



# Fairwood Fantoms

**Tam Fairlie**

the fl@ubert duck series



for all  
**Fairwood fans**

# The Polynesian Haggis



The Polynesian Haggis scorns her counterparts from Northern clime,  
When during winter in large swarms they flock down south at  
Christmas time.

Their care worn faces, flabby claws she holds in low esteem  
Such plumage only rates guffaws, quaint manners quite the scream.

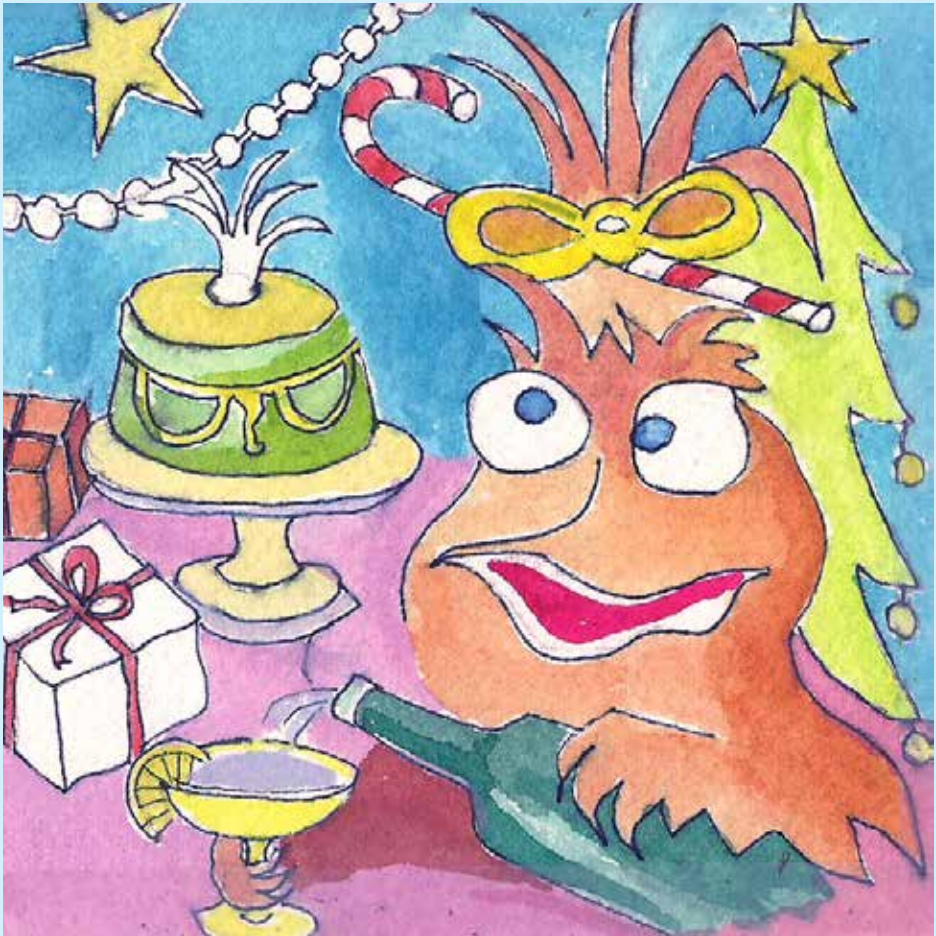


**While perched atop papaya trees she preens her ample breast  
And ruffles feathers in the breeze, all quite above the rest.  
Many jealous creatures come to view this noble sight  
Though others think she looks quite dumb (and I suspect they're right)**



**The stories of a traveller seduced one local bird  
With Christmas tales - the lights - the blur - it sounded quite absurd.  
Without a native attribute to be quite sharp - or dead  
This guileless soul, not too acute, was easy swayed instead.**





With tales of puddings, songs and wine, so easy to impress.  
"I'll just nip up at Christmas time and view this quaint excess."  
She booked her ticket, packed her bag, and readied for a spree.  
"I'll do the cushy thing, I think, let others fly for me!"



