

The background of the entire cover is a detailed oil painting. It depicts a blue and tan Yorkshire Terrier sitting on a weathered stone wall. The dog is looking directly at the viewer with large, expressive brown eyes. Behind the dog, the ocean stretches to the horizon under a soft, hazy sky of sunset or sunrise. The water is textured with small waves, and the distant shore shows rolling hills. The overall mood is peaceful and scenic.

BLUE'S BONDI BEAT

# Blue's Bondi

*A Year in the Life*

JOHN D'NAIRN

# From Dot

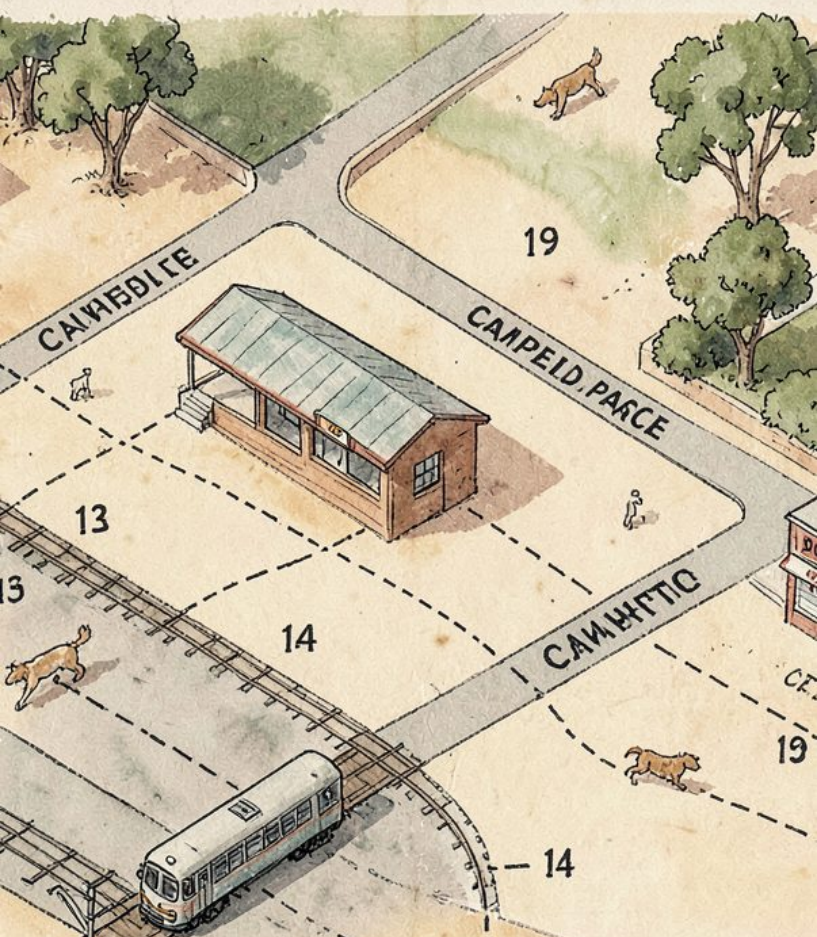
A note before you turn the page.

Blue's mine. He was James's first, and now he's mine, and on the days I'm away he's the surf club's, or Kit's, or whoever happens to be on the bench when he goes past. Between the lot of them he's got the run of Bondi, and he keeps a tally.

He's lent me a page of it for the back of this book.

In here you'll find the dogs and the people he sees most often — the regulars, he'd say, if dogs said things — and twelve days from his year. One day per short, but never the day of the short. The books are the bits where something goes wrong. These are the bits where nothing does.

— Dot



## Blue's Bondi, 1947

- |                         |                        |
|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Dot's flat           | 2. Bondi Pavilion      |
| 3. The surf club        | 4. The butcher         |
| 5. The library          | 6. The ballet school   |
| 7. Mrs M on Curlewis    | 8. The Wagging Tail    |
| 9. The tram stop        | 10. The showground     |
| 11. The Christmas table | 12. The carnival pitch |



# The Regulars





## Hector

Big as a horse. Soft as a couch. The day I claimed the sunny patch he lay down across the doorway. The patch was mine. The doorway was his. We did not negotiate.



## Hal

Hal lives in the library. The librarian feeds him sardines from a tin and he reviews each one solemnly before eating. He has read more books than any of us, and he is very quiet about it.



## Rory

Copper. Languid. Theatrical. Rory believes the world is watching. He is correct. I am.



## The Butcher

Behind the shop there is a garden the customers never see. The men eat their lunch there, washed up and gentle. A hand comes over the gate. We do not speak. We have never needed to.



## The Tram Conductor

He has tried twice to make me get off the tram. He has stopped trying. The seat is mine. The view is mine. He punches my ticket out of habit. Or perhaps respect.



## Mrs M on Curlewis

A saucer. Always a saucer. I have never been inside the house and I do not intend to. The arrangement is dignified.



## The Surf Club Cook

The plate goes on the third step. I take the plate. The plate returns to the third step. This has held since 1944.



# A Year in Walks





*Bk 1 — Blue at the Wagging Tail*

The patch moves an inch each day. By winter it will be under the desk. By summer it will be back by the window. The patch and I have an understanding about this.



*Bk 2 — Blue and the Librarian*

*The reading-table is for reading.  
The under-table is for me. We  
have separated the work cleanly.*



*Bk 3 — Blue at the Surf Club*

*They go in at dawn. They come back at dawn. Somewhere in between they have done a thing I cannot follow, and I sit on the dune and watch them not follow it either.*



*Bk 4 – Blue and the Ballet School*

*The piano. The thump-thump of feet. The piano. The thump-thump of feet. This too is a kind of work.*



*Bk 5 — Blue at the Pavilion*

*The bench faces the sea. The sea is doing what it always does. I have sat here long enough to confirm it.*



*Bk 6 — Blue and the Codebreaker*

*Dru writes things down. Dru looks at the things she has written down. Dru writes more things down. I sleep on the windowsill. We are both, in our way, working.*



*Bk 7 & 8 — Christmas Hamper / Easter Show*

*The pine smells of pine. The bone, wrapped, smells of bone. I am patient. Later: dust. Bunting. A paper hat in the dirt. A rubber ball somewhere about. The day is good.*



*Bk 9 & 10 — The Tram / Nudges a Romance*

*My reflection in the window  
keeps pace with me. It is, I think,  
my finest friend. Later, on the  
bench: the bench is the work.  
The afternoon is the wage.*



*Bk 11 & 12 — Saves the Carnival / Comes Home*  
They have left the bunting on  
the ground. I have inspected it.  
Acceptable. Later: the door. The  
light behind it. The day done.  
The day done.

# DAY

DAY

ITEM

Sourly.

SOW frice.

thurne.

conbigie tion

Anie bonded, harr lo ale aafe,  
cyoncar. Rick, must you onety

lo bnr luk. telr day.

hmr le you lo time himly h.

more. lie dter.

le pas taud,

Hole Southon.



# All twelve of Blue's mysteries.



Read the series →

<https://johndnairn.com/blues-bondi-beat>

