garden with Ingrid Gersmanis. Manufactured tiles or tiles previously made in 'The Magic Garden' course can be used to complete your mosaic project. **1pm at Tactile Arts. \$135**



ANGELA MOLLARD OPINION



MOVING DAY Moving house is always difficult, but it's the people who make the home

WE had bought them on our first holiday together to Italy 23 years ago. Two chunky bread boards from a tiny village in Tuscany which we took home to our respective flats. In time we moved in together and the two sat side by side in our kitchen, moving with us as we changed countries and jobs and homes.

Last week, five years almost to the day after we separated, my husband and I divided up the possessions in our family home. What could have been a painful exercise was strangely precious. He left a piece of art I'd given him because our daughters love it; in return, I gifted him the better of the two bread boards. Even though we as a couple had ended, it heartened me that those slabs of hardwood would sit on our respective benchtops, a lasting emblem of us.

Then I got on with moving house. It was always going to be a challenging day, made more demanding when the Duke and Duchess of Sussex announced the birth of their son in the early hours of the morning.

I've carved out a sideline commentating on the royals so before I could lift a single box I was in the Channel Seven studios then recording a podcast on all things baby.

I'd left out one dress. Blue. It was luck rather than design.

From there, it was a catalogue of mishaps. Settlement was delayed due to the vendor's bank and it was 1pm before I received the keys to the tiny rundown cottage I've bought.

Inside, the bare bulbs and sloping floors served as a flimsy stage as my house move

unfolded like a Shakespearean tragi-comedy where everything that could go wrong did go wrong. There was even a fool. Me.

First up, a huge potted frangipani I'd nurtured for 18 months snapped in half.

The extension cords I'd purposefully left out went missing.

I knocked a cup of coffee over the kitchen floor and, having forgotten to eat, was so brain-befuddled I left the radio on in the car, draining the battery.

Packed with clothes which I'd decided to move myself, I faced carrying them round to the new pad on foot or by wheelbarrow. Midway through that disaster, my daughter rang.

She'd locked the set of keys I'd given her in the new house. Did I have another one? No, I'd given her the entire bunch.

Oh, and did I mention it was dusk?

And that the cat, which I'd transported so carefully and shut in the laundry, had escaped?

With visions of our family pet squashed on the road and us sleeping in the gutter, I burst into tears.

But as night fell, for every challenge that sprung up, someone or something stepped in to solve it.

My old neighbours spotted me sobbing by the car and gave me a hug.

They then whipped out some jump leads, started my car and suggested I park the clothes-laden vehicle in their carpark. "It'll give you one less thing to worry about," they said kindly.

The real estate agent had no more keys to the new pad but he offered to drive over and help me find a way in.

A friend lent me his car and as I waited outside a van from the fanciest local florist drove down the street.

At least I live in a street where people receive flowers, I consoled myself. And with that out of the van emerged the most gorgeous bunch of blooms I've ever seen. "Are you Angela?" enquired the driver. They were for me!

The agent turned up 15 minutes later and found a way in, proving he's either a burglar or simply has a detailed knowledge of the properties he's selling.

A friend two streets over demanded I pop in for a bowl of pasta. "Eat and run," she said.

And I did, arriving at Bunnings just as it was closing. A staff member directed me to the extension cords and remembered me from a previous visit.

"How did that deck stain work out?" he asked, and not for the first time I thought how our banks could learn a thing or two about customer service.

At 11pm I was back at our old house, vacuuming.

As I moved through the rooms of the only house I'd ever owned and where my children have lived all their lives I finally understood why a house move is so wrenching.

I rang my best friend in England. "Thank the house for all it's given you then shut the door," she said. "You are your children's home."

A week later, all is well. The sun floods into my new home, the neighbours have been old-school welcoming and my girls are laughing as I write.

I can't find the Italian bread board but I trust it'll turn up. If not, I'll find another one. Bread will be sliced and new memories will be made.

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