In the airplane looking 'round she found a comfy spot,  
And settled back to spread her wings beside a friendly Scot.  
Throughout the flight with clever quips she sallied comments snide  
While popping sweets 'twixt her lips, admired by friend 'longside.



On landing though, with crooning tone, her friend took trusting claw,  
“I want to take you to my home and let you meet my Maw!”





**A Polynesian Haggis ghost now lurks on Fairwood's shore  
She haunts the household of her host  
With shrieks of 'NEVERMORE'.**

# The Dabbling Demon



Let the spirit world command respect - this certainly is true.

For dabbling was dire defect of grim Satanic Sue.

She assumed an aspect quite unique, back shutter she would brood

Enhanced by cosmetic technique, she'd revel in the desuetude.



**She blocked her windows, nurtured gloom, and carried candlestick  
Imparting air of 'pending doom' to draw visit from 'Old Nick'.  
Affecting wooden peg-leg stump and garbed in gothic suit  
She discovered in an ancient trunk (with specially matching boot)**





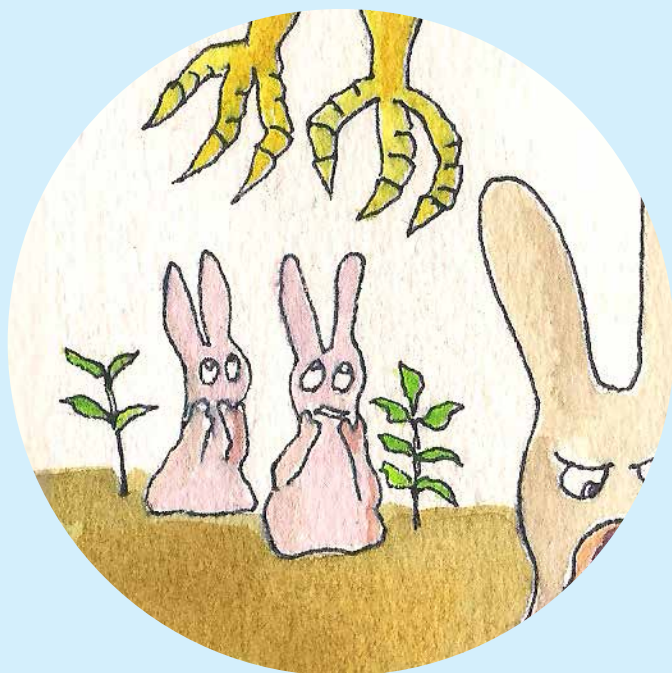
And so, engrossed in this affair, Sue did not quite observe,  
How shadows flitting round her lair, made free with her preserve.  
Spirits made themselves at home while she pursued what EVIL brings.  
They tested sofas, rattled bones, and tried on all her things.





With incantations moans and shrieks, seances before the fire  
She carried on like this for weeks. The spirits seemed to tire.

One fateful day I am afeared, fed up with tyro play  
Sue simply, sadly disappeared. The spirits came to stay.



# The Grisly Grabbit



When the solstice moon is waning, twilight lingers into night  
A banshee voice is heard complaining, sobbing in the failing light.  
The Grisly Grabbit stalks the pea patch, peers morosely through the  
fence,  
Counting each new shoot upturning, scouting round to find the rents.

