

# A Truckie's Last Will And Testament

Slim Dusty

I, John Austrel, Truckie, being of unsound mind and  
bump bruised body,  
do hereby make my last will and testament,  
and bequeath my truck to the finance company,  
who will end up with it anyway.

To my wife, I leave all the loving she can stand,  
and a big apology for not being home more often.  
I also apologise for being so tired when I was home,  
and for wanting to go to bed too early when she wanted  
to go out.  
You know old girl, there was a pretty good reason for  
this,  
I really didn't get as much sleep on the road as you  
imagine,  
not really, a lot of the time I was just too damn  
tired.

To my children, I leave all the wisdom, most of us  
truckies never had,  
and I hope that none of you grow up to be dirty, grease  
covered,  
gear grindin' truck drivers like me.

To all good, clean, honest truck stops , I leave the  
windscreen  
of my old truck, which most of them didn't clean  
anyway.  
but I leave it just the same, as a shining example of  
their  
handy work and faithfulness, in helping me get to where  
I was going safely.

To all the lousy, filthy, dirty truck stops, I leave a  
pair of dirty socks,  
and two pairs of dirt covered unmentionables that have  
been rolled up  
and stuffed behind the seats in between the oil cans.  
I leave them so they can hang them up in their filthy  
rest rooms,  
and keep them as dirty as possible, so as to scare away  
any truckie,  
who might dare enter that fever infested restroom.

To all highway patrolmen, state policemen, port of  
entry inspectors,  
fruit fly inspectors, tick gate patrolmen,  
local constables and government regulators,  
I leave 316 pounds of reading matter that includes, law  
books,  
motor vehicle guides, regulations and other enforced  
bull dust,  
so they can become as fed up as I was.

To honest, fair lawmen, I leave a waving hand, in  
memory of  
their tolerance and understanding, especially in the

Northern Territory,  
where hills are recognized as enemies of truckies,  
and the speed laws are almost as good as the roads.  
And may I say the same about Queensland.

To all other lawmen, I leave a waving hand,  
but I add a slightly different finger and wrist action

To the mayor of [truck noise] I leave a prepaid toll  
ticket,  
for a truck and trailer, since I know that even he  
would have  
a hard time paying the high tolls on that road.

To the dear old town of Booze Up ,I leave my gravel  
driveway,  
so the towns people including the local copper,  
can walk on it barefoot to remind themselves of their  
own roads,  
which are not almost heaven.

To my wife also, I leave a map of Australia, so she can  
discover  
it really does take a day or two to cross two inches  
of the Northern Territory, because this is a bloody big  
country.

To New South Wales I leave a recipe for coffee Ough  
Now to the truck stops who over price me on fuel, I  
leave the hope  
that someday some stupid [truck horn] comes along in a  
[truck horn]  
big mack with a through hop trailer and flattens his  
bloody pumps

And now to the mayor of [brake squealing noise], I  
leave one stone,  
to be placed on his desk and under each paper, which he  
has to sign,  
which will make it as hard to write as it was to drive  
on his roads.

To all the good garages and dedicated shop foremen, I  
leave a word of thanks,  
for helping me to stay on the road, even if it was only  
to pay their bill.

And to all the crooks at the bad garages, I leave you  
the best of all,  
I leave you the tourists.

To all the truck stops with little or no parking, I  
leave the  
state of Victoria, to be distributed in ten acre lots.

To all the crummy pubs, I leave a freeway by-pass, and  
to all the  
pubs that threw me out because of my language,  
offensive behaviour  
or indecent dress, I leave the solemn hope that their  
beer turns to soap subs  
and all their drinkers riot and wreck the bloody place.

To all the mugs who pinched the gear of my truck when I  
was  
(sound of car passing] and sleeping in cab or the  
gutter nearby,  
I leave the hope that their wife runs off with the  
local dirt collector.

Last but not least, I leave to the government of  
Australia,  
the firm hope that some leader, some lawmaker,  
somewhere ,will  
have the courage, honesty and foresight, to get his  
[sound of car horn]  
into gear and pass some legislation providing for  
uniform loading  
of trucks and seek other ways to ensure further rights  
for truckies everywhere.

And so being of unsound mind and worn out body, I leave  
my last \$7.00 to  
Truck and Bus magazine so my wife can read it and  
remember what a  
bloody good truckie she was married to and maybe miss  
me for another year.

Signed: John Austrel. Witnessed by: Slim Dusty.  
[truck horn sounds]