

The Adventures of Red Dog & Bat Devil



13. Backpackers and Roast Dinners

After the successful delivery of Bald Bob's Black Knight to Aunt Agnes, the boys felt like chilling out for a while, so they set up camp at a caravan park in Bonnie Doon. While Red was reading his newspaper, out of the corner of his eye, he noticed a group of foreign backpackers pitching a tent nearby. Now these were no ordinary backpackers; the boys had attempted to share a camp kitchen and a TV room with these selfish dudes once before. "Hey Dog" said Red, "look whose setting up camp over there!" Dog put down the comic strip he was reading and said "Em, looks like it's time to cook our roast dinner." "That's exactly what I was thinking. Why don't you and Devil go and buy the biggest leg of pork you can find. Bat and I will take care of the rest."

Dog and Devil took Red on his word and returned with a six kilogram leg of pork. "Nice work" said Red, "that'll keep the oven occupied between 3 and 9pm." "But that's six hours" said Bat. "Precisely" said Devil. "Look what else we found" said Dog, as he placed a can

of baked beans on top of the trailer. This was no ordinary can of beans; they weren't in barbecue sauce or ham sauce or tomato sauce. It stated clearly on the can "*Carbon Neutral Baked Beans - Original Recipe*" "Says a tree is planted for every 1000 cans they sell so consumers can fart away without a guilty conscience" said Devil. "I've never felt guilty after eating a can of baked beans" said Bat. "We know" said Devil, "we've heard you!" "Why don't they put their energies into a fart free bean and save themselves a lot of trouble" said Bat and then he went back to peeling a bag of cooking apples ready for the apple pie.

By 3pm the boys had taken over the camp kitchen and were cooking up a storm. The leg of pork was salted and sizzling away in the oven. Potatoes, pumpkin, carrots, parsnips and turnips were peeled and placed in a large roasting pan. Red made his special pastry and assembled the apple pie while Bat made stuffing and stirred a large pot of homemade apple sauce.

Red even promised to make Dog and Devil a thick, silky gravy with the meat juice.

"While you and Bat guard the kitchen" said Dog, "we'll take control of the TV room." By 5pm Dog and Devil were lounging in the front row seats and the TV was tuned to the animal channel.

At exactly 6pm, the backpackers arrived at the camp kitchen with their food boxes and pots and pans. "Sorry mate" said Red, "you'll have to come back at 9 o'clock as our roast won't be ready until then." They walked away with long faces, mumbling in a foreign language.

The backpackers admitted defeat in the kitchen, made themselves a peanut butter sandwich and headed straight for the TV room. "G'day" said Dog as they opened the door. Then he turned his attention back to the emu reading the news. Channel animal broadcasts in *Animal*. Dog and Devil stopped communicating in English and spoke only in their native tongue.

The backpackers waited patiently for Dog and Devil to grow tired of watching TV, only to find Bat appear with a bowl pork crackle. "How's this for entree" said Bat. Then he headed back to the kitchen leaving Dog and Devil sharpening their teeth and sprinkling crackling crumbs all over the seats.

Red and Bat served dinner, in the TV room, just after 9pm. They slurped and slopped their way through their roast dinner and swilled it down with a gallon of lizard lager. When they had finished, Bat cleared away the plates and returned with large bowls of apple pie smothered with King Island cream. The boys continued to make a nuisance of themselves and carried on with noisy banter during every show on channel animal. Red clicked, Devil growled, Bat snorted and Dog yelped, howled or barked depending on the mood he was in.

The boys knew exactly which TV show the backpackers were hoping to watch. At exactly 10:45pm, 15 minutes after their show had started, they all got up and said "Goodnight, it's all yours." Then they took the leftovers, from their roast dinner, to a group of homeless dudes who were preparing to spend the night in Town Park. Mission accomplished!

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The Skink

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