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Painting and story by Garry Purchase

My dad was a truck driver. Any given day of the week he could be on the road anywhere in Australia. I missed a fair bit of high school because I'd regularly tag along on his cross country adventures. I've been from coast to coast and seen just about everything in between.

He used to tell me all sorts of crazy stories of things he's seen on his travels. Usually they were stories of stupid things he done or mischief he'd gotten into, but the conversation would almost always end up about the scarier stuff. He had a morbid sense of humour (I woke up one morning to realise that he'd parked outside the bank in Snowtown where the murders were... just to freak me out etc...) There are heaps of them but most of the main ones were about Min Min lights and other odd things in the bush. At night he'd have Johnny Cash or Waylon Jennings blaring on the tape deck and be singing to himself. Me on the other hand would have my eyes peeled and fixated into the pitch black darkness out the window, hoping that I'd see something. Over the years I've seen a few odd things myself and I haven't got a clue as to what they are.....but even now If I'm driving through bush I still find myself still looking.

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