



Fairwood Fauna

Tam Fairlie

the fl@ubert duck series



for F.A.P.

Tulka the Beaver

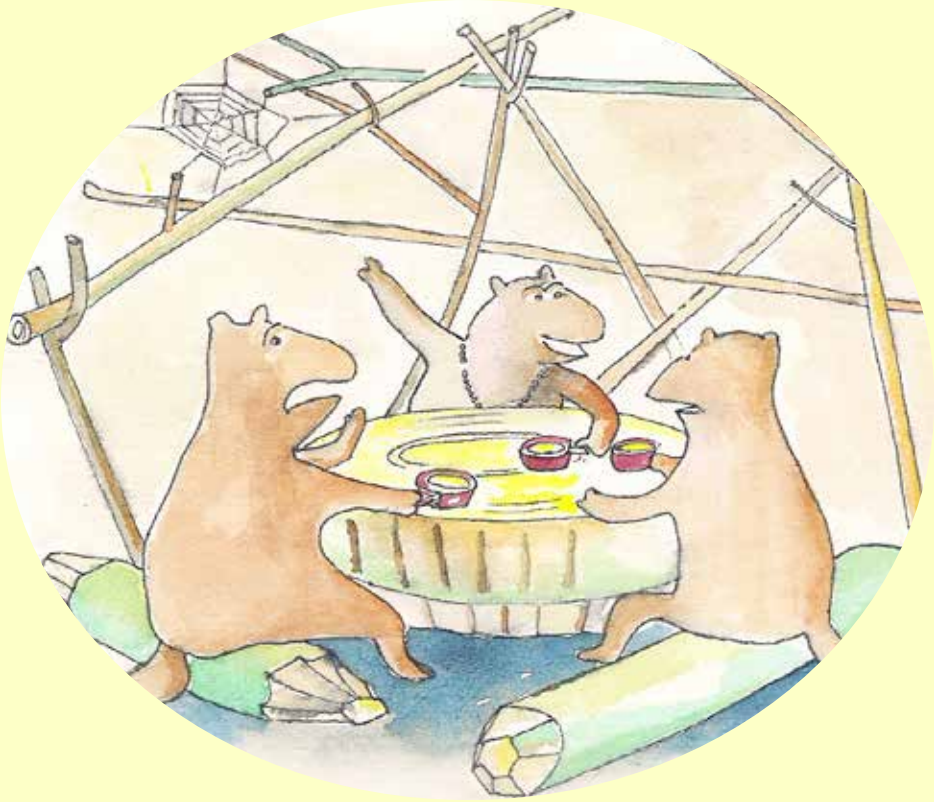
- a Moral Tail



*The terrible tale of Tulka the beaver
Should be a lesson to all
Her tongue, not her tooth, was as sharp as a cleaver
The moral: SNIDE PRECEDES A FALL*



*Her choice of a spouse had been very astute,
Hard-working, dependable Gled,
For although his much vaunted teeth were acute,
He was otherwise dull in the head.*



*One morning out making her gossiping round
She had sat down in comfort to tea
In the lodge of a neighbour, deep underground
At the foot of a large poplar tree.*



*Now I'd pall to relate to you just what was said
About neighbours and scandalous mores.
But most of her scorn was reserved for poor Gled
Who was left back at home with his chores.*



*"Gled's messy and vulgar, he's putting on weight
And I'm tired of that infantile grin.
He's clumsy and tactless, his teeth aren't quite straight
His sartorial taste is a sin."*



*Now Tulka became so engrossed with this chat
That Gled soon completed his chores,
And decided while donning his best beaver hat
To take a brief turn out of doors.*



