That'll learn 'ya

Picture this heartwarming scene...a young boy sits at breakfast with his dad. It's a golden morning in Queensland; one of those that remind you of crusty bread ads or honey commercials. Outside, a bird-style sound tells us that we are in Australia's heartland - the bush - that salinated, eroded, dieldrin-saturated and generally degraded wide brown land that we love and sing about. The little lad is manfully tucking in to a well-cindered steak and a couple of fried eggs. His dad is doing likewise, only more of it.

"Dad," says the boy, "can I be an MP like you when I grow up?" Dad's cholesterol-enhanced chest swells even more. "Course, son," he says, gruffly, his voice choked with emotion and good Aussie beef. "You can have my seat." "Oh. Like Wayne Goss?"

"Yes dad...we learn things..." says the boy brightly, trying hard, eager to please.


He expels air from his vividly puce nostrils in the manner of a deeply disturbed reserve champion.