# The Ballad of Bunnings Karen

**Parody of ‘Bunnings Karen’ incident + Banjo Patterson poem “The Man from Snowy River”**

There was movement in the town until they locked us all back down,

And Melbourne cancelled every non-essential task.

But the numbers kept increasing, putting pressure on policing,

For they told us all we had to wear a mask.

‘Twas uncomfortable at first, but everybody feared the worst,

And soon the shelves at fabric stores were all but barren.

Then one woman took a stand, with a smartphone in her hand.

It was the hero that we needed: Bunnings Karen.

Now her real name wasn’t Karen – could be Joy, or Sue, or Sharon.

It’s irrelevant, ‘cos she was heaven-sent,

To teach the workers in that store she knew her rights, she knew the law.

She knew she’d beat them by over ten per cent!

Now there are ways and there are means to make a point, or so it seems,

But diplomacy we know is for the shirkers,

So what better way to state you’re in control of a debate

Than by bullying a pair of friendly workers?

She sure put them in their place, said: “I refuse to mask my face.

I don’t have to follow any rule!”

Despite her anger and alarm, the employees stayed quite calm.

They were used to handling a tool.

“This is sheer discrimination!” she cried out in frustration.

“I’m a living woman, let’s be clear.

I didn’t come here to barter – here’s me United Nations Charter.

And I’ll grab a bag of gravel while I’m here.”

Then having made her point, our hero exited the joint,

Satisfied she’d properly protested.

But it turns out, to be sure, she wasn’t quite across the law,

Because in the car park she was publicly arrested.

And it would have ended there and none of us would really care,

Except the whole thing she had filmed upon her phone.

Like every builder of commotion, she was skilled at self-promotion,

And was famous by the time she made it home.

For the meme was seen by many, and I know in 2020

There’s an irony in something going viral.

But it lit up like a torch or a floodlight on your porch,

(Which, incidentally, you can find in the third aisle).

And soon the United Nations began deliberations,

And passed a controversial resolution:

To redirect the funds from famine, war, and slums

To Bunnings shoppers facing persecution.

And the legend slowly grew of this freedom fighter who

Was not distracted by the discount citronella.

She let her naked face go free, said: “This does not apply to me!”

And she truly was our own Nelson Mandela.

And her following increased as more faces were released,

(Though many ended up in ICU)

But to ensure no contradiction they showed the courage of conviction,

And refused to wear a ventilator too.

So in the years that lie ahead when people trawl that big green shed,

Focused on a home improvement task,

They might just pause to contemplate that not all heroes wear a cape.

In fact, some of them don’t even wear a mask.