



Strangers in Between

Written By Tommy Murphy

Ben

I've tried. But it won't work. Come back. Mum's waiting for you to come back. You should see her hair but. She came home from the hairdresser and it was so big and curly. It was like she'd gone in and asked to look like Barnsie in Chisel. Fuck, Dad and me laughed. Couldn't help it. I was ripped so I couldn't stop. Mum cried and I got paranoid but then she laughed and it was okay. We don't laugh much no more. She can't sleep. She has nightmares. Tim Hewson looks like he will get a contract with Maserati. The paper was right for once. After his dad's funeral he was straight on a plane to Europe. They'll pay him heaps. His dad was watching car racing when he died. People die all the time in Goulburn. That's all old people talk about, hey. A pipe bust open on me the other day. Shit poured on me and everything. Everyone laughed. I didn't snap. I'm not going to get into fights no more. There's heaps of Lebs in Goulburn. They're moving there from Sydney. It's dangerous. They fight in packs. If one gets you on the ground, ten cousins'll jump out of Holdens and kick the shit out of you. They live in hills and prowl at night. A baby got taken from the hospital. It was hot as all fuck on the road. Was worried my new tyres would melt. Nan might not move down the coast no more. There are Lebs there too. And junkies. Junkie Lebs. Terrorist junkie Lebs everywhere and the drought. Council's got to do something. More roundabouts. Ivan Milat's running for alderman but. Shooters Party and a Family First preference deal, they reckon. It's such a hot day. Come back. We'd drive straight to the pool. Straight down the highway. Straight through town. Straight to the pool. Dive in and swim to the other side.