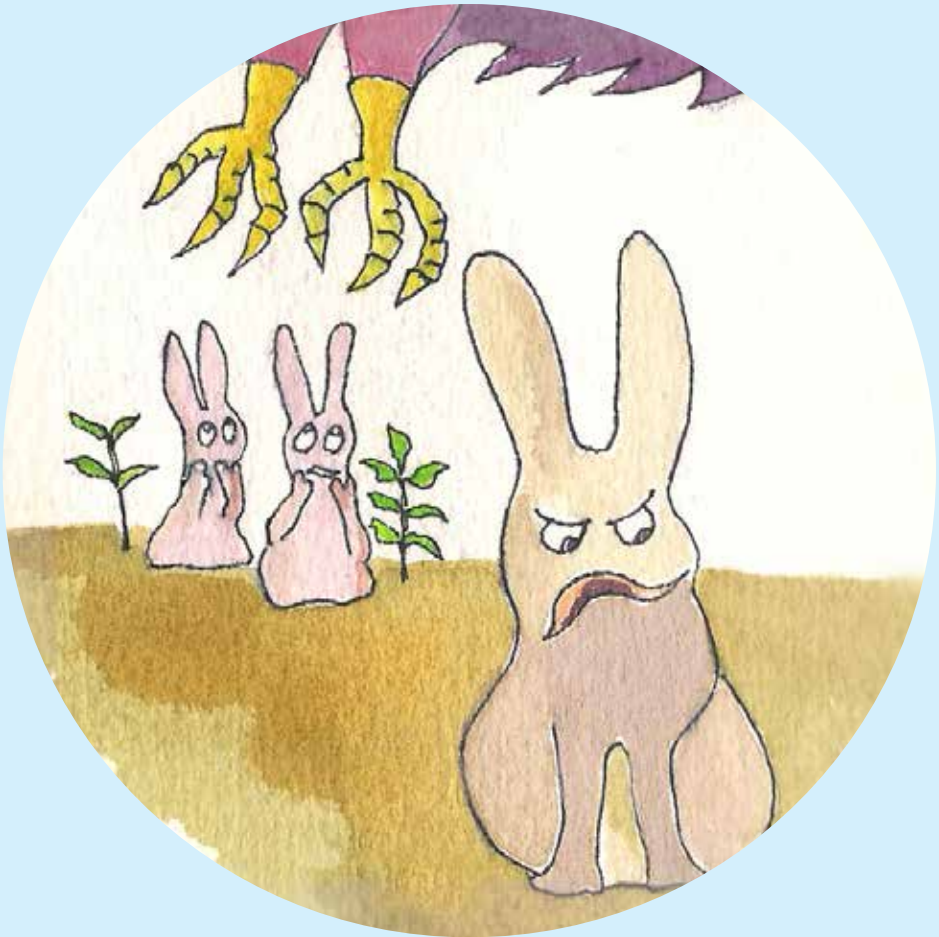


Once considered sweet and Winsome - of all his siblings crowned the  
prince

His parents doted on their scion, but sisters called him 'Whining  
Wince.'

