

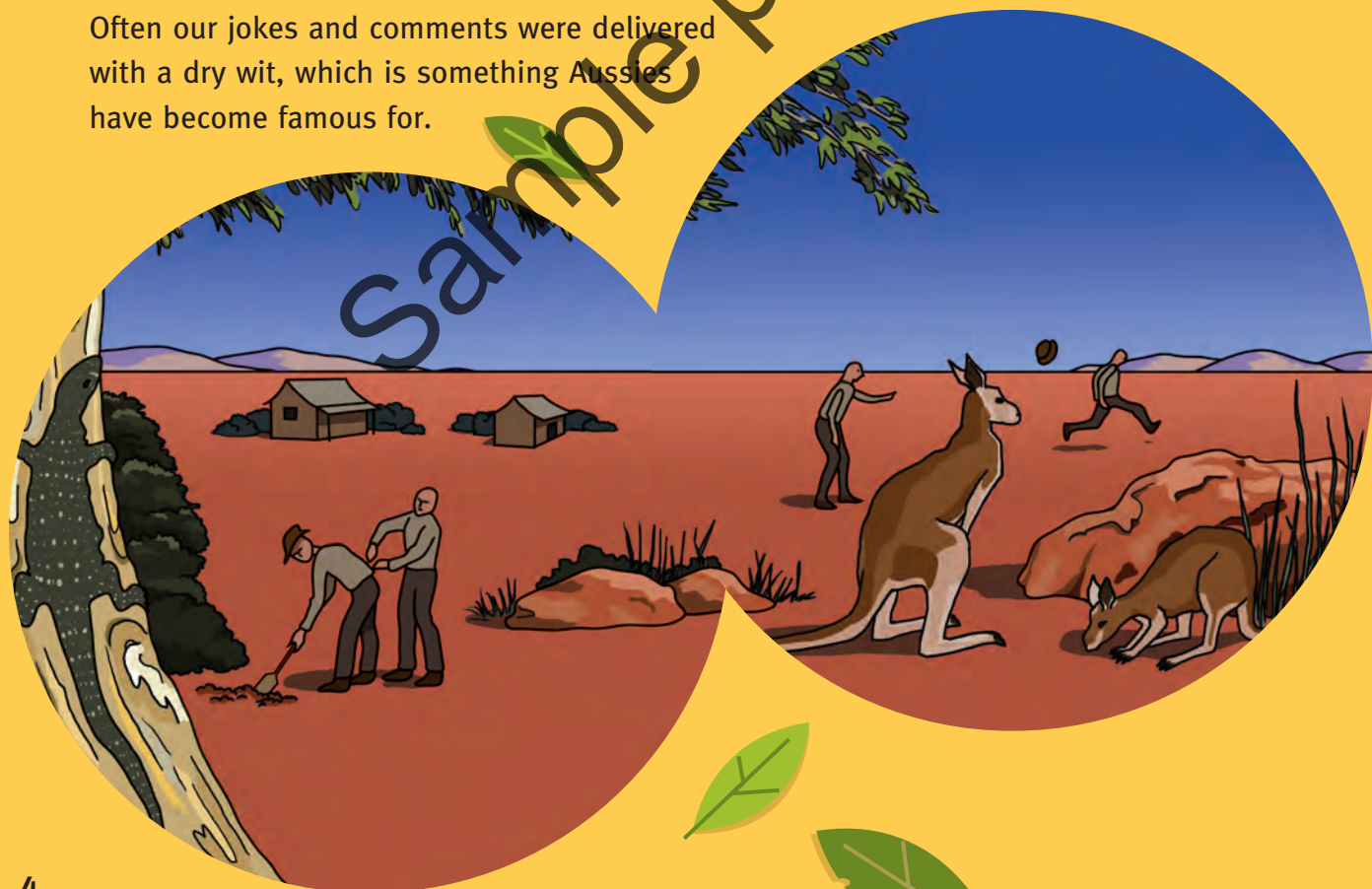
HA HA
HA!

Australian Humour



Australians laugh easily, often at themselves. Australian humour was born in convict times, and was at first a great mix of British humour. The Irish, English, Welsh and Scottish are renowned for their ability to joke, yet, despite being geographically close, each nation's brand of humour has a slightly different tone.

Together, the influence of these nations and others blended to create an Australian voice. Our climate and landscape also helped shape our developing Australian identity. Our ancestors worked hard in the hot sun, and spoke slowly, with a "laid back" drawl. Often our jokes and comments were delivered with a dry wit, which is something Aussies have become famous for.



Australian humour is described as “larrikin” humour. It is cheeky, irreverent, and often insulting. However, the insults are rarely meant to be cruel. If we call someone a dingbat, for example, it can be a compliment. Depending on the tone, it can mean they’re crazy but we like them anyway.

Usually the humour takes the sting out of the insult. If you are described as a **sanger** (sandwich) **short of a picnic** (i.e. not very bright), or as **useless as an outside loo on a submarine** (i.e. not very helpful), you’re more likely to laugh than be offended.

Our colourful use of language is a special part of Aussie humour, particularly “slang” and uniquely Australian turns of phrase.

Got the gist? Then read on ...

If there are any words in this book you don’t know, check pages 31 and 32.



Sample pages
HA HA
HA!

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HA!

Limericks with an Aussie Flavour



We Aussies are known for our pies,
Our footy, our cricket and flies.
With our bush and our beaches
and poisonous creatures,
It's truly a strange paradise.



There was young surfer named Mark,
Who thought, for a bit of a lark,
That he'd surf near the Reef
But his board came to grief
And he ended up lunch for a shark.

HA HA
H



There was a tough sheila called Shirl,
Who thought she'd give riding a whirl.
While astride a huge nag
When its hoof hit a snag
Shirl's language would make your hair curl.

There was an old swaggie from Bourke,
Who most of all hated to work.
He'd spin you a rhyme
for a dollar a time.
Now that's not a bad kind of lurk.



There once was a good Aussie bloke,
Who holidayed in the big smoke.
He spent all his earnings
On fancies and yearnings
And now he is totally broke.

