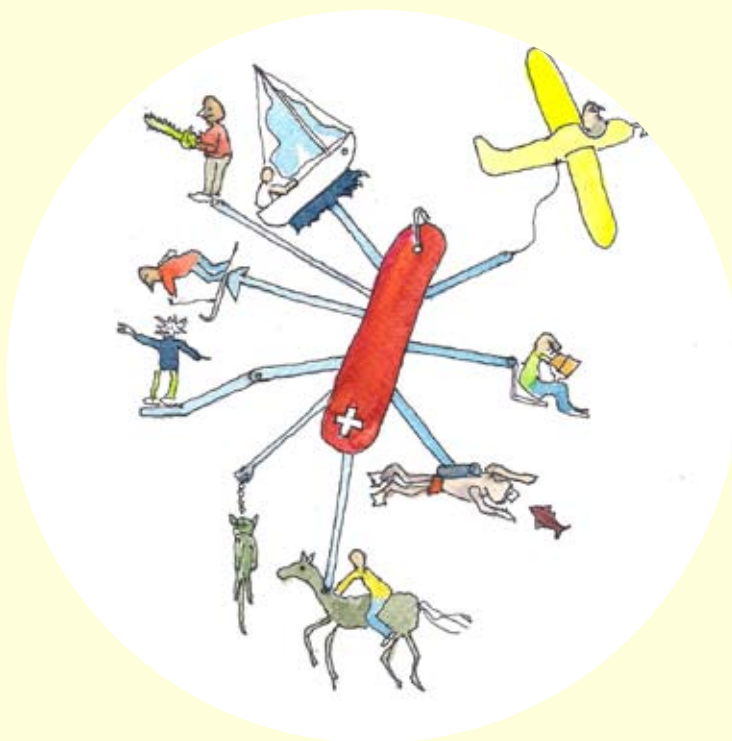




# Saga of the Wolfe Island Fairlie

(Now We Are Six-ity)

fL@ubert duck



*For Multi-flarious Matt Flairlie- Now We Are Six-ity*

*A sporty type with zest for fun  
And like Swiss knife, multifarious  
Whose horizons are so broad spectrum  
That many find them scarious.*

*Midst dogs and cars, and baffled wife  
And varied family three  
Intent on scientific life  
Still game for any spree.*

*The tales unfold, Shakespearean  
With twist and turn and duck  
The glamour is Hyperion  
Soul cresting on good luck.*

*With Hobies, Horses, Hydrogen  
All H's – (not in order)  
Is it any wonder then  
He needs to slip across the border?*

*Oft dwelling on the state of world  
Induces high hysteria  
Irascibility unfurled  
In tones that certainly scare ya.*

*With interests ranging so diverse  
Our hero's now turned Six-ity.  
The following yarns may seem perverse  
Please pardon their prolixity.*



# Saga of the Wolfe Island Fairlie

When Byron braved the Hellespont  
The whole world held its breath  
(Not exactly what you want  
When grappling with death)

When Jonah took his little swim  
Ejected far from shore  
All thought the whale had done for him  
God cast him back for more.

And when Matthew missed the ferry home  
And viewed its spumey trail  
Undaunted he stripped down to bone  
With self-confidence full male.

The night was stormy, white caps lash  
He steered for distant light  
No inkling it was somewhat rash  
His prospects less than bright.

With thought of night cap waiting him  
And family abed  
He persevered with prospects dim  
Afloat in woozy head.

Progress proving most uncertain  
Fatigue sapping all his limbs.  
It looked like drop of final curtain  
In this marathon of swims.

For it's often further than you think  
To reach that distant shore.  
But what's the choice? You cannot blink  
Take courage, swim some more!

But Poseidon in his watery lair  
Peered up somewhat aghast  
Admiring those who rise to dare  
He aided this swim past.

Buffeted by white cap wave  
Man made of sterner stuff  
Thus Fortune aiding daft and brave  
Cast him ashore in buff.



Oft late at night are wild oats sown  
Matt succeeded – butt just barely  
This escapade was later known  
As the aft hour Wolfe Isle Fairlie.

# The Mechanic

Your main block gasket sudden blown?

No prob – or need to panic!

Don't butt your head with weary groan

Matt's our resident mechanic!

The oil is draining on the road?

And forming treacherous slick?

The gas gauge says it might explode?

He'll patch it in a tick!

Brake fluid's squirting everywhere?

And just erupts full throttle?

It's all in hand, do not despair!

He'll find a bigger bottle.



Sparks emitting from your points?  
Those sprockets yawn agape?  
Just dab epoxy on the joints  
He'll bind them with duct tape.



Your wheel just popped? A missing screw?  
No problem! - That's a bet!  
Matt's just the guy to see you through -  
Trained physicist *and* vet!

# The Fisherman



Patient, hunched o'er Stoner's Pool  
Where good things come to those that wait  
It's best sit back and keep your cool  
Hope something takes your bait.

For in those depths a legend lurks  
Elusive as ole Ness  
The Rapala almost always works  
Relieving all the stress.

So tense those muscles, draw in breath  
And fishing gods appease.  
Prepare for that fight unto death  
No idle chatter pul-ee-eeze!

Not a nibble on your line?  
And anchor you can't save?  
Perhaps come back some other time  
So now let's try Gull's Grave.

# Mogul of the Slopes

All skiers cultivate such dreams  
The rise to challenge of the black  
Eschewing pale blue capucines  
They choose the torture rack.

Replete with moguls, errant stumps  
Where sudden violent drops  
Punctuate stupendous jumps  
And pits of ski dashed hopes.

Our hero though knows little fear  
Just points himself to bottom  
And holds his breathe if path ain't clear  
Takes bumps as if he sought 'em.

He's never clothed to cut a dash  
For garb's no way to make your stand  
Claims après-ski is only 'fash',  
Grabs any sweater close at hand.

The Poma lift just ground to halt?  
There's some one dangling from that wire?  
And Matthew's missing some gestalt  
Are survival prospects dire?



For one of evolutions lesser whims  
In haring down and lost it all  
Are those equipped with rubber limbs.  
Who 'scape après-ski in hospital.

# The Great Helmsman

Some skippers thrive on daunting course  
And love embracing risk.  
When wayward winds whip cross gale force  
The tacking becomes brisk

Like Capt'n Ahab at the helm  
In quest of mythic whale  
Where lashing seas may overwhelm.  
All those below decks quail.

A battered crew may queasy feel  
And cling on for dear life  
When vessel shows a lot of keel  
Midst all the froth and strife.

Some relish all those stormy seas  
Where lesser craft go 'glub'  
While others sea gods seek appease -  
In harbour of the club.

Here no storm gales buffet hapless crew  
Resigned it's later than they think.  
Much better with the drink in you  
Than you within the drink.



While outside winds lash frantic waves  
They're huddled by the fire,  
Saluting all those absent braves  
The deft Skip lifts glass higher.