



# Just do it...

**A**dventure ceases being fun when it requires medical intervention. Repeat as a mantra four times a day until it sinks in. Or hell freezes over.

Want proof? Read on. It all started so innocently. The electric fence was shorting out. A tree had fallen across the wires and it just needed use of the chainsaw.

'Just.' The most unjust word in all the English language. The four-letter word that out-four-letters every other four-letter word. But back to the fence and the fallen tree. Fixing it was just going to take a moment. Let's just do it, someone said. The little chainsaw jammed and the big one wouldn't start. But after a while it did. Then it needed refilling. Then it was ready to rip. Unfortunately.

(The daylight was starting to fade about this point.)

So I stand on the log while the chainsaw roars away. Then it jams. And sticks. Damn. I jump. And then I jump some more.

(Now it's night-time.) Hang on a moment...

Ockiehealth'n'safety. There's some gloves somewhere in the back of the ute, so they're fished out and shared around.

(By now this is happening by the headlights of the ute.) The chainsaw works free and kicks back into life.

(Did I mention this is all happening after dinner? After two glasses of excellent shiraz?)

It slices through the trunk on one side of the fence. Sweet. (Oh... yes... and the scotch before dinner.)

And then the chainsaw slices through the trunk on the other side of the fence. The recoil unbalances me and I land amid the electric fence, which is juiced up and clicking. I scramble out of the coils – cursing.

Laughter. Cheers. Celebration, even. But then someone says "Ummm... there's blood on the trunk." By ute headlight we examine the evidence. And then we start examining ourselves.\* I pull off my glove and see red rivulets streaming down my forearm.

"Oh. I think it's my wrist," I say, and decide to lie down...

The nurse in Emergency tells me how lucky I am. Had it been the other side of my wrist I wouldn't have made it to the hospital. Few minutes, max. The doctors in emergency tell me how lucky I am. Two of them on duty tonight.

The doctor who takes out the stitches tells me how lucky I am. The scarring is quite minimal... considering. Most chainsaw accidents are like Hollywood special effects on uppers: limbs, chunks of flesh, sliced aortas and severed heads.

Adventure you say? Just so long as it doesn't involve the word 'just'. ☹

\*This is when you discover what people consider the most important part of their anatomy. The nose, surprisingly.



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