For he'd complain most every morning, loath to wake at crack of dawn

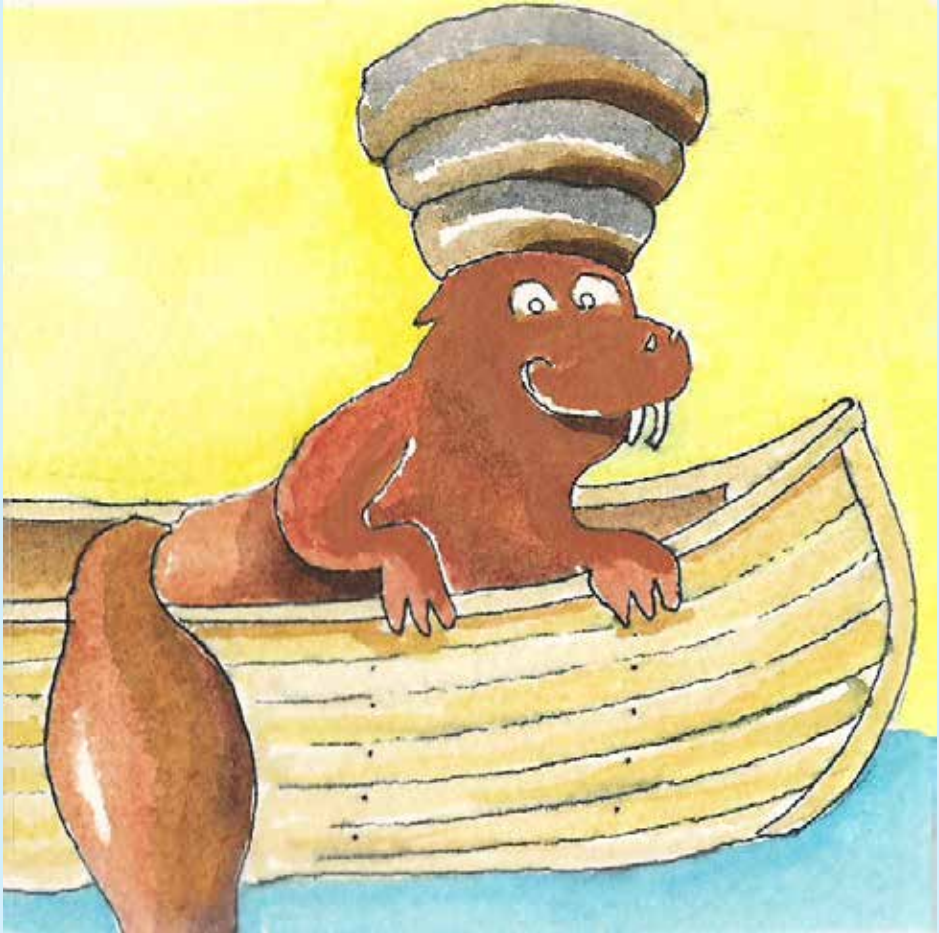




Alas it was one fateful morning, Wince was in a poisonous mood  
Baleful eyes observed his tantrums, then swooped down upon the  
brood.

The ensuing fracas was alarming, shrieking Wince was carried 'way.  
"A frightful end for our Prince Charming" said sisters settling for the

# The Baleful Beaver

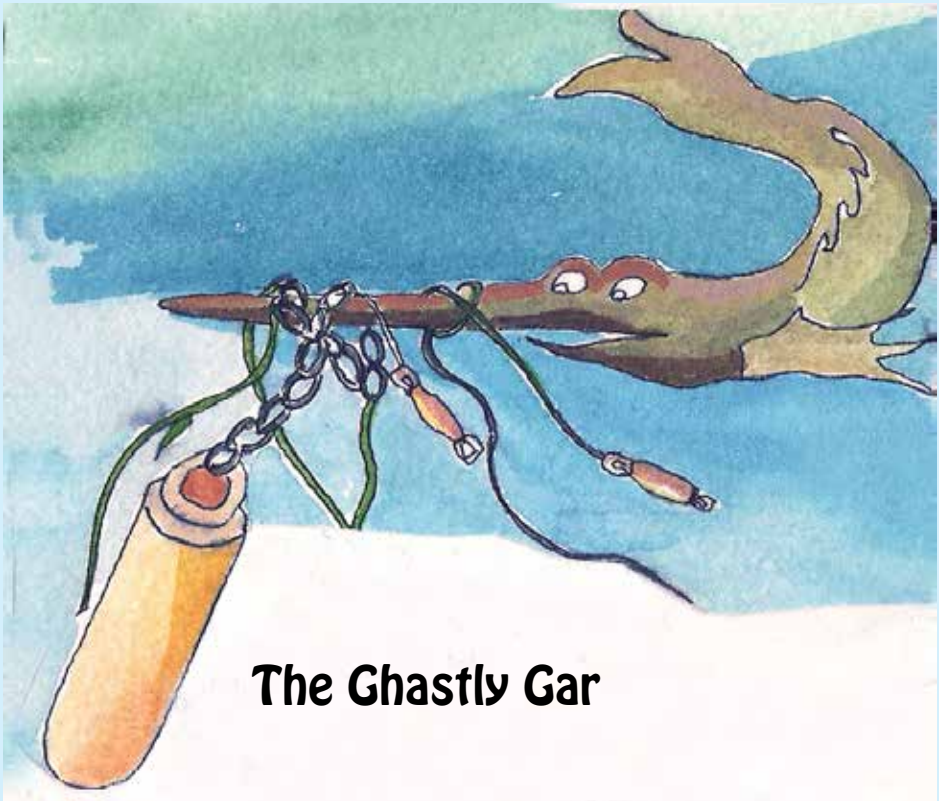


When nights are clear and moon is high  
The Baleful Beaver's heard to sigh  
With glowing eyes and visage drawn  
He treads his well-worn path till dawn  
And ponders his short life mis-spent  
Pandering to fashion's bent.



Years ago a Voyageur  
Left a leaflet on his shore  
Of regal 'Beaver Hats' he read  
"Join Crown-ed Heads of Yerp" it said.  
With lips tight-pursed friends bid good-bye  
But they trusted not that trader's eye.

