Reading of Spike Milligan’s comic poem “Silly Old Baboon”.

**YouTube title: Silly Old Baboon**

**URL link:** [**https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pKq4Xnf5e-U**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pKq4Xnf5e-U)

**There was a Baboon  
Who, one afternoon,  
Said “I think I will fly to the sun.”  
So, with two great palms  
Strapped to his arms,  
He started his take-off run.**

**Mile after mile  
He galloped in style  
But never once left the ground.  
“You’re running too slow”  
Said a passing crow,  
“Try reaching the speed of sound.”**

**So he put on a spurt-  
By God how it hurt!  
The soles of his feet caught fire.  
There were great clouds of steam  
As he raced through a stream  
But he still didn’t get any higher.**

**Racing on through the night  
Both his knees caught alight  
And smoke billowed out from his rear.  
Quick to his aid  
Came a fire brigade  
Who chased him for over a year.**

**Many moons passed by.  
Did Baboon ever fly?  
Did he ever get to the sun?  
I’ve just heard today  
That he’s well on his way!  
He’ll be passing through Acton at one.**

**P.S. Well, what did you expect from a Baboon?**

**An Irish Airman foresees his Death**

YouTube title: W.B.Yeats 'An Irish Airman Foresees His Death' -

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7eDnIy4Um28>

By [William Butler Yeats](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/william-butler-yeats)

I know that I shall meet my fate

Somewhere among the clouds above;

Those that I fight I do not hate,

Those that I guard I do not love;

My country is Kiltartan Cross,

My countrymen Kiltartan’s poor,

No likely end could bring them loss

Or leave them happier than before.

Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,

Nor public men, nor cheering crowds,

A lonely impulse of delight

Drove to this tumult in the clouds;

I balanced all, brought all to mind,

The years to come seemed waste of breath,

A waste of breath the years behind

In balance with this life, this death.

**Rosalie Kunoth-Monks speech on Q&A 2014**

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Q&A Highlight of the Night -- "I am not the problem" https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=birnA3\_tm5E

Q&A’s compelling speech: “Don’t call me a problem.”

You know, I have a culture. I am a cultured person. (Speaking Arrernte) *I’m talking another language. And my language is alive.* I am not something that fell out of the sky for the pleasure of somebody putting another culture into this cultured being. John shows what is an ongoing denial of me. I am not an Aboriginal or, indeed, Indigenous. I am Arrernte, Alyawarre, First Nations person, a sovereign person from this country. (Speaking Arrernte) *This is the country I came out from*. I didn’t come from overseas. I came from here. My language, in spite of whiteness trying to penetrate into my brain by assimilationists – I am alive, I am here and now – and I speak my language. I practise my cultural essence of me. Don’t try and suppress me and don’t call me a problem. I am not the problem. I have never left my country nor have I ceded any part of it. Nobody has entered into a treaty or talked to me about who I am. I am Arrernte Alyawarre female elder from this country. Please remember that. I am not the problem.

**King Philip, Metacom (Wampanoag) 1676 (audio recording available on LEARN, Moodle ‘Diploma of English Proficiency class Nadine)**

**Great Native American Speeches**

The English who came first to this country were but a handful of people, forlorn, poor and distressed. My father was then sachem [chief]. He relieved their distresses in the most kind and hospitable manner. He gave them land to build and plant upon. He did all in his power to serve them. Others of their country men came and joined them.

Their numbers rapidly increased. My father's counsellors became uneasy and alarmed lest, as they were possessed of firearms, which was not the case of the Indians, they should finally undertake to give law to the Indians and take from them their country. They therefore advised him to destroy them before they should become too strong, and it should be too late. My father was also the father of the English. He represented to his counsellors and warriors that the English knew many sciences which the Indians did not; that they improved and cultivated the earth, and raised cattle and fruits, and that there was sufficient room in the country for both the English and the Indians. His advice prevailed. It was concluded to give victuals to the English. They flourished and increased.

Experience taught that the advice of my father's counsellors was right. By various means they got possessed of a great part of his territory. But he still remained their friend until he died. My elder brother became sachem. They pretended to suspect him of evil designs against them. He was seized and confined, and thereby thrown into sickness and died. Soon after I became sachem they disarmed all my people. They tried my people by their own laws and assessed damages against them which they could not pay. Their land was taken.

Sometimes the cattle of the English would come into the cornfields of my people, for they did not make fences like the English. I must then be seized and confined till I sold another tract of my country for satisfaction of all damages and costs. But a small part of the dominion of my ancestors remains. I am determined not to live till I have no country.