



2. *The First Days Ride*

It didn't take long before the boys had settled into their first days ride. "This is the life" thought Red, imagining how long it would take to hop all the way from Perth to Kalgoorlie. Bang on midday, Red started thinking about lunch. The last time Red had passed this way, he had noticed a large collection of trucks parked outside the Yellowdine Roadhouse. He had even written a little ditty to amuse himself while riding along:

They must do good tucker
at the Yellowdine Roadhouse,
There are more truckies
than the eye can see.
Must mark it on my road map
and write it in my diary,
Next year when I'm travellin'
I will stop for tea.

"Yellowdine, that's where we'll stop for lunch" Red shouted to himself.

They were all ravenous when they arrived at Yellowdine. Red had sung his little ditty at least 100 times and was

nearly frothing at the mouth with anticipation. What Red had overlooked was typically, truckies are not vegetarians. The menu read: Hamburger and Chips; Steak Burger and Chips; Steak, Egg and Chips; Mixed Grill; The Big All Day Breakfast.

Dog and Devil had never looked happier. They ordered an extra large Flintstone Steak, with runny eggs and a pile of chips, while Red and Bat considered their options. Red whispered to Bat "it looks like we'll have to go for The Big All Day Breakfast, minus the bacon and sausages." The waitress overheard him and said "sorry Luv, that'll have to be minus the mushrooms, tomato and baked beans as well as we have just run out." "I don't suppose there's any chance of a plate of roots and leaves then?" asked Bat sarcastically. "What and leaves?" asked the waitress. Red knew when he was beaten. "That'll be two egg and chips then" said Red dejectedly. Dog and Devil roared with laughter, it was going to be the best meal they had eaten in weeks and it

wasn't even their turn to choose the restaurant!

As they bailed out of the roadhouse, Devil was scraping egg from his favourite T Shirt and Bat was explaining to Red how he would need an afternoon nap before hitting the road again. So Bat curled up in the shadow of his Harley and within seconds he was asleep and snoring like an elephant. Red took the opportunity to read another chapter from his book "How to loose your life's savings overnight." Dog and Devil squatted in the shade and talked of bikes and babes.

After only 15 minutes, Red gave Bat a nudge and said "come on matie, you've been asleep for over an hour." Bat woke up with a start, shook himself, rubbed his eyes and said "thanks for letting me have a good hours rest, I feel much better for it." Red just smiled his wry smile and mused to the others, "the power of positive thinking!"

Dog and Devil were already kitted up and creating enough noise to wake the dead. So Bat put his jacket and helmet on as quickly as he could. Luckily he remembered to go through the WEST acronym, as his wallet had fallen out of his pocket when he woke from his afternoon nap. Then they were back on the road again, smiling all the while.

They arrived in Kalgoorlie just on sunset. Before long, the billy was

boiling and a damper was cooking in the big iron pan. Red was stirring a large pot of vegetable stew and Devil was frying mince and onions for himself and Dog to have on the side.

"Will someone please come and help me with my aphrodesic tent" called Bat, struggling with the long tent poles which were getting dangerously close to his Fat Boy. "It's geodesic" cried Red, "geodesic." They all laughed, that special laugh when there is no place you would rather be.

Once the tents were set up and the swags had been rolled out, Red opened "the bar" and they all sat around drinking Lizard Lager and musing over the day's events. When dinner was finally ready, they slurped and sopped their way through what Bat described as a bush banquet and then they turned in for the night, without even the slightest protest from Dog.

When all the lights were out, Red began the good night ritual. "Goodnight Bat," "Goodnight Red;" "Goodnight Red," "Goodnight Dog;" "Goodnight Dog," "Goodnight Devil;" and so it went on, until they had each in turn said good night to one another. Then it all went quiet, except for the sound of the frogs, the crickets and Bat snoring.

Stay cool
The Skink



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