

## Speedy Gonzales

A true tale submitted for your edification  
by Harry Dunn  
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The phone rang at my daughter's house when we were visiting last week, and I picked it up.

"Hello, hello," I said, but there was a stony silence at the other end, while the caller re-arranged his approach, not expecting a man to answer his call. A heavily-accented voice finally addressed me, in what he no doubt considered a business-like manner.

"Am I speaking to *Mister* Ann-Maree Dunn?"

"This is Mister Ann-Maree," I replied. "How can I help you?"

"Ah, Mr. Ann-Maree, I am ringing from the Government, and I am telling you that I am authorised to be sending you an amount of \$5280, Mr Ann-Maree."

"Wow!" I said, "\$5280! Tell me, kind sir, what's your name and which Government department are you calling from?"

"I, sir, am Peter Gonzales, from the Refunds Department. You have over-paid an amount of \$5280, Mr Ann-Maree, and I am arranging to return it to your bank account without delay, sir."

"You're Speedy Gonzales!"

"No, sir. I am *Peter* Gonzales, not Speedy."

"Peter, Speedy, Whatever - I have never heard of the Refund Dept. How long has this department been in business?"

"More than ten years, sir."

"Ten years, eh. Who was our prime minister when this Refund Department was established?"

*Mumbling and whispering at the other end.* "I am not sure, sir, but I'm thinking it was Gog Whitten, sir."

"Well, I'll be! That sneaky old Gog made a come-back ten years ago, and I didn't hear a word about it."

"Sir, sir, we must be getting on with this important business, without delay, and I will be needing from you a few minor details concerning bank, etc."

"Hold on, Speedy. I need to be sure that you're legit."

"Legit? Legit? I'm telling you, sir, that I am not Legit."

"You're not dinki-di?"

"No! Not Dinki, sir. I am Peter."

"How can I be sure you're the Real McCoy?"

"McCoy, Dinki, Legit. I am none of these, sir. I am Gonzales of the Refund Department, and I am needing from you a few banking details, for returning \$5280 to your account. We must be now doing the needful, Mr Ann-Maree, to complete this important business."

"Now, Speedy, before we're doing the needful, I would like you to give me your telephone number, so I can call you back and check ..."

"No, no, Mr Ann-Maree, there is no need for further checking. I already have almost all of your details and only require ..."

"Hang on, Speedy. If you don't give me your telephone number, I'm afraid I might have to hang up."

More mumbling and whispering at the other end. Eventually, an exasperated Speedy provided me with an 02 number, which I called. Surprise, surprise ... It's not a working service. Looks like old Gog has forgotten to pay the phone bill, again.

Meanwhile, if anybody at the Refund Department reads this, please go to Speedy Gonzales' desk and remind him that he's holding \$5280 in the name of Mr Ann-Maree Dunn, and he or she will be happy to receive it, preferably by bank cheque, at his earliest convenience.