

RAMBLINGS . . .

By MAJOR J. D. GUY

Few have actually hunted for haggis. It is a strange beast being plump, grey and not a marsupial. It is slow a foot and scientists who have studied the animal (during a Chinese five year plan) claim that the reasons for this lie in a distinct lack of legs and a penchant for lying in a steamy and disgusting state on silver platters in Scotland.

But on with the hunt.

The first question is where to find the beast. After a detailed topographical survey of Shoalwater Bay for K81 by the IO we decided to try Scotland and went to High Range Training Area. For days we wandered (five was beyond us). We swam five hundred metres across a billabong, the last four hundred were agony; they were over land. Finally we encamped because we really couldn't decamp and were definitely not camp.

All of a sudden we were attacked by screaming bagpipes. This can be quite a frightening experience especially around February when they are still learning. They came in groups of four to six and run in an odd fashion as one of their four legs is longer than the other three. This causes them to run in ever decreasing circles and disappear into a bag only to then reappear screeching more than ever. It is perhaps because of this quality that military headquarters seem to find a particular affinity for them.

After much bouting jousting and screeching we managed to sucklet them on a forty ounce bottle of whisky. Soon, with a noisy smelly belch and volumous swahili they left us in peace. We then put the piece together and fell in a heap on the ground, we had no idea who left it there.

We pondered whether or not to wander and decided that wondering was easier than walking and so proceeded. The elusive haggis was no where to be found. Finally we returned to the billabong which was fairly simple because we hadn't left it and so I decided to write.

Now some of you may wonder why I ever did this when everyone knows that you can corner haggis in a delicatessen cunningly hidden in tins by Baxter of Scotland. Well, corner delicatessens are going out now with big department stores developing everywhere, though why anyone would want to store departments is beyond me.

But on with the tale, it begins to rain and the air becomes cool. What's this? The haggis disappears and someone has my scotch. My head clears and I find I am sitting in the rain and EX K81 really has ended. Well one thing is certain, tins of haggis or anything else won't be found in Shoalwater Bay while our admin. system is still deployed. So best be getting home there to ponder 'why hunt haggis at all?' Real food is to be found without the hunt. And so

really, as the sun sets over where ever it is that we are at, the story comes to an end.

I would like to stress that spending a fortnight at Shoalwater Bay in October this year has really had no effect on me whatsoever.

PIPER'S LAMENT

PTE. J. BROOKS

Kill that cat
the grunt does cry
get off it's tail
or tell us why
we listen to this
or is it that
what we love to hear
is rat-a-tat-tat

The piper confused
bangs at his head
why does he feel
they'd rather him dead
this bag is his life
practice he must
but too much noise
and he'll bite the dust

The grunt looks on
thinks soldiers or not
poges are the pits
what a lazy lot
they sit in that band hut
all day long
but what do they do
get paid for a song

The piper remembers
army life in the past
trekking the bush
dragging his arse
thinks of the soldier
who calls himself grunt
says to himself
POOR SILLY RUNT