With his 'at tucked under a wasted arm he treads his muddy bower.  
Like glowing coals fright timid souls, those baleful eyes now glower.



## **The Ghastly Gar**

**On moonless nights, heard from afar  
Are flounderings of the Ghastly Gar  
His life ill spent, in aimless drift  
He skewered debris where'er he sniffed.**

**At last o'erburdened in a snooze  
He sank and smothered in the ooze.  
He now returns, a fearsome spectre  
The feckless to berate and hector**

**"Be selective, take great care -  
AND OF AN AIMLESS LIFE BEWARE!"**



# The Poulter-Gribbin



Entwined among the leafy trees  
The Poulter-Gribben takes his ease  
His victims strewn about below  
Are little mounds beneath the snow.  
Memory of those pleasures lingers.  
He counts his conquests on his fingers.



***Oh don't worry, I'm an old hand !***

# Revenant Rattlers



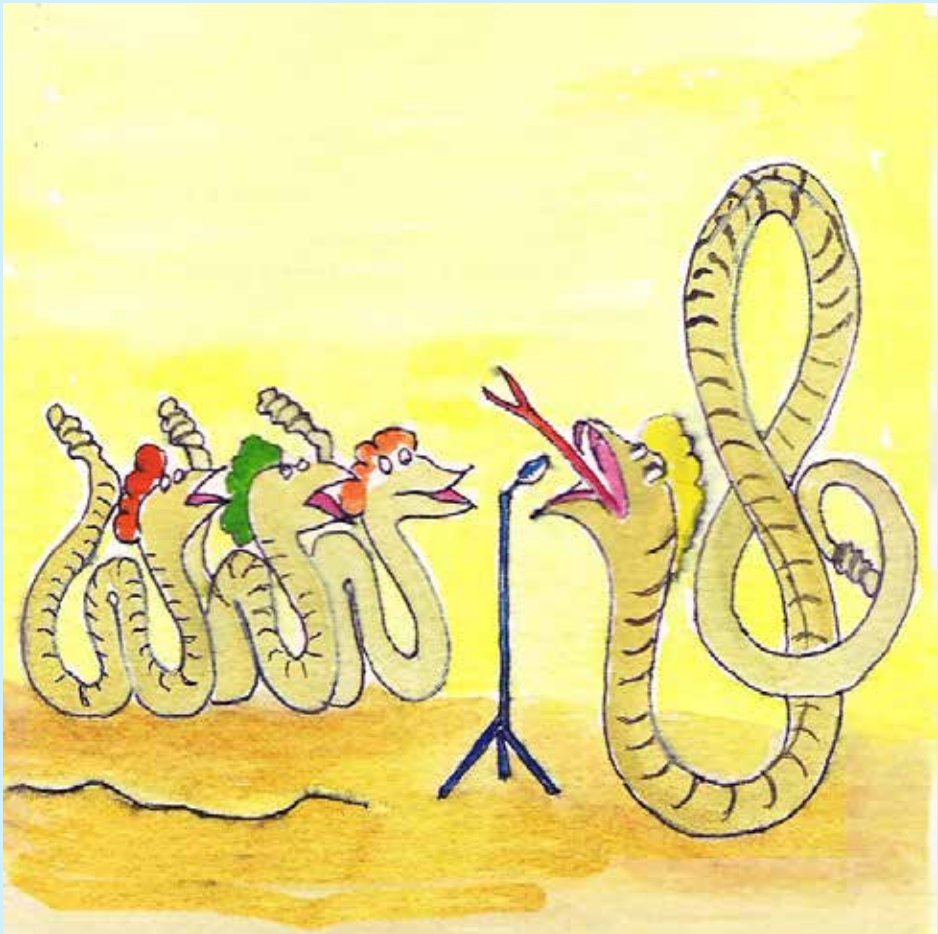
Slithering through the murky ooze of Hades dim domain,  
A ghostly rattler paused to muse and contemplate his pain  
A little ditty bubbled up and tumbled through his mind  
This lonely scene and vagrant soul - estranged from all his kind.

