

# The Adventures of Red Dog & Bat Devil



## 8. *The Great White*

After Ceduna the boys took an unexpected detour to Port Lincoln. It all came about when they stopped for fuel at Streaky Bay. Bat wandered into the little museum attached to the servo and was amazed by the size and grandeur of the great white shark display. "Guys" said Bat, "you've got to come and take a look at this." "Come off it" said Devil "we've only just got going!" "Come and check out this great white shark" insisted Bat. "We'd better take a look" said Red, and they all wandered reluctantly into the museum.

Everyone was humbled by the sheer girth of the beast. "Just think how many dudes could fit in that belly" said Dog. "A good one for the Guinness Book of Records" added Devil. "Fancy a swim with the sharks?" asked Bat, "apparently they do tours out of Port Lincoln." And so by nightfall they had set up camp at Port Lincoln in eager anticipation of the following day's events.

In the dead of night Bat sat bolt upright in bed. He had worked out how many chocolate muffins he could buy instead of swimming with the sharks and by morning he was making excuses. Red kept himself awake too, worrying how he could keep his long tail from slipping between the bars of

the cage and becoming a tasty treat for a great white. During breakfast, Devil was sneezing all over his Co-Co Pops and confessed "you'll have to count me out." "Me too" said Bat. "And then there were two!" said Dog.

Red and Dog were waiting to buy tickets right on opening time. "The sooner this is over the better" mumbled Red. "What's that?" asked Dog. "Nothing, nothing" said Red and he forced a smile. A sexy young babe was taking the money. She was a perfectly tanned size eight and Dog noted there must be a nudist beach somewhere near. A short black skirt was hiding a little polka dot bikini and Dog felt a surge of confidence. "Want to swim with the great whites do ya hun?" she asked. Dog was sucked in, hook, line and sinker. "Only thing is" she added, pointing at Red, "we don't have a pair of flippers to fit your size 20 feet." It was the best news Red had heard in a while, but he put on his solemn face and pretended to be disappointed. "You can come along for the boat ride though, no charge."

"The next boat leaves at 10am, you're just in time" said the hostess and she led them down to the quay. "G'Day Sharky" she said; "some punters for you." Sharky was the

captain of one of the town's great white runners. Red and Dog jumped on board, and the hostess said "I'm along for the ride too!" This was both good and bad news for Dog. Good because he would have more opportunities to engage her. Bad because he would have to act the brave, cool, dude. Sharky zoomed out to the "secret location" while Dog rummaged around in a big steel chest for a snorkel, goggles and some flippers. The hostess went through the safety drill and when they were securely moored she said "time to hop in."

Red shook Dog's hand and said "it's been nice knowing you matie," and then Red pushed him in. As Dog flopped into the water he remembered a time long ago when he had visited a whore house with a few mates. A seductive escort had wined and dined them and made them feel like the most important dudes in the world. But when it came time to do the deed, they were taken out back and fed to a pack of great whites, well, they had big rotten teeth and bad breath. And here he was doing it all over again, but for real this time!

They didn't put any bait out; they just lowered Dog into the murky depths and let the show begin. Within minutes three great whites came to check out the best, live, shark bait in the world. They nudged the cage and sharpened their teeth on the bars. Dog wanted to yelp "let me out, let me out" but he knew that sort of behaviour wouldn't improve his chances with the hostess. So he started to do what he does when he's sitting in the dentist's chair; breathe and count. "It's worth it" thought Dog, imagining a night out with the cute hostess, but no matter

how hard he tried he couldn't get the jaws music out of his head. At one point he gave the thumbs up to try and earn himself a few more brownie points. Red peered over the side, "do you think he's had enough?" asked the hostess. "No way" replied Red with a smirk, "give him the full treatment!"

When the ordeal was finally over they raised the cage and Dog slowly climbed out. He was as white as a sheet and his teeth were chattering. The hostess covered his shoulders with a large beach towel and Dog gave Red a wink. "How was it?" asked the hostess, "life changing" said Dog. "It's half price if you want to have another go tomorrow?" Dog didn't answer. The hostess made Dog a mug of hot chocolate. Dog sat back with his hands behind his head and talked of his adventure. He carried on as if he had enjoyed every moment. The young girl played along and giggled in all the right places, it was part of the service.

When they arrived back in port she politely walked them to their motorcycles. Dog was just about to ask her if she would like to check out the local night club, when some blond, bronzed, surfie dude pulls up on a Harley to take her home. "Look at that" sneered Dog, "thinks he's the coolest dude in town on that big fat what's it called - Electra Vision Classic Ultra Euro Glide!" Red laughed so hard it was half an hour before he could get on his bike and ride home.

Stay Cool  
The Skink



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