

# The Adventures of Red Dog & Bat Devil

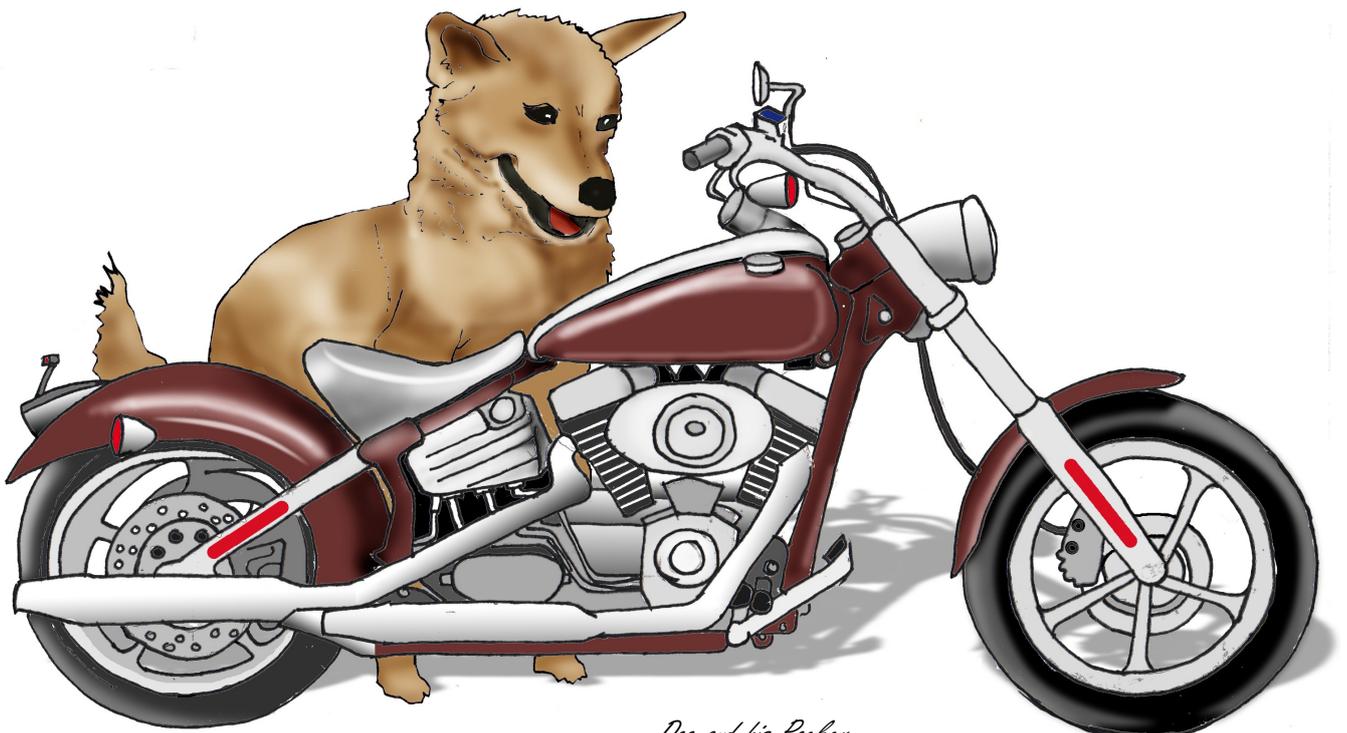


## 4. The Girl with the Long Black Hair

"Let sleeping Bats lie in!" said Dog as he crawled out of his swag the following morning. Bat's Fat Boy looked as if it had recovered from the encounter with the Goulash, even if Bat hadn't. Dog and Devil were still laughing, hysterically at times. "We'll just take it easy today" announced Red. "How about we hit the road, but only do the 200 clicks to Norseman? I've heard the pub does a pizza and a pint for only ten bucks."

So they set about dismantling the tents, rolling up the swags and re-packing the boxes and the saddle bags, sometimes more than once. "Can someone please explain to me why packing up takes three times as long as unpacking?" asked Devil. Nobody answered, because nobody knew.

Just as they were about to leave, Red started obsessing about Kangaroos on the road. Nobody understood why because it was well past 11am when they were ready



*Dog and his Rucker*

to ride out of town. Sometimes Red had a sixth sense and everyone listened. "Point taken" said Devil. Dog and Bat nodded. Red was right about taking extra care. The kangaroo part was wrong though, it was a herd of wild horses galloping down the middle of the road!

"Hardly seems worth pitching the tents for one night" said Dog when they arrived at Norseman. They all agreed and only the swags were rolled out. Even the large camp chairs remained tied to the trailer. Red set up the billy and the little camp stove but that was all. This became known as "the simple setup" and gave them plenty of time to sit in the shade and down a few cans of Lizard Lager.

That evening they walked into town for their pizza at the pub. On a small stage in the beer garden, a young girl was perched on a stool and singing some of her original tunes. She was accompanying herself on an Aussie made Maton guitar. The guitar sat snugly below her perfectly formed breasts. All four pairs of eyes were drawn to her heaving cleavage, hidden suggestively behind a black fish net top. She looked enchanting with her long black hair hanging down to her waist. Her voice was soulful and her delivery so organic she had Dog and Devil mesmerised. "What's a girl like that doing in a place like this?" asked Dog. "Unbelievable isn't it" added Devil, "better songs than the stuff you hear on the radio." She oozed the X factor and even Red and Bat put their beers down when she sang a jazzy number called Optical Illusion.

*When you fall in love with an optical Illusion  
Let the object of that illusion be me.....*

Dog was having an illusion over her even before she sang the song! "I could just about give up my Harley for a woman like that" said Dog quietly. "What, you mean give up your Rocker?" asked Red. "You're off your Rocker!" said Bat, who would much prefer to browse an H-D accessories catalogue than some girly magazine.

During her break she wandered over to say hello, as all four of them had enthusiastically clapped after every song. Dog and Devil were wearing their bandannas so it was fairly obvious motorcycles weren't too far away. It turned out she was into motorcycles too, rode a Sportster. Dog never made a move on her. He would have loved to take her home for just one night but she seemed like a mermaid, untouchable. He preferred to fantasise about what might have been, than to kill the idea with her rejection.

They stayed until closing time. Before she sang her last song she said, "I'm singing this one for you guys, have a safe journey." The she struck up with another original tune, a bluesy number, called Highway Heaven.

*Out for a piece of Highway Heaven,  
Find that space inside my head.  
In the wind on byway seven.  
Surreal and clear, alive or dead?*

They listened intently. On that night, it seemed as though she had written the song just for them. They bought her CD and Highway Heaven became their anthem for the rest of their journey.

Stay cool,  
The Skink



[More Adventures of Red, Dog, Devil and Bat](#)