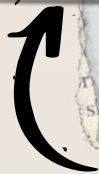


The Voss Sisters



Photo Album

We advise you read the book first
as the following...



may contain

spoilers!

This is a gift for readers of THE SISTER TRIP.

It is not for sale. The following images, artistic image creations are created by the author, from Mel A Rowe's private collection. The pictures are of her backyard, the Northern Territory Outback, where this story is set. Please do not share any of these images without the author's consent. Mel wanted to show you how much of this story is real. Enjoy.Xx



Hanging out with
Lottie's Plaid Luggage.



L
O
V
E

Quacker

THE JUVENILE BURDEKIN DUCK

AKA The Radjah shelduck



Plumage: white, head, body, and wing feathers ranging from brown to dark green. Also looks good in plaid.

Doesn't quack, but it whistles, and many other cool noises that make the hoomans laugh.

Habitat: paperbark swamps, billabongs, with brief stopovers in some Topend backyards, and the backseat of a certain blue Ford.

Eats: algae, insects, and hand-fed watermelon by the hooman, Tea.

Listed as a protected bird in all states of Australia.

The fine for interfering with these birds in the Northern Territory is \$80,000 or 5 years jail. I'm not kidding!

The Stuart Highway!

The highway through
Australia's centre.

It went on forever & ever & ever & ever & ever & ever & ever



& ever & ever & ever & ever & ever & ever & ever

& ever & ever & ever & ever & ever & ever & ever & ever & ever



1970
XY Ford Falcon
500



The Car's Story...

Originally owned by an elderly stockman. It was his pride and joy.

He lost the car to a young ringer over a game of Two-up at the back of the Topp Springs pub. The young ringer offered to give it back, but the stockman was forced to retire, due to poor eyesight, and wanted his car to go to a good home.

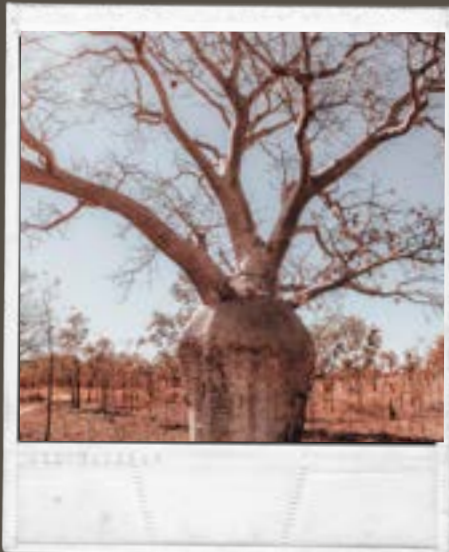
The ringer promised this man he would take care of the car. Driving back to the station he'd been working at, to pack up his swag, and watch Tree Stump Mountain disappear in the car's rearview mirror.

His name was Victor Voss. A man who believed this car was the perfect family car for him. It was his most prized possession until he met his soulmate... Eliza. Victor drove her home from their first date, their wedding, and the hospital carrying his first child, Tea.

His dream was to make Sunday family days for this car.

It still remains part of the Voss family, still used for family days.

The Outback



Some favourite places from the book...



Full of
tiny
spikes!

Ouch!?!

