

# KOKODA CHALLENGE

## *What's it about... Kokoda?*

The Track was worn and battle torn... the kids were at the crossroads,  
Just one lone patrol... on a roll... from mismatched creeds and codes,  
Chosen to pound... the sacred ground... hand picked from the back of the pack,  
To trek the high-road of our heroes... the heartland of the Kokoda Track.

Another chance for some, in life's hectic scum... for others a change from the grind,  
To pin a flag to a mast... blot out a past... of passages best left behind,  
Their fractured force has landed and the kids are stepping out,  
To walk the mind maze of Kokoda... to find... what this Track's all about.

For it's here that the Papuan Infantry and our 39<sup>th</sup> Militia Men,  
Took on the Soldiers of the Sun first outnumbered two to ten,  
Most of our "citizen soldiers" were teenagers, untrained in the art of war,  
But the red Rising Sun launched aloft and on the run... made their ANZAC spirits soar.

They fought against odds impossible... in blood, sweat and mud to the knees,  
Against an invasion force of many thousands of well trained Japanese,  
They fought to a standstill, man to man, in corroded-on khaki armour,  
On a Track over the Owen Stanley's deadly backdrop's diorama.

And there in the depths of the deepest despair... came that berry brown face 'neath the Fuzzy  
Wuzzy hair,  
And when they fell they prayed and God replied... as Arc-angels appeared at their side,  
But now, the AIF's in from the desert, to reinforce the line,  
As the 7<sup>th</sup> Division, with surgical precision, plants a wedge in Kokoda's spine. With every breath,  
they fought to the death for the Diggers couldn't comprehend failure,  
Cause down the length of the queue... every Aussie heart knew, that this was "The Battle for  
Australia",  
Grindingly the Australians turned the tide... caused the Japanese to sound retreat,  
For the loss of many thousands of men for them, was a dishonorable and inconceivable defeat.

But now the Track has quietened, from the crank of the barking Bren,  
Just a silent flotilla floating of young immortal men,  
Two sides had welded together, a red circle to a golden fleece,  
With the wish for the world, forever linked, in the arms of a lasting peace.

The Kokoda Kids are walking still, up through the mud and down,  
Where teenage heroes just hung on... to claim their country's crown,  
Treading in the tracks of the glorious men, in spirit-breaking rain,  
Where nerves in hell... revolt... rebel... and transmutate to pain.

Our nation had given them another start... a first hand look at its beating heart,  
Showed them the steps to a sacred shrine... to a time when our fate read... *firing line*,  
Showed the suture we sewed as our nation bled... held together for a time by a teenage thread,  
Showed the price we paid in our fight to be free... along Kokoda... the little sister ...of Gallipoli.

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