

SHORT AND SCARY

A whole lot of creepy stories and other chilling stuff

Edited by Karen Tayleur

Published by Black Dog Books

Stories, poems and illustrations ranging from emerging authors to Australia's most well known including:-

Shaun Tan, Carole Wilkinson, Sally Rippin, James Moloney, Sally Odgers, Gabrielle Wang, Aleesah Darlison, Sheryl Gwyther, March MacBride, Barry Jonsberg, Katherine Battersby, Michael Panckridge, Jackie Hosking, George Ivanoff and so many other wonderful creators.

It's all to raise funds to a mentor young people charity – Big Brother, Big Sister.



Short : a collection of interesting short stories and other stuff from some surprising and intelligent people

by [Lili Wilkinson](#) (Editor)

A collection of interesting short stories and other stuff from some surprising and intelligent people.

“Life is too short for a long story”
— Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

Including stuff from Carole Wilkinson, Andy Griffiths, Michael Gerard Bauer, Karen Tayleur, Tessa Duder, Scot Gardner, Penni Russon, Michael Pryor, Julia Lawrinson, Bill Condon, Simmone Howell, Susanne Gervay.

All royalties to Big Brothers Big Sisters.

My Dad, the Bikie and Me

Knock, knock. No answer. Knock harder. We hear rumblings from behind the door. 'They're in there,' Dad nods at me. I nod back.

The door slams open. Cockroaches as big as footballs smash into rubbish piles. I reel backwards at the smell. Dad blinks, but that's all. A half dismantled motor bike lies in black oily pieces on the beige carpet. Harley Davidson.

A guy in a black singlet stands in the opening. He is bigger than me. Bigger than Dad. A tattoo of a lion roaring down his chest disappears into his singlet. A red 'I love Nadine' heart is etched onto his arm. I focus on the heart when the real Nadine slides beside him. Her purple hair spikes like an electric shock. She blows gum from the side of her mouth. An edgy twinge grips my stomach. I swallow hard.

'Yeah' the bikie snarls. He has a gold tooth. Wonder how he afforded that? He probably dug it out of some-one he bashed. He hasn't paid his rent for four weeks. Dad looks straight at him. 'This is not a great place for you and your Harley Davidson.' Dad's voice is friendly. 'The Harley is impressive.'

The bikie smiles. Suddenly anger burns my throat. I painted the walls, drilled the curtain rods. Dad sugar-soaped the bathroom, making sure mould disappeared. Suddenly I want to hit that piece of garbage standing there with his stupid look. I clench my fists.

Dad speaks calmly. 'So you'll be moving out.' The bikie taps his gold tooth. 'Don't worry about the owed rent. I ride a bike too. So what about forgetting it, if you move now?'

His lion tattoo growls as he ripples his muscles. Two other guys slide out of a room. There are three of them against two of us. Nadine leans against the bikie. I stare at her. She couldn't be much older me. I'm fifteen. Maybe she's sixteen.

'No rent, hey?'

'That's right.' Dad extends his hand. My heart is jack hammering.

Dad's hand is still extended. The bikie laughs. Then he shakes my father's hand. 'OK.' He yells out to the others. 'Get your stuff. We're goin'.'

Susanne Gervay

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