

# The Great Escape

*By John Thornton  
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'Twas on a Friday morning,  
We set off for Wodonga,  
The fog and frost no reason,  
For delaying us much longer,

Our journey out of Inverloch,  
Was not what we had wished,  
Familiar sights we knew so well,  
Were shrouded in thick mist,

We headed out through Melbourne,  
To face the first blockade,  
A checkpoint south of Seymour,  
Of which we were afraid,

An army fellow stopped us,  
To check where we were from,  
"Inverloch", we told him,  
And then he said "Drive on!",

We gladly heeded his command,  
And sped off up the Hume,  
A smile on both our faces,  
As our journey could resume,

We quickly reached Wodonga,  
And spent our first night there,  
The border crossing next to face,  
Our papers to prepare,

An early start next morning,  
We reached the Albury border,  
Again the army faced us,  
To check we were in order,

He glanced at both our permits,  
Our drivers licence scanned,  
Then once again a 'Drive on!'  
To New South Wales's land,

We smiled at one another,  
And gave a "Woohoo!" too,  
Never thinking this would be, An  
easy journey through,

So off we drove to Bathurst,

To find accommodation,  
A settlers cottage our next home,  
For two weeks isolation,  
Our cottage stay was icy cold,  
As days were counted down,  
Not venturing to go outside,  
To see old Bathurst town,

But day 14 came soon enough,  
Our isolation done,  
A drive and stay at Moree, Before  
our border run,

Our journey had been smooth so far,  
But not the COVID virus,  
It's numbers growing more each  
day, And not too far behind us,

The hotspots spread to New South Wales,  
So Queensland's rules got tougher,  
We hoped our permits were OK, And  
that we wouldn't suffer,

Goondiwindi our next goal,  
An hours drive from Moree,  
Here we'd cross to Queensland,  
Should they accept our story,

We joined a queue of vehicles,  
That were forming at the line,  
The police there busy checking, For  
a permit to decline,

They pulled us over quickly,  
When saying we're from Vic,  
And pawed through all our papers,  
Whilst we were feeling sick,

But finally they let us,  
Go on our merry way,  
Our great escape completed, Well  
hip, hip, hip hooray!

So this is where our story ends,  
To live in Forest Glen, But  
always think of Inverloch,  
And friends we'll meet again.