

## In Tents Pleasure - A Filthy Story: Richard Vasey

Agnes turned to Richard and said, "I need space, I can't think straight, isn't there any chance that you and James could go away for a few days?" Richard thought, well why not it's a good opportunity to introduce camping to young James and he had always wanted to stay at Green Patch on the beautiful South Coast.

The morning was spent rummaging in the attic for long forgotten camping gear. The '3 man' tent looked in good condition but where are the pegs and poles? Ancient aluminium pans, plastic plates and cutlery needed a good wash. Agnes organised three days of meals into ice boxes and cool bags while Richard amassed clothing for all eventualities.

The silver 7-seater SUV was loaded with the child seat, camping gear, food and clothing. Richard always thought he was quite skilled at packing, and could still hear his father's voice, "A place for everything and everything in its place."

Green Patch was as magical as always, the tall ghost gums, the Tea Tree-stained creek meandering its way to a lagoon behind a lovely white sand beach on a broad open bay. There was a keen NE wind blowing as Richard unloaded the car. A yell followed a splash as James fell into the brackish creek to be quickly rescued by Richard. James' yellow, onesie suit had changed colour, commonly

referred to as 'shit brown'! "Never mind" said Richard, trying to calm James down.

Richard looked around, tent pitched, check. Meal on, check. Child, in new onesie happily playing, check. THEN ... he was distracted by the plop plop sound of light showers turning into a deluge.

"Never mind", said Richard "We can play games in the tent". After changing James into his green onesie, Richard thought, why is that a 2-year-old doesn't understand the concept of tent waterproofing. Each time James stood up, his head hit the side walls and beads of water coalesced into drips onto the bedding.

After a sleepless night the bedraggled duo drove to the nearest café for breakfast. When Richard started to complain to a park Ranger about the weather, he said "Well the camp is not called 'GREEN' patch for nothing."

Richard returned to the camp and randomly threw the sodden camping gear into the back of the car. He phoned Agnes, and said in a weak voice, "Would it be OK if we came home?"

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