

THE BASTARDS FROM THE BUSH

By Harry Dunn

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With shameless frequent plagiarism from another famous (anonymous) verse from the early 1900's

The sun was shining brightly on city, town and bush,
And from a bowling club in Caulfield, came the Captain Of The Push,
The *Push-To-Win-a-Flag*, at all and any price,
The Captain, he had taken - some *tactical* advice,
Then he sent an email message to his skippers and selectors
And other bowling folks,
Requiring their attendance
At a meeting, special, to introduce
An unlikely pair of blokes.

The Captain jerked a finger at two strangers at the table,
And said 'I've found a pair of angry bowlers,
Willing, keen and able,'
And then he introduced them :
'These two blokes are from the bush
They're as mean as junkyard dogs,
And they'd like to join our club'
Said the Captain of the Push.

The strangers faced the Captain, and the others at the table
And said 'We come from Inverloch,
Where bowling can be rough and ready,
But even there, where men are hard as rock,
We're considered reckless and unstable;
Then we heard your club's been looking for a pair of hired guns,
The sort of bowling blokes who'll stop at nothing
To score the winning runs.'

Then the Captain of the Push
Subjected these two strangers to an interview and trial
And ev'ry eye was fixed on the strangers' faces,
But these chaps were well-acquainted with hardship, pain and stress,
They'd bowled with Coram, Gabb and Burge, Seaton and the rest
And were unlikely to be wrong-footed by self-imposed duress.
'When the opposing Third is measuring,
Would you stamp on his right hand?'
Enquired the Captain of the Push;
'Bloody oath we would, then we'd kick him in the guts,'
Replied, with relish undisguised, the Bastards From the Bush.

'Would you play with doctored bowls,
Or tapes designed to slip?'
'Of course we bloody would,
Then we'd slag the other skip:
We'd stand in front of him and break wind, long and loud
When he's about to bowl....
That always makes 'em flip'

'And if an ageing bowler should trip and fall
When he tottered down the green,
Would you stop and pick the poor man up?'
'No bloody way; we'd step right over the old goat
And then create a scene;
We'd complain to his team manager that he tried to trip us up,
At both ends when he fell down, and half-way in between.'

'Would you urinate on an opposing player's leg
If you met him in the toilet – just to put him off his game?'
'Too right, I flamin' would, and more than that I'd beg -
An apology from him, for getting in the way, and when I got it,
I would pee upon his other leg, so both legs looked the same
I'd yell out loud that this stupid man had tried to knock me over
Then I'd stagger to the door, pretending to be lame.'

Then the Captain of the Push got his team together,
Saying 'Jeez, these guys are pretty game,
They'll be ruthless, cruel enforcers, tough as battle-horses;
We'll play them in Division One and I'm prepared to bet,
This pair of scary blokes will live up to their name.'

So they played those country bowlers – un-mannered, mean and coarse
Those Bastard Bowlers from the Bush,
Let's call them Charles and Mick - not their actual names, of course,
But their ruthless ways and means somehow did the trick!
They upset a lot of bowlers, these hit-men from the bush
And bowled so well themselves,
They gave their urban team-mates a greatly-needed push,
So that team of urban bowlers, with its' mavericks from the coast
Took the pennant flag, and gained entry into Premier League,
The thing they wanted most.

But dark clouds were now forming, back in Caulfield League,
In teams which lost some games to that mob which won the flag,
-Let's call them Caulfield North, to avoid a guessing-game fatigue -
And those losing teams ganged up, vigilante-style,
On a dark and stormy night
And decided to take action, simple and direct
To rid themselves forever, of that two-man sandy blight.

'Now listen here, you craven cowards,
You defeated gutless bowlers who all folded at High Noon,
You have a second chance to recover your lost pride
By helping us to rid our league of those two bastards, soon,
In fact - this very night,
Now, not to understate it, we're in for quite a fight ;
So, let's sort these Bastards out,
And of course it won't be easy, and we're sure to lose some skin
Before this night is out.
Half of us will take the tall one; I think his name is Mick,
And the rest will 'neutralise' the other bloke,
Not tall, it's true, but built like a little house, a house of solid brick!

So down to Caulfield Pub they went,
These victims of the Push,
To where they'd lured that pair of upstart bowlers,
The Bastards from the Bush
And that's where they (the Bastards) made their famous stand;
With wolfish grin on each rugged face
A hacksaw bowling arm in his preferred hand,
And a heavy lifter in the other,
They faced that slaver band,
Back to back, brother to bowling brother.

That posse set upon the Bastards, but one by one they fell,
With broken bones, unearthly groans,
And agonising yell,
Until their battered leader, spitting loosened teeth and blood
Held out half an ear, torn off and bleeding,
And smeared with Caulfield mud.

'You low polluted bastards,' snarled this victim of the Push,
'Go back to where you came from -
Somewhere up the bush,
And I hope that bulk misfortunes
Await you both up there,
And you end up playing Bankers,
For the rest of your career.
May bleeding piles torment you,
May corns grow on your feet,
May you both go bald and crippled
And lose the taste for meat.

May some con-man take you down for every cent you're worth,
But most of all, you Invy- Bloody-Bowlers,
Don't return to lovely Caulfield, if you want to stay on earth,
With those other bowling bastards -
Caulfield-bloody-North.

And when you're down and out, and hopeless bloody wrecks,
May you slip back through your recta,
And break your bloody necks!

Henry...eat your heart out!