

# Stimulus Text: Personal Response (Poetry)

Old Man Platypus  
by A.B. (Banjo) Paterson

## OLD MAN PLATYPUS

Far from the trouble and toil of town,  
Where the reed beds sweep and shiver,  
Look at a fragment of velvet brown -  
Old Man Platypus drifting down,  
Drifting along the river.

And he plays and dives in the river bends  
In a style that is most elusive;  
With few relations and fewer friends,  
For Old Man Platypus descends  
From a family most exclusive.

He shares his burrow beneath the bank  
With his wife and his son and daughter  
At the roots of the reeds and the grasses rank;  
And the bubbles show where our hero sank  
To its entrance under water.

Safe in their burrow below the falls  
They live in a world of wonder,  
Where no one visits and no one calls,  
They sleep like little brown billiard balls  
With their beaks tucked neatly under.

And he talks in a deep unfriendly growl  
As he goes on his journey lonely;  
For he's no relation to fish nor fowl,  
Nor to bird nor beast, nor to horned owl;  
In fact, he's the one and only!