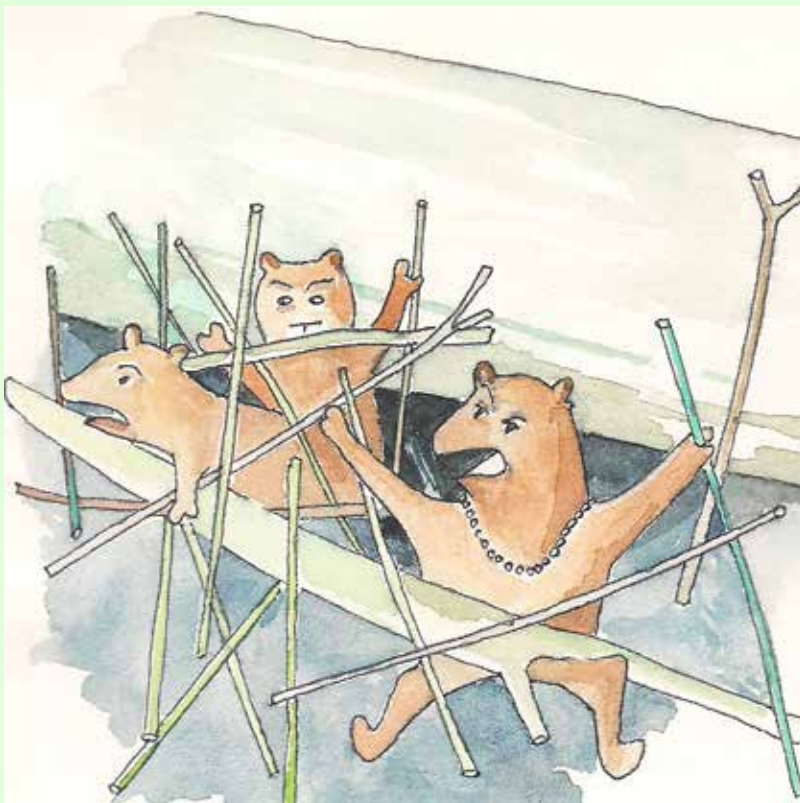
*He spied a tall poplar alongside the lake
Deeming idleness shameful disgrace,
He imagined the very fine meal it would make
If transported back home to his place.*



*In best beaver fashion he encircled that tree,
Which many had spurned long before him.
With a rend and a crash it fell to the lea,
Gled cried 'TIMBER' with proper decorum.*



*Gled flicked all extraneous chips from his fur
And paused for self congratulation
When lo! to his ears rose a deafening roar
Of invective, not hoped adulation.*



*"You blockhead, you bungler" She heaped on her scorn,
For Tulka was trapped 'neath that tree.
"Much better for all had you never been born -
Move sharply and get us all free!"*



*But 'midst the confusion Gled's mind came quite clear
And uncommonly rare for a beaver
He pondered one moment and then turned his rear
'Twas better to leave than to heave her.*

Lucky Lucinda

a Travellers Tale



*Lucinda was a funny fish
Bugs and worms just weren't her dish
When tasty morsels trundled by
She'd turn her eyes up to the sky
To dream of flower, bud and berry
All dainties from that domain airy
Yet somehow she could never quite
Clamber out - try as she might.*



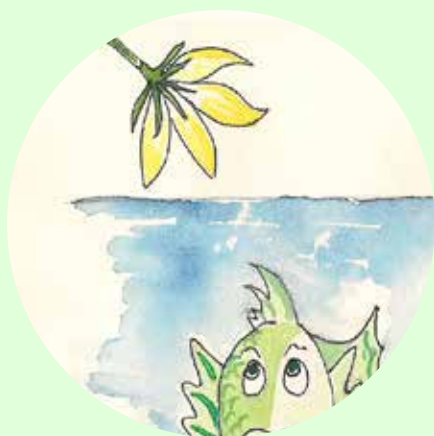
*Trailing garlands in a stream
She toured the pond like some fish Queen,
Her doting parents were distraught
Fearing she would come to naught.
“She’s sweet, wall-eyed, delightfully slippery
But tends to idle thoughts and frippery,
And now it plainly can be seen
She’s turned a frightful shade of green!”*



*One day while preening near her lair,
Lu was pluck out by Greedy Bear,
'What Luck!' was in Lucinda's thoughts
 'A chance to tour elusive spots!'
Arranging garlands about her arms
She took great care, displaying charms,
And peered around at wondrous sights
Much more exotic from these heights.*



*The cub considered his strange prize
And rushed it home for mother's eyes
But mother bear in some dismay
Could think of nothing good to say,
She bid him take it back to pond
And drop her where she had been found.
(Timely this as events unravel
For Lu felt queasy from this travel.)*