The Cousin IT trees

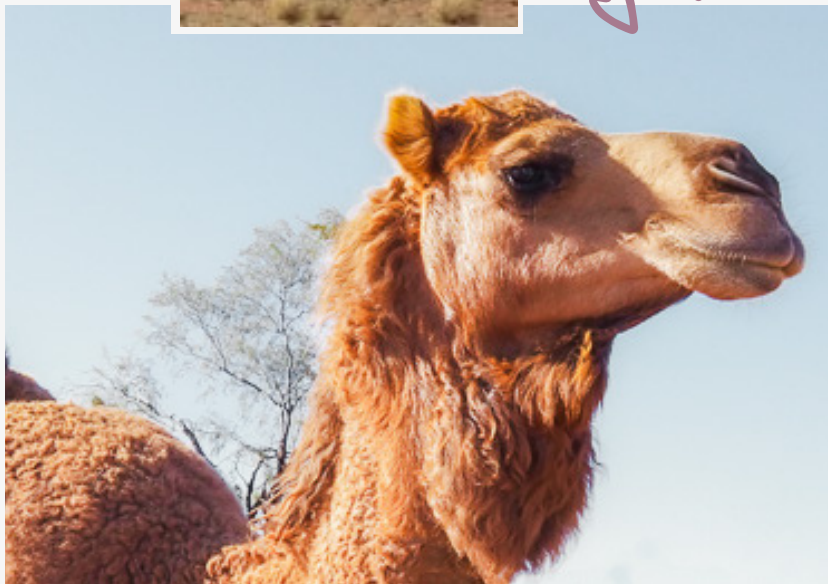
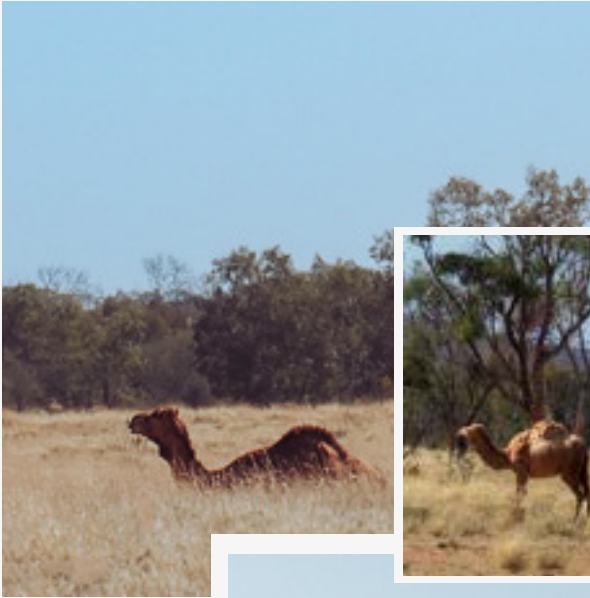




and fall in love with it.
holiday

The Devil's Marbles...
Down the road from Rusty's Roadhouse

Buttercup!



Our Queen of the outback desert!



Nicknamed by the locals,
it's an outback highway
that really exists

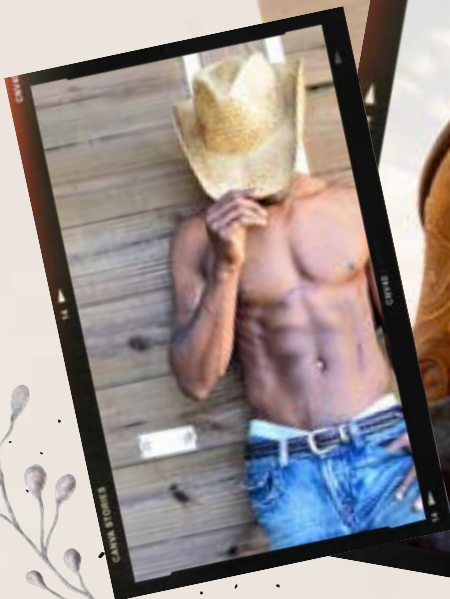
USE WITH EXTREME CAUTION

we're being serious

What we learned....

- Cornflour works on prickly heat
- Foot-Falcon stands for walking

• And Devin is...

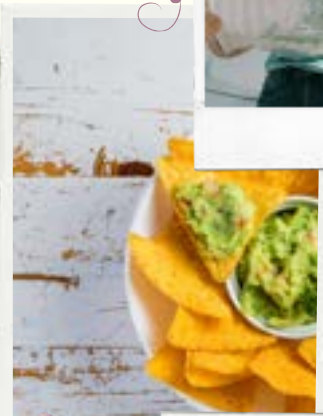


all the feels



To read more.... tap on these links:

- How to make Tea's famous Campfire Nachos
- How to play the game of Two-up
- Listen to the play list
- To learn about Musters
- What is a Swag



Visit

MelAROWE.com

Thanks for
Reading



Before you go, be sure to leave a
review of this story at your
favourite bookstore [HERE>>](#)

It means a lot to the author.

Lottie & Tea Voss





MelAROWE.com



Outback Author



Hey There!

I'm Mel A. Rowe

I'm an Australian Bestselling Author, who creates escapes for today's busy women to enjoy from the comforts of their homes. Is that you?

My stories come with a dash of drama, witty humour and quirky family units, as I'm known for reinventing romantic versions of *home*, taking common characters on uncommon journeys that lead from boardrooms to billabongs as they try to find their own HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

Living in the Northern Territory, I enjoy random outback road trips, fumbling with my camera (that fills this photo album), while annoying my amazing family with my bad singing. It's a shocker, trust me. But I do enjoy making new friends in the middle of nowhere—except for water buffalos. I've been chased by a few.

I look forward to sharing more stories with you soon.

mel
A. ROWE