

GRAPE EXPECTATIONS



Rusden Good Shepherd Cabernet Malbec 2012, \$38. The good book, good son, good oil, Goodies, the Good Shepherd is in good company and would be good with any of the above. It's all good...specially with shepherds. 9/10.

Mardi Gras aftermath

Max
Crus



T^WAS the night after Mardi Gras when all through the house no creature stirred, except Gruntley who had doggie dementia.

Some of us like pyjamas, others birthday suits, and that's how it was when awoken at 2am to Gruntley's faint, persistent scuffling.

It takes time to identify night noises, such as paws on a toilet floor. Gruntley, some hours ago, had wandered in, bumped the door and locked himself in.

Feeling my way to the loo in darkness and opening the door, I hardly noticed his uncharacteristic eagerness to be liberated.

But I did notice the smell which hit with the overwhelming force. Was I dreaming? It was a nightmare.

Still uncomprehending, as one is inclined at 2am, I flicked the light and barefooted, stepped one foot into the loo. Suddenly the smell was the least of my concerns.

It took moments to comprehend, but poor Gruntley, trapped, had answered the urgent call of nature – in both

senses – in the correct place, albeit on the floor.

Unable to escape he had successfully trampled it evenly across the whole floor simultaneously unfurling a whole roll of toilet paper into the mess, alas offering no discernible benefit.

Immediately it dawned, at 2am, Gruntley was traversing the rest of the house with paws covered in what lay before me.

It was hard to know where to start, so stunned inaction seemed appropriate.

Resigned to the horror and still in my birthday (Mardi Gras?) suit, I hopped quietly to

fetch the mop, consolately grateful for timber floors.

Meanwhile Ms L. had awoken to the commotion, flicked the light on to see my bed empty, and clothes beside it.

Nervously she approached the scene, only to see her beloved, stark naked, mop in hand and a foul stench and visage emanating from the toilet.

Gruntley, inconveniently, was nowhere to be seen and the only dementia on Ms L's mind was my own.

Sometimes "It's not what it seems", seems so lame. Cheers and happy Mardi Gras.

MAX'S PICKS



Windowrie Cowra The Mill Chardonnay
VINTAGE: 2014
PRICE: \$18
RATING: 8.4/10

2014 seems so young for a chardonnay – well, any wine apart from riesling and sav blanc and a couple of others – and it shows and is perfectly suited to the task.



(Littore) St Andrews Imperial Reserve Shiraz
VINTAGE: 2013
PRICE: \$6
RATING: 8.4/10

Whenever I see "Imperial" I think soap and "Tahiti looks nice....Simon, Tahiti". They could have had a glass of this too.



Windowrie Hilltops The Mill Cabernet Merlot
VINTAGE: 2013
PRICE: \$18
RATING: 8.7/10

Stupidly easy to drink wines frequently they involve cab and merlot. But there's no need to be stupid about it.



Rusden 'Christine's Vineyard, Grenache
VINTAGE: 2012
PRICE: \$40
RATING: 8.9/10

Try saying Vine Vale Vignerons 10 times, and you'll be ready for a glass of this. Luscious and lovely Grenache, even more so if your name is Christine.



(Littore) St Andrews Imperial Reserve Chardonnay Pinot Noir
VINTAGE: NV
PRICE: \$6
RATING: 9/10

(Perhaps the "Imperial Reserve" moniker overwhelmed Ms L, she reckoned this was the bees knees, Monica.



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