*So Lu's home and reckoned since that time
Expert on trips to foreign clime.*

Hector - an Expert



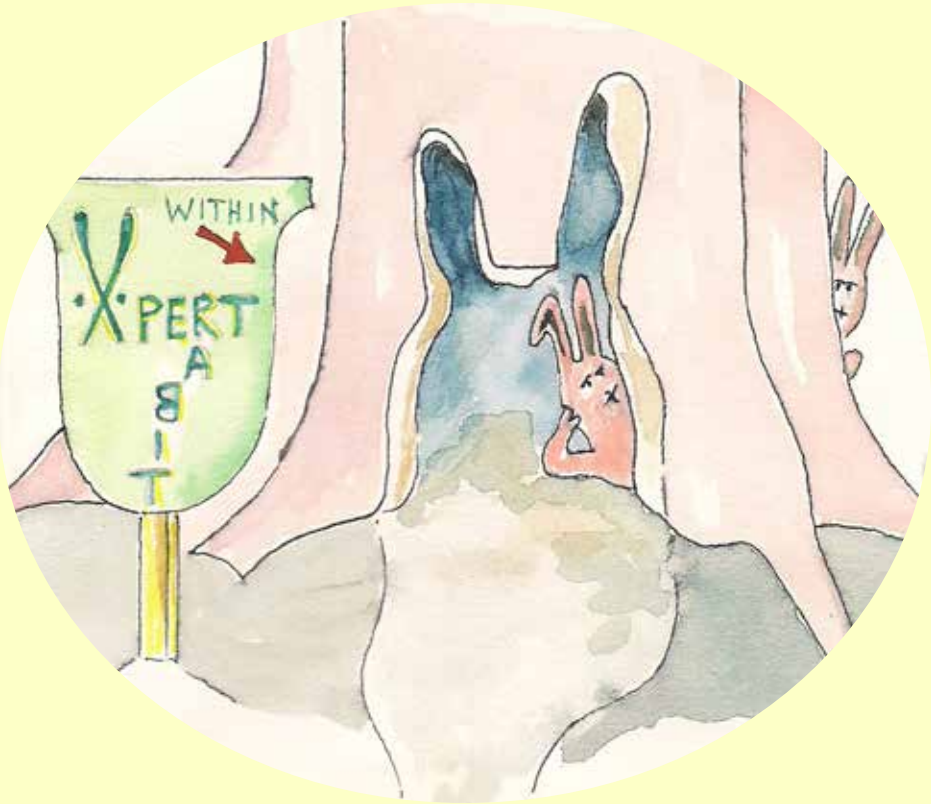
*Hector's imagination teams
With endless life enhancing schemes,
Other rabbits drift away
When Hector's grey cells come into play.*



*He taught the Beavers how to hop,
The Coons to nibble greens
But deportment lessons were a flop
When Porky joined the scene.*



*Quite certain that how one appears
Reflects superior mind
He fixed the frogs with leafy ears
And grassy tails behind.*



*Ever hopeful that some soul
Will seek his sage advice
He's fixed a sign beside his hole
Inscribed with quaint device.*

Cyril Skunk

*Blithely dancing in a glade
Sassy fox with others played
Always prone to gad about
“Beware that BIG Fat Skunk,” she’d shout.*



*Evil genius Cyril Skunk
Lurks unseen behind a trunk
Plotting in his devious way
The downfall of his chosen prey.*

*So Cyril plucked a pretty flower
Enticing to approach his bower,
He drew the feckless fox up close
To administer a fatal dose.*



*'P-S-S-T, P-S-S-T !' went Cyril turning tail
And Sassy fox began to wail
The others rushed to her distress
Then quick recoiled to catch their breath.*

*She rolled in dust and bathed her hair
Then tiptoed back to family lair
And hoped her parents would not note
The frightful fragrance of her coat.*



Poetry and Poultry



*Flowbert Duck avoids the muck
At bottom of his pond
And shuns the weed where others feed
On fresh eggs frogs have spawned.*



*His father in a moment glib,
When he was very wee
Pronounced this little new born squib
'A fine piece of Poultry.'*



*These humoured words, his siblings say
Went straight to Bertie's head
Who ever since that fateful day
Reads poetry instead.*



*And so from stumps and lofty rocks
His talents are unloosed
He couches rhymes where'er he talks
And chooses the 'Mot Juste'.*



*With ruffled feathers, tortured eyes
Beyond the weeds he claims to see
His quest for ever greater prize,
The essence of life's poultry.*

