

A Filthy Experience: Wendy Margaret

The day started with the sun shining and the excitement of the trip to the Melbourne Zoo spurring us on to eat breakfast quickly and jump on a tram with my mother's good friend, with whom we were staying. My young son and I had travelled down to Melbourne from the Gold Coast for a different experience. I was a Melbourne girl.

The Melbourne trams were a new experience for my young son as the Gold Coast where he was born only had sun, beaches and surf shops to offer.

Arriving at the Zoo tram stop we jumped off and mother's friend brought three tickets and we clicked our way through the turnstile.

The first pen we approached was filled with some interesting little birds that didn't fly. We then moved on to the next exhibit and poised ourselves against the fence on a very large, impressive looking, emu-like bird headed towards us. My boy was so excited. The bird approached my son, opened his large beak and projected a filthy yellow deposit of putrid smelling gunk which cascaded down my boy's face, down his shirt and chest and dripped over his pants and onto his shoes.

A filthy stench couldn't be tolerated so after our hilarious laughter finally subsided we had to escort our filthy, smelly boy home.

The end of a filthy funny day.