A sense of place: Richard Karl Vasey

A drip of condensation plops on my face from the ancient canvas tent that smells of wet socks.

I roll over. The corrugations of the airbed squeak and rumble as a shaft of light strikes like a dagger into the musty space. The pain in my bladder provides a major incentive to climb out of my sleeping bag.

I stumble towards the communal toilet block; the sensation of hot, white sand permeates my toes as a pack of Galahs shriek and gamble. In the distance, the curve of the vast bay beckons. The water, with the consistency of mercury, refracts and exhaustedly tumbles onto the sand with a whip like crack! Occasionally there is a flash of multicoloured light, trapped in the curve of the wave and then - gone.

Sun beating down now as I stroll in the shallow, brackish creek with the smell of Tea Tree oil sparking memories of childhood adventures.

A familiar bell peal echoes over the berm and in the surf an orderly queue forms in front of a tinnie: ‘Mine’s a mint chocolate chip’. ‘A Barney Banana for me.’ And, ‘I’ll have a Gaytime’.

You could then!