**Hark ! what was that ? In Stygian gloom ?**

**A kindred soul responds in tune!**

**And then came others in a titch**

**All harmonised with perfect pitch**



**They formed a concertino group, a rattling quartet  
On instruments original they wooed the fashion set,  
To entertain was their fond claim - advance the music cause  
Nor were they likely to disdain a little warm applause.**

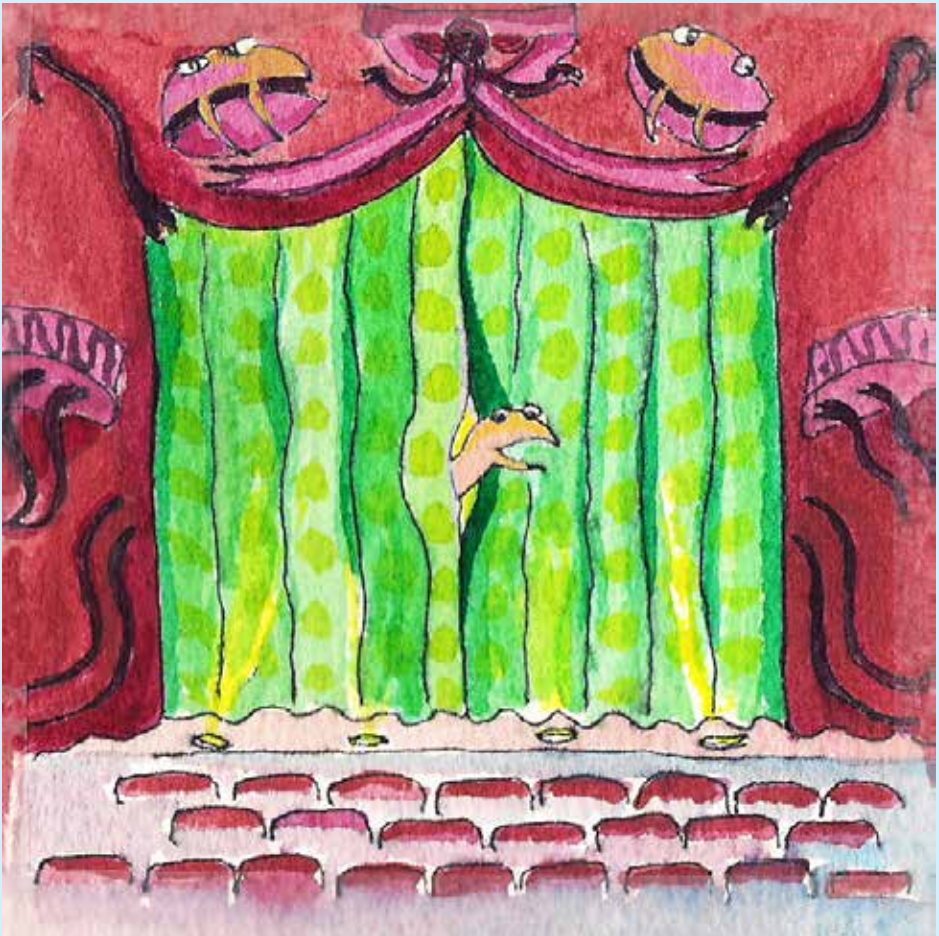




With venues for their haunting tones, all chosen with great care,  
They polished brightly their old bones and sported serious hair  
Bedizened and quite radiant, naught was left to chance  
They fucussed all their talents on a perfect ambience.



But their set up in the Bell tower, twas greeted with mere scorn  
They retreated to Boathouse where they sang alone till morn,  
Then repairing to the Pumphouse amidst the rusty nails  
But nobody attended there to jive to ghostly tails.



Resigned, they then admitted, it was plainly to be seen,  
That folks were just not up to speed to join their music scene.

“Us phantoms when once living were so ahead of times,  
The world is still not ready for our rhythm and our rhymes.





