

## A Farewell Letter from Basil: Vivien Wilson

Dear Mum and Dad,

It's me again, your son Basil. I'm writing to tell you that I've been involved in a hit-and-run, not that the police are in the least bit interested. They said it was my own fault! There I was, enjoying a short stroll in the sunshine, when, out of nowhere, this car comes racing past. I honestly thought I was a goner! It didn't stop, nor did my landlady who witnessed the whole thing. Somehow, I managed to limp into the bushes to hide from any other crazy people in their horrible machines on wheels. Or maybe she just couldn't find me.

I've now developed this horrible limp. Do you have any remedies for a broken leg? Least I think it's broken. It sure hurts a lot. Unfortunately, I've not been able to finish the renovations. I can't move like I once did, but I'm still managing to collect a few bits and pieces. I'm having trouble moving them to the house. Despite its somewhat ramshackle appearance, it should be fantastic when it's finished. Every day I check that it is temperature controlled and, of course, fully sustainable. Despite this, Brenda left me, and the other women who were once so keen on me have shown their true colours, calling me a cripple and Limp-a-long Basil. Not sure I can survive a broken heart as well as a broken leg!

There is one kind man who's been giving me a hand and you'll be surprised to learn it's my landlord. At the weekend he took pity on me and delivered a whole pile of building materials right to my front door. I suppose he felt bad that his wife had abandoned me and not called an ambulance or the police. Anyway, it was so kind of him. His name's Laurie by the way. He often feeds me mandarin segments, which I love – full of Vitamin C! I often see him in the garden taking photos of anything interesting, spiders, beetles, wasps and the like. I don't think he eats them though. His wife likes photography too, and for some reason, well, probably because I'm still handsome despite my limp, she likes to take my photo. Maybe you'll see my portrait on the cover of a magazine – an obituary for the most handsome brush turkey in Allambie Heights.

Farewell.

Your loving son Basil.

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