

The Adventures of Red Dog & Bat Devil



7. Yellow Canary

They didn't arrive at Ceduna until late into the night. Red, Bat and Devil didn't mind riding in the dark, once the roo's had left the road verges, but Dog was left peering into the darkness and hoping for the best. The only thing that eased his discomfort were the heated grips which he had managed to keep secret from everyone else!

The following morning Devil was the first to bail out of his swag. The camp was quiet, so he decided to surprise everyone and hopped on his bike in search of the town Bakery. He could have walked, but walking isn't Devil's style.

Devil parked outside the bakery and before he could even swing his leg over his bike, the local copper wandered over to say hello. "G'day, fancy meeting you in a place like this!" the copper said jokingly. Devil gave him a double take, realised he'd never seen him before in his life but humoured him and said "yes, it's

been a long time, how've you been?" The copper was impressed with Devil's quick wit and shook his hand. Then, as if they were old mates, they talked of bikes; police bikes, H-D's and a speckie MV Augusta owned by the copper.

"O' what a big, fat rear tyre you have" said the copper, "all the better for tempting the Devilettes" said Devil and they both laughed. "Would you mind if I take a photo of your V-Rod, I wouldn't mind a beast like that in my stable one of these days." "Be my guest" said Devil and then he proceeded to curl his whiskers and brush at his white belly stripe so he could look his best for the photo shoot.

After several photographs were taken, the copper reached into his breast pocket and removed a "wanted" photograph of Bald Bob. "Seen anyone matching this dude?" Devil was nearly caught off guard, but he managed to compose himself,

looked at the photograph and said "nope, what's he supposed to have done?" The copper mused "we just want to have a word, no drama." The coppers tone was more serious now they had stopped talking about bikes.

"Well, I'd better get the muffins and head back to camp" said Devil, feeling certain their conversation was over. "O', before you go, nice rear views but aren't they a bit small?" asked the copper. Devil thought he must be joking and sniggered "yep, dynamite comes in small packages!" But the copper's eyes didn't twinkle anymore and he was rummaging around in his trouser pocket for a little tape measure. Devil swallowed hard. Gone was the moment when they had chatted idly about motorcycles. "Em" said the copper after running the tape measure up and down the right rear view half a dozen times. "You know what this means don't you?" Devil knew exactly what it meant but couldn't believe it was happening. He stood in silence while the copper wrote him out a Yellow Canary. "Have a good day" said the copper with a straight face and then he slinked away. Devil stared at the yellow infringement notice in his hand. Subconsciously he started to growl, and he had to fight the urge to chase after him and tear at his

neatly pressed trouser leg. Devil called out "you're a schizo mate!" Luckily the copper had crossed the road and was out of ear shot.

"The boys are never going to believe this" mumbled Devil as he handed over a pile of small change to pay for the muffins. Devil still bought everyone their favourite muffin. There was a triple chocolate chip for Bat, a blueberry for Dog, Red always preferred the laxative effect of a bran and oatmeal and he bought an orange and poppy seed for himself.

Red listened intently while Devil related what had happened. Bat nodded in sympathy while he scoffed down his muffin. "If you don't fancy your muffin, I'll eat it" said Bat, Devil didn't answer. "We'll deal with this in Adelaide" announced Red. "Nice town, shame about the copper" added Dog, then he howled at the full moon which was just about to sink below the horizon.

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