

MAYHEM AT CHEWTON

Last Sunday evening the peaceful hamlet of Chewton (abor. meaning, plenty tough tucker town) was stunned by a series of explosions that reverberated back from the surrounding hills.

A terrifying barrage of rockets sailed into the night sky at an angle of 8 degrees to the perpendicular (all except one which shot sideways towards the nearest house).

Fortunately someone had miscalculated the angle and all the rockets fell short of their target, which was rumoured to be the century-old National Trust classified Chewton Post Office.

This mayhem had barely finished when the long-suffering Chewtonians saw savage orange flames leaping to the sky. 'Torch' was at it again!

Your intrepid reporter learned later that it was not the Post Office which was ablaze but a mountain of eucalypt trunks and roots which rivalled in size the great pyramids of Egypt. Conservationists are up in arms now.

Locals reported seeing the Chewton Fire Brigade tanker race through the town on two occasions with fireman Gary at the wheel. Others claimed that they saw the same Gary assisting 'Torch' in applying an accelerant to the pile before it exploded into flame.

It appears that these amazing events were the culmination of disturbing activities which took place two weeks earlier, when a violent protest meeting was held outside the Chewton Post Office.

This meeting turned ugly (very) when a male caucasian known as the Gordfather arrived and took his place alongside an internationally known popular anarchist who lives nearby.

The Council Commissioners had intended selling the Post Office (almost certainly to the American Imperialists) but the Gordfather got on his high horse so that he could be seen and vowed that the people would keep their beloved Post Office even if they had to burn it down.

This threat was flashed across the nation's television screens that evening.

Shortly afterwards the ancient Castlemaine Woollen Mills, part of which had been designed by a brilliant architect, was burnt to the ground.

According to knowledgeable people at the Chewton Hotel, the person delegated to do the deed was not too bright, read the street map upside down, and set alight to the Woollen Mills instead of the Post Office, which was 4 km away.

A file accidentally left on the Bar counter in the Chewton Hotel by an NCA officer while carrying out his investigations revealed the following information on people who were at Chewton on Sunday -

Bryan O'W., alias the Old Retiree, The Gordfather.

Leader of The Family. Quietly changed his name 78 years ago. Kissed Blarney Stone but had talked just as much before. Should be approached with caution unless wearing ear muffs. (You, not him).

Greg W., alias Freddie, Guy or Torch.

Has history of using explosives. Has sometimes set off sufficient to blow up Parliament. Has heavily bandaged left thumb, obviously from one of his 'jobs' that went wrong.

Rosemary W.

Some think she may be the actual power behind 'Torch', egging him on to ever more daring deeds.

Martin W., alias Tom.

Was seen experimenting at setting off rockets by remote control by hitting golf balls into a mobile rocket launcher set up 120 metres away.

Pasquale, alias Fingers.

Brought out from Switzerland because of his reputation for opening any door.

Hec. O, alias The Prof.

In his time he has tortured many poor helpless devils, just for their money.

David A., alias the Squadron Leader.

Represents Sin City. Educated at King's Cross and takes contracts out on people. Is involved in next meeting of The Family in Sydney.

Janatha W.

In partnership with the above.

Eleanor W., alias 'ell, and her husband Alan

Represent The Family in the Americas. Said to be high up in New York.

Catherine H., alias The Laundress and husband David.

Head the European connection. They look after Swiss bank accounts.

Kevin T., alias The Undertaker.

Mouthpiece to The Family for many years. Provides conveyances to the cemetery when required.

Eddie R., alias Steady Eddie.

Infiltrated police force many years ago, but resigned when unmasked.

Allen W., alias Modest Al.

The Gordfather admitted this gentleman had only been invited because Modest Al's presence and self-effacing charm might lend an air of respectability to an event of perfidy and shame.

The following were due at the gathering but sent apologies -

Nancy S. and husband Alan.

Nancy said she had tried, without success, to straighten out her little brother ever since he was caught smoking behind the pussy willow tree in the back garden at the age of three.

Edward W., alias The Prez. and wife Margaret.

Probably guessed what might happen from previous experience and pulled out, using the excuse of ill-health.