

I'm not sure that I will be very well-suited
To the new post-climate change society
It bothers me
I'm not sure that I have the tools to deal
With the complete collapse of the modern world
I'd be rooted
I burn easily
And my feet get sore when I walk barefoot
It's pathetic
I'd last two seconds

I'm not sure that I'd have a chance in a half-drowned, post-
technological world

I'm not sure that I know enough about bush tucker
Or how to get water from cactuses
Aren't they prickly or something
I've got no Indigenous friends
And I'm sure they'd get sussed
If I tried to buddy up to them at this late stage
They'd be onto me
I get bored quickly
If I couldn't stare at a screen all day
I'd have no purpose
I'd be a vegetable

I'm not sure that I'd have a chance in a DIY, make-your-own-
fun world

Even allowing for the possibility
That it might not be exactly like Mad Max
You can be sure that there'd still be a healthy amount
Of fighting marauders off
And I'm not much good
At fighting marauders off
I learnt this at my year twelve formal

I'm not sure that I have the upper body strength
To cope with all the rowing in an ocean-based world
I'd be completely at sea
And my word-smithery would fall on deaf ears
With the people with hats made of sheep skulls
Then they'd kill me

I'm not sure that there'd be a place for a fey, bookish technop
hile

In a physically challenging, nomadic, foraging, siphoning, dot-
painting, oral tradition world