

The Man from Dry River

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international / prose / post

There was panic at the Liberal station, the word had passed around, that Malcolm Turnbull couldn't lead a gaggle of geese, least of all AUSTRALIA.



This smug idiot, you must be joking!

So before ALL the dissatisfied and disillusioned voters woke to the appalling reality that yet another do-nothing narcissist would steer the nation, they engineered a DD early election, based on NO real policies, babble and deception. They advised the hopeless candidate to convince the public that the election is all about the candidates, disconnected hopeless elitist Turnbull and another would be PM for the sake of a portrait in parliament house, Bill Shorten. However, the public is having none of it as their major concerns have not been addressed, leap-frogging prices for food, rent and basics, deterioration of the education system, health care services and gutted welfare for those that have paid taxes all their lives and have been thrown on the scrap heap by an 'appreciative' government. And when the big end of town is exposed as corrupt and criminal the Liberals defend their masters and target the unions to distract from the rot at the top.

The Liberal useless government has only one credit to tout -- over almost THREE years -- 'stopping the boats', which means absolutely nothing as "the boats" account for the smallest percentage of illegals into the country, fact! So another media distraction is pulled from the worn-out bag of conservative tricks, a personality based election, and indeed it is, but not for the reasons Turnbull's numbers men would hope.

The consultants all agreed that it was a necessary move as they planned the entire gambit on favourable numbers, which are fast diminishing as Turnbull, the disconnected elitist, becomes more transparent by the day. And to break from prose Turnbull is easily summed up in a word, HOPELESS!

The 'exciting' media veneer has eroded to expose a smug, vain NO TALENT, a person incapable of unifying and LEADING his party, let alone the nation and so the 'DD' will fail and transparent, useless Turnbull will BECOME THE SHORTEST LIVED PM AUSTRALIA HAS EVER KNOWN.

And so, fearing for their jobs BOTH major parties and the Greens all voted to remove independents from the Senate, when independents are the only parliamentarians that represent the interests of

the people; the Senate (Lazarus) is CORRECT that a regulatory body that watches all sectors is required not one favoured by the corrupt elite and big end of town to only watch over the unions, the favourite whipping boy of the conservatives. However, it is the PEOPLE that will vote more independents into both houses to demonstrate that democracy is alive in Australia, though dead in the USA, the dog-eat-dog social model conservatives emulate.

This election is really about EVERYTHING, particularly the lack of coherent sound policies, plummeting living standards and the eradication of the Australian way of life, not two OWNED clowns that want the job for the sake of it. It is not a choice between the lesser evil, both major parties must be dumped in FAVOUR of REPRESENTATIVE INDEPENDENTS.

Send Labor and Liberal a CLEAR message that any feeble attempt to eradicate independents from the upper house will meet with vigorous disapproval by the public. It's the independents that protect and REPRESENT the people from the draconian harsh policies that favour the tax-avoiding elite big end of town, and do not forget it was Labor's Keating that deregulated the banking and financial sectors, which allowed them to impose PARASITIC FEES for the privilege of using YOUR money, notwithstanding the many corrupt practices for which the financial sector has been EXPOSED! Both major parties are OWNED by big business, make no mistake, VOTE INDEPENDENT at every major and minor election until ALL parliamentarians realise that AUSTRALIA is a DEMOCRACY, where majority, NOT elite minority, rule applies.

Goodbye and good riddance unexciting, Malcolm!

Indeed, "the colt from old 'regret' had got away and had joined the wild bush horses ..."

The Man from Snowy River

There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around
That the colt from old Regret had got away,
And had joined the wild bush horses—he was worth a thousand pound,
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.
All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and far
Had mustered at the homestead overnight,
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush horses are,
And the stockhorse snuffs the battle with delight.

There was Harrison, who made his pile when Pardon won the cup,
The old man with his hair as white as snow
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly up—
He would go wherever horse and man could go.
And Clancy of the Overflow came down to lend a hand,
No better horseman ever held the reins;
For never horse could throw him while the saddle girths would stand,
He learnt to ride while droving on the plains.

And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast,
He was something like a racehorse undersized,
With a touch of Timor pony—three parts thoroughbred at least—
And such as are by mountain horsemen prized.
He was hard and tough and wiry—just the sort that won't say die—

There was courage in his quick impatient tread;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his bright and fiery eye,
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,
And the old man said, "That horse will never do
For a long and tiring gallop—lad, you'd better stop away,
Those hills are far too rough for such as you."
So he waited sad and wistful—only Clancy stood his friend—
"I think we ought to let him come," he said;
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,
For both his horse and he are mountain bred.

"He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side,
Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough,
Where a horse's hoofs strike firelight from the flint stones every stride,
The man that holds his own is good enough.
And the Snowy River riders on the mountains make their home,
Where the river runs those giant hills between;
I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced to roam,
But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen."

So he went—they found the horses by the big mimosa clump—
They raced away towards the mountain's brow,
And the old man gave his orders, "Boys, go at them from the jump,
No use to try for fancy riding now.
And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel them to the right.
Ride boldly, lad, and never fear the spills,
For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in sight,
If once they gain the shelter of those hills."

So Clancy rode to wheel them—he was racing on the wing
Where the best and boldest riders take their place,
And he raced his stockhorse past them, and he made the ranges ring
With the stockwhip, as he met them face to face.
Then they halted for a moment, while he swung the dreaded lash,
But they saw their well-loved mountain full in view,
And they charged beneath the stockwhip with a sharp and sudden dash,
And off into the mountain scrub they flew.

Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges deep and black
Resounded to the thunder of their tread,
And the stockwhips woke the echoes, and they fiercely answered back
From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.
And upward, ever upward, the wild horses held their way,
Where mountain ash and kurrajong grew wide;
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We may bid the mob good day,
No man can hold them down the other side."

When they reached the mountain's summit, even Clancy took a pull,
It well might make the boldest hold their breath,

The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full
Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.
But the man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,
And he swung his stockwhip round and gave a cheer,
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,
While the others stood and watched in very fear.

He sent the flint stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,
He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat—
It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.
Through the stringybarks and saplings, on the rough and broken ground,
Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;
And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound,
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right among the horses as they climbed the further hill,
And the watchers on the mountain standing mute,
Saw him ply the stockwhip fiercely, he was right among them still,
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.
Then they lost him for a moment, where two mountain gullies met
In the ranges, but a final glimpse reveals
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses racing yet,
With the man from Snowy River at their heels.

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were white with foam.
He followed like a bloodhound on their track,
Till they halted cowed and beaten, then he turned their heads for home,
And alone and unassisted brought them back.
But his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise a trot,
He was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur;
But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage fiery hot,
For never yet was mountain horse a cur.

And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-clad ridges raise
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,
Where the air is clear as crystal, and the white stars fairly blaze
At midnight in the cold and frosty sky,
And where around The Overflow the reed beds sweep and sway
To the breezes, and the rolling plains are wide,
The man from Snowy River is a household word today,
And the stockmen tell the story of his ride.

Banjo Paterson



Bill Turnbull -- teach them both a lesson, represent the people or die!

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2204.html>