

Dylan's Big Day out

By Lissa McMillan

Dylan from **The Bandit** decided he needed an adventure. At the pub where he's got a job serving food in the restaurant, he'd been working his fingers to the **Bone. Werk**, work, work, and he never got a **Bonus**. "I just want to get a fast boat and sail somewhere exotic," Dylan said to his workmates. "You know, something that will go like a **Rocketship** in a blow."

Warren, Jan, (**Warrandjan**) and the other workers at the pub just didn't understand. **Why?** would you want to do that?

But Dylan wasn't to be put off. He wanted a fast boat and decided to go on the **Hunt. Leather** pants and silk shirt, he dressed for success as he hit the second-hand boat market. He searched for a while in vain, and then he saw her. **Yellow, bone** dry inside, it was love at first sight. He took all his earnings from the Pub, and bought her.

First he showed Warren from the pub. He wasn't impressed.

U sane? Boat like that isn't seaworthy. You shouldn't be going out in that. You'll **Flipper!**

The atmosphere turned **Toxic. Get Nicked**, Dylan yelled, and headed home with his new boat.

"Dad, come and see the boat I've bought."

Glen passed a practiced eye over the hull. "How much did you spend on this Dylan?" Dylan whispered the amount in his ear and Glen gasped. "Dylan, that's just **Wacky. Racer** to the end of the bay and I reckon she'll sink on you. Look at the wing netting, you'll **Kick it and Rip it** if you're not careful. And look at all this deck grip. What a **Balls Up!** This would be the heaviest boat in the universe. You're going to have to do something to get the weight down if you are going to make it go like a **Rocketship.**"

"Dad, you're a genius, you've given me a great idea about how to make this thing fly," Dylan said. And he raced off (wackily of course).

Sometime later, Glen looked out into the bay. He gasped, and turned as pale as a **Phantom**.

There was Dylan in his new boat, going really fast, but something wasn't quite right. When Dylan finally came to shore, Glen was there, holding a beach towel.

"Dylan, this is really **The Last Gasp**," Glen said, exasperated. "I've always told you not to go sailing in **The Nude**. It's enough to make an **Orca Blush.**"

The End!