

## SUE FRAY FROM BATEMANS BAY

Wobbling in a light headed way from the gym exertions Sue Fray stumbled down the purple and orange carpeted stairs, her glasses steaming. Her hair lank and wet, face puffed pink and eyes a’goggle from the Aerobic Butt Shape Pelvic Floor Tummy Crunch class, her innate dignity, somewhere deep in her avoirdupoisal flab, faltered. She was aware that the exceptionally groomed apparently gay man at reception was scrutinising her descent. Instinctively Sue polarised him from his disdain,

“I just love gliding down the stairs” she sighed in a gushy Marilyn Monroe voice as though fifty metres of transparent tulle parachuted behind her fifty five year old sweaty treadwelled arse.

“Oh,” he beamed approvingly “but you do it *so* well!”

He had a bespectacled face, like an anorexic rabbit, moustached, bald, precise, undoubtedly an interfering obsessive Virgoan. His name tagged to his lapel: Warren Bungle. Sort of familiar. Sue knew they would be friends. This truth was instantaneous in his immediate smiling response and the fun she saw in his large, round, fug detecting sea blue eyes.

Initially Sue had been irritated by him as she entered the RSL Beach Club to get to the gym upstairs.

“Excuse me, madam! Do you have your RSL Club membership card with you?”

“Yes, I do” she lied.

“You must *show* your RSL Club card with you every time you come onto the premises.”

“This is the first time I have been affronted...”

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“You mean confronted, madam...I haven’t *insulted* you, madam, which is what affronted means madam.”

“Yes...well...” she spluttered, “there’s no need, Mr. Bungle, to overwhelm yourself with a surfeit abundance of *madams* – one is sufficient.”

And before he could quip *you are telling me*, she continued:

“Staff here are usually lovely. Why are you such an interrogating *pedantic bell boy*?”

Responding, Bungle evolved from rabbit, to bee, to wasp, to triumph in a null bored tone almost whispering, “It’s a legal requirement, madam”

“You’re a law school graduate?”

“Madam, I take that as a *personal* affront and...”

Sue almost broke wind, “Ha! Who is confronted, affronted, *e-ffronted*”

“Excuse me, madam, your computerized details have come up. I shall give you a temporary card until you receive the authorized one.”

“I will enjoy *flashing* it at you.”

“Madam, never in my wildest aerial ascendancy would I look forward to a lady of your intelligence and, singular elocutionary skills, *flash*, as you say, but it has to be done. Thank you, madam, and good day.”

Bungle retreated, observing madam exit to her sporty red convertible, wincing when she

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opened the vehicle next to it: Sue's ute.

On the morrow, beach walk mused Sue confidently bounded breastfully towards the gym stairs flourishing her i.d. abruptly halted by Bungle's high pitch tweaking,

"Let me vouch the card, please madam."

Sue twirled the card onto the reception desk.

"That, Bungle, is the temporary card you gave me yesterday. It's unnecessary to exhaust your control freak mechanism x-ray eyeing it again!"

"This is a library card, madam. I'm afraid I can't allow you to enter the premises on the basis of community library incorporations. We are presently recorded on security camera, with today's date and time, revealing that you aimed and threw your card intending an assault upon my person. We have very definite laws here regarding patronage."

"Are you *mad*? The card is legit."

"I hesitate to say, madam, you are in need of an ophthalmologist. Clearly it reads, LIBRARY SERVICE EUROBODALLA SHIRE COUNCIL in bold font and, is delightfully fuchsia pink edged."

Sue's face, replicating intense autumnal colours reddening conspicuously ripe in alternating watercolour washes, as beheld in the mauvey blue framed Moruya River backdrop mountains, felt like a fireplace. She was certain smoke was billowing out from her nostrils, drifting across to the lower hills and ridges seaward from the celebrated escarpment towards Lillipilli... and the

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nearest cake shop at the Bay.

Stodge, scientifically attracted to Sue befriended her midriff, tum tum and hips in a spongy cellulite realm of its own custodianship. She scorned the gym. She jogged her organically fibre-cushioned ripple-soled runners along the silver gull sands until a slim difference was spectacular. PHENOMENAL! “Wait till Warren blooming Bungle sees madam now!”

Maureen, on reception said Bungle had left Australia. She called him Dickie Cuddlebyrd.

“Di-ickie? Cuddlewhat??”

“Yeah. Cuddlebyrd.”

Confused, Sue brunted, “He was ...particularly... *helpful*...when I joined the gym.”

“Yeah, top bloke Dickiebyrd. English. Bit eccentric, like those ocristaocracies”

“Aristocracy?”

“Yeah. His dad died so Dickiebyrd’s the Earl of Thornhamingdale by the Cornwall seaside.”

“Warren Bungle. Incredible!”

“A top stand up comic he was. He liked the Bay, loved the locals. Never let on he was seaside posh. He’d fill in time before his matinees, get me away from the desk and create mischief doing his gay receptionist bit. Nurdy but funny.”

“Ha, he never made *me* laugh yet he must have been kacking himself silly.”

“He’s divorced, y’know. I’d ‘ave a go at him meself but I’ve got me sweetheart tradie. Why

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don't you send him a fan letter? I'll give ya his address."

"Thanks Maureen.....Perhaps it's time I visited my Aunty Winaheir in Wales. Yes, I could detour...my fishing rod in my back pack to Cornwall."

"No problem, lovie."

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Reader, I give belated endearing apologies to all gays of the Eurobodalla re Dickie's masquerade but that's how I – Sue Fray from Batemans Bay - came to meet and marry Earl of Thornhamingdale, Richard Baldlocke Hammerbang Cuddlebyrd (quite a mouthful isn't he?)

Our life is efficacious, pure efflorescent coastal effulgence and I'm fatter than ever! Thormingdale has a massive kitchen and I bake and overeat and spoil darling funny Dickiebyrd daily with aphrodisiacal fresh sea kale. Stuff the ute, Thormingdale has it's very own helicopter for us to whirl over seaside France for *garnish*.