

I Met an Ol' Bushy Once

I met an ol' bushy one day down at the local. A real dinky-dye cobbler, digger, bluey, sport sort of a bloke. When he spoke he had that real slow drawl like bushies have. He was that slow you could spend a whole week with him in one day.

He was a real treat to talk and listen to and you never knew if he was fair dinkem or not. He was one of those characters that would kid you up an apple tree looking for oranges.

After a while I asked him where he was from. 'Out west' he replied. 'Out where the men are men and the woman are too. That far out west you've gotta bend down to let the sun set'

By that time he had me laughing and he knew he had me so he really started.

'It's only a little place'. He continued. 'Everyone's related. One gets itchy', they all scratch. One gets cut they all bleed. Even the beer's got two heads out there'; More laughter.

'The town is full of characters' he said. 'You take ol' Planks, for instance. He's as thick as two short planks and about as bright as a black out. Honest as the day's long, but not real busy between the ears, poor ol' Planks'.

'Then there's Teardrop. Poor Teardrop. Teardrop's gotta golden heart, but I can't help laugh when I think of her. Teardrop had real bad cross-eyes. The worst I've ever saw. They were that bad every time she cried the teardrops ran down her back. You know the saying, eyes in the back of your head, Well she had'em. She could just about see herself comin' Then she got'em "fixed-up" and it made her look real queer'.

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'And what about Halfer. They call him that because he's half a bubble off centre. Marching ,but not in time with the band. The teachers had to end up painting numbers on his fingers and toes to help him count. Poor bugger. When they were giving away brains he ended up holding the door open for everyone else in the town'.

'Then there's Jock the scot. Ol' Jock's that tight he wouldn't give your dog a drink from a mirage. They reckon he keeps a fork in the sugar bowl. When he works up the courage to part with some of his play lunch money he has the very seldom drink and wouldn't shout if a shark bit'im'.

'And talking about drinking it reminds me of Martin Place. Martin Place is the town drunk. They call him that because he's always full by lunch time. You wouldn't know he drank 'til you seen him sober'.

'Then there's Slim. He's that skinny he's like a yard of pump water. You can hear him howling in the wind like a barb-wire fence. You can never turn the ceiling fans on whenever he's around cause he blow out the door. They reckon you could hold'im up to the light for an x-ray'.

By this time the back of my head and my ribs were sore from laughing. He said he needed a beer cause he was that dry he couldn't lick a stamp.

Fair-dinkum he could have got a walk-up start as a comedian and I didn't want to go ,but had to. So I shook his hand and wished him the best. I wonder whatever happened to him. What a character.