

Home Repo

From: Nelson Wurundjeri

To: Mark Regev, spokesman for the Prime Minister of Israel.

G'day Mark,

I'm writing to ask for your help in a matter of great importance to my people. When I saw you on the telly the first time and heard your accent I was gobsmacked. A white fella had decided to leave my land to return to his own country. Well, good onya, Mark, I can only hope that more white fellas follow you.

Growing up on the reservation I didn't hear a lot about your tribe but in recent years I have learned more about your people and their fight for self-determination. How a great prophet came among you to show you the way home.

I took hope from your history. Your people were beaten up and booted off their land 2,000 years ago by a bunch of heathen foreigners who then destroyed your sacred sites. But despite these murders and desecrations, despite your centuries-long walkabout with an ache in your hearts, your tribe eventually recovered its homeland. This is bonzer stuff.

For my people it has been just two centuries since a bunch of heathen foreigners arrived off our shores. And no sooner had they felt the hot sand of our beautiful beaches between their toes and tasted some of our delicious prawns than they set about removing us from the land over which we had held undisputed sovereignty for 40,000 years.

The fate of my people since the catastrophic day when the white ships sailed into that bay in Kooriland has been a sad one. Everything that was ours was taken from us. Our holy places were stolen and turned into tourist attractions. My people were hunted by the white fella for sport like we were kangaroos or possums. They stole our children. Even our culture is now just another commodity for the white fella to flog for a few dollars.

Mark, you, of all white fellas, will understand how we have suffered. From what I've seen on the box you seem like a good bloke and I can't help liking you even if you are a white fella. Mark, your example, and that of your people, has inspired me to form an association which has as its goal the return of sovereignty over this continent, our holy land, to its rightful and God-given owners. The Society to Manage the Eventual Repossession of the Sacred Homeland (SMERSH) is the great hope of my people. Through it we will advance the cause of Aboriginalism.

This will not be an easy task, but, as your own prophet put it: If you will it, it is no fairy tale. Unlike your people, who were scattered to the four winds, we have the advantage that those of us who have survived the coming of the white fella are still living in our own country. No need for a gathering in of our people. We are all here.

Our big problem is that we are seriously outgunned by the foreigners living amongst us, so we will need to get properly kitted out before we can go hunting white fellas. This, Mark, is where you come in. It seems to me that you have plenty of weapons and that you might be able to lend us a few. Getting firearms around here won't be too much of a problem but we are going to need something heavier to have any chance against the White Fella Army. We are desperately short of main battle tanks (in fact we haven't got a single one) and we could really use a couple of squadrons of F-16s. Seeing you don't have any major wars on at the moment I'm hoping you'll be able to help us out.

I've heard, Mark, that some of your family are still squatting my ancestral home but I am sure that they too, given your excellent example, will soon be packing their bags and booking their flights to their rightful and God-given country. And such a nice sunny country too. You're a lucky

tribe. Millions of white fellas are going to have to return to the western European islands, where they say the weather's worse than Palawaland if you can credit it.

Oh, and could you ask your rels to leave a few tinnies in the esky for us on their way out? Home repo is thirsty work, don't you reckon?

Cheers mate.

Nelson Wurundjeri

Prophet-in-chief of SMERSH