

The Adventures of Red Dog & Bat Devil



10. Wine Fest

The boys arrived in Tanunda just in time for the annual Barossa Wine Festival. Even before breakfast, Dog was fussing over which bandanna he should wear. "Opportunities could present themselves" said Dog, when he noticed three pairs of eyes staring at him. "Wear the flower power one" quipped Devil, certain Dog would have less chance with the ladies. Dog replied "you take that one Devil; I'm going for the skull and cross bones!"

The boys wandered into town straight after breakfast. As they strolled up the main street, a Chinese guy, who allegedly ran the town's dry cleaning service, was having a spirited conversation with one of the locals. "I leave two pair white overall, on door step, for early pick up. When I arrive, overall still on door step, but overall now dirty. I think of town scoundrel and get really mad. Then I see note, from Bald Bob. He say I apologise for any inconvenience I cause you. I know Bald Bob, I read him in newspaper. Bald Bob good guy. I wash Bald Bob overall any time Bald Bob want." The boys just smiled and carried on their way.

"Let's check out this so called wine fest before the day gets away from us" said Red. So they bought their \$10 ticket, which included a souvenir wine glass and ten sampling vouchers. Bat was particularly fascinated with his wine glass, even though, after the festival, he would have no use for it at all. Bat held it up to the light, and flicked his finger nail across the top of the glass. Red wasn't impressed. He knew he would never be able to talk Bat into leaving the glass behind. Finding a home for that glass, in his trailer, was a responsibility he could well do without.

As soon as they were through the main gate, they were pounced on by an enterprising dude. "Would you like to be guest judges at this year's fest?" "Why?" asked Devil, never one to mix his words. "Well" continued the official, "selling grape beverages to the animal world is an untapped market. A few words from you guys, in your own language, could be very useful." "We'll do it" said Bat, excited about holding such an important position. "Great" said the official. "Red, you can join the red wine judging team. Devil, I'll give you

the white wines and Bat, how about the sweet sherries and ports?" "What about Dog?" asked Red. "We only need three of you" said the official as he walked away. "It's probably because you're wearing that "Thank You For Not Asking Me" T Shirt" said Bat. "I'd say it's more to do with the "No Dog's Allowed" sign on the gate" said Devil. "We should tell him to stick his judging job" said Red. Dog couldn't have cared less and said "no worries, enjoy yourselves; I have work to do in the beer tent!"

Every half an hour, the local community radio station played the festival theme song.

From the Vine

*I ask where would we be
If they hadn't crushed the grape
and created our cultural varieties?
I'll take you red or white,
savour the pure delight
A favourite from the vine,
table set for you and me.*

This funky little number found its way into Bats ear and whenever there was a lull in their judging duties, Bat began singing the song. "Can you find something else to sing" snarled Devil. "At least sing in tune" said Red. Nothing could persuade Bat to let go of the catchy little song.

When their judging duties were complete Devil wrote on his report card "all white wines taste like cat pee." Bat wrote from the heart and said

"deliciously sweet, but you may need to bunker down before enjoying a tot or two, as you won't be able to fend off predators and they might hear you snoring." Red wrote "tastes better than drinking from a puddle laced with bird turds, but be warned, red wine will stain your fur coat!"

On their way home they stopped to look for Dog in the beer tent. There he was, on the dance floor, learning to jive to the festival theme song. His teacher was a sexy little blonde babe and Bat pointed out "look, she's wearing Dogs bandanna!" "I thought you didn't like that song" said Bat when the music stopped. "Sacrifices have to be made" whispered Dog while he continued to practice the basic step. "Don't wait up" continued Dog before Red could ask his intentions.

"Guys" said Red as they sauntered back down the hill. "Would you mind if we make haste towards Bonnie Doon tomorrow? Bald Bob's Black Knight is keeping me awake, I'm sure Dog won't mind." "Fine by me" said Devil. Bat gave the thumbs up; he couldn't speak as he had just stuffed a whole bunch of grapes in his mouth. So they settled in for the night, as Bonnie Doon was a long ride away.



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