

**The Week That Was**  
by Harry Dunn

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Over in Seth Efrika,  
Their home-grown Springheel Jack  
Is in a spot of trouble -  
Shot his girl-friend in the back;  
Three times or so, poor Oscar - by mistake, he said,  
Then she copped another three  
To make sure that she stayed dead.  
Treated like a king, he was,  
King Oscar "Legs" Pistorius  
He was real Athletic Royalty,  
But right now, he's more notorious than glorious -  
Blade-runner O. Pistorius.

In Rome, our German Pope, the Fourteenth Pope named Benedict  
Said "This Popping's been a hoot,  
After eight long years of real hard work, I've got all the boxes ticked  
So it's time to hand the reins to someone young and more astute,  
On the board I've got the runs  
So I'm hanging up mine boot,  
I intend to move in mit der nuns  
Und that should be quite goot."

Down here in Terra Nullis,  
We have news-items, plenty and enough,  
Like our beloved Aussie Rulers, at a very well-known venue  
It's claimed that peppy peptides and other fancy stuff  
Are always on the menu.  
They say that down in Essendon, there are no ifs and buts,  
It's "Take your daily vitamins, son  
Via needle in the guts".

And the Demons, we're told,  
Will put their tanking on hold  
While the AFL slaps a few wrists  
And the rest of us chortled and laughed  
For Melbourne, it's said, have been playing half-dead,  
To get the best picks in the draft,  
And this should make their poor coach's heart gladder.  
But the way that they've been playing in recent years  
How could anyone tell they were tanking,  
As they dwelt near the foot of the ladder.

Further north, in the place called Can-Berra  
Our PM's once more in the gun,  
About taxes and Thompson and terror  
And she's probably in for a re- run  
With ex-PM Kevin O-Seven,  
And tell me, what could be fairer,  
It's just a bit of that old Aussie tit - for- tat -

**And our pollies enjoy a nice leadership spat -  
Up there in the good ship Can-Berra.**

**And if the Cardinals in Rome, in their best purple weeds,  
Can't agree on a man for the next Papal habit,  
They could do worse than look south to Australia;  
We've a lady Bishop down here, who's surplus to needs,  
And a promising, ambitious young Abbott,  
Who keeps insisting that our PM's a failure.**

**So much for the idle chatter  
About things of minimal weight,  
For the word has come through  
Of events which in Inverloch matter:  
Our bowlers have returned triumphant  
From their semi's at Loch and The 'Gatha,  
Our teams One and Two, as we always knew,  
Showed real class when it really mattered.  
So the Ones go straight to the final  
And the Twos have to play one more round,  
Before they finalise, too.  
These 'Lochers are dead-set certs,  
In their best bowling hats and glad rags,  
Like Black Caviar dressed all in white,  
They will win us another two flags,  
But the team which faces "The Island"  
Will know that they've been in a fight.**

**While our Champion of Champs, Kieran Gardiner,  
And Mickey Coram - his best bowling pardner,  
Have brought all those doubters to heel;  
They're firming up like an Araldite hardener,  
These two lads are now the real deal,  
As they go ever higher in rank,  
Mickey Coram and old Green - Thumbs Gardiner  
Still have some juice in the tank!**