***What's for supper Hon?***





***They don't like chocolate cake - it's bad for them!***

# Fashion Fiend



During his lifetime Feste the fish  
Wore naught but the drabbest of clothes  
On sidelines he hovered as others more favoured  
Passed haughtily under his nose.  
With spottings and stripings and colourful pipings  
They'd swim so contentedly by.  
Feste stared gloomily at their contumely  
And greeted their sneers with a sigh.



One day while out reckoning, its tentacles beckoning  
He met a 'come hither' appeal.  
To every appearance, and even up nearance  
It looked a most savoury meal.  
Feste recalled what he'd often been told  
That old saying 'You are what you eat'.  
And imagined quite clearly what he'd wished for so dearly  
A glamorous, high-fashion treat.



He'd read about demons, banshees and sirens  
His mind was quite full of such stuff.  
Which his parents would mention with the best of intention -  
He dismissed as a lot of old guff.  
All such admonitions seemed mere superstitions,  
And had not led him quite to prepare  
For that shriek and the screech as he was pulled out of reach  
And vanished into the thin air.



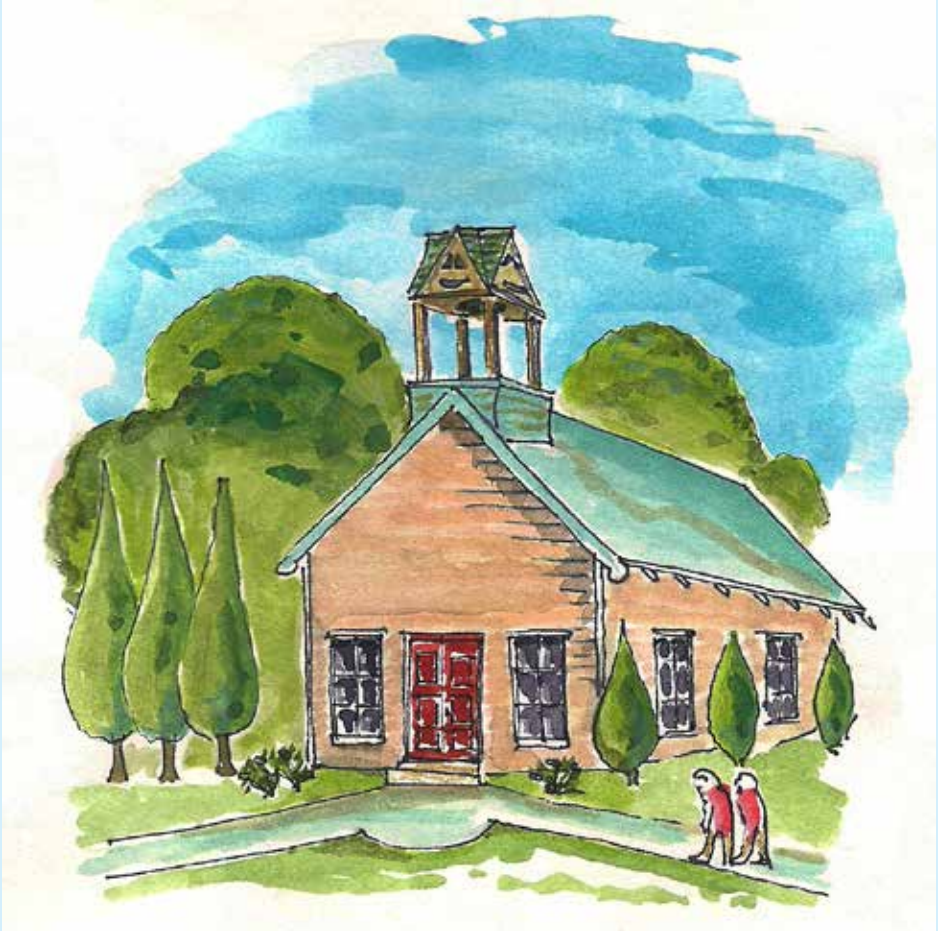


A phantom exquisite is reputed to visit  
What once were this Feste's old haunts.  
Trailing stupendously glamorous appendas  
And making an end to old taunts.  
Now quaking all scatter, their fish teeth a-chatter  
Seek sanctuary in their home lair,  
When rising upwardly, he desports himself lordly  
Then vanishes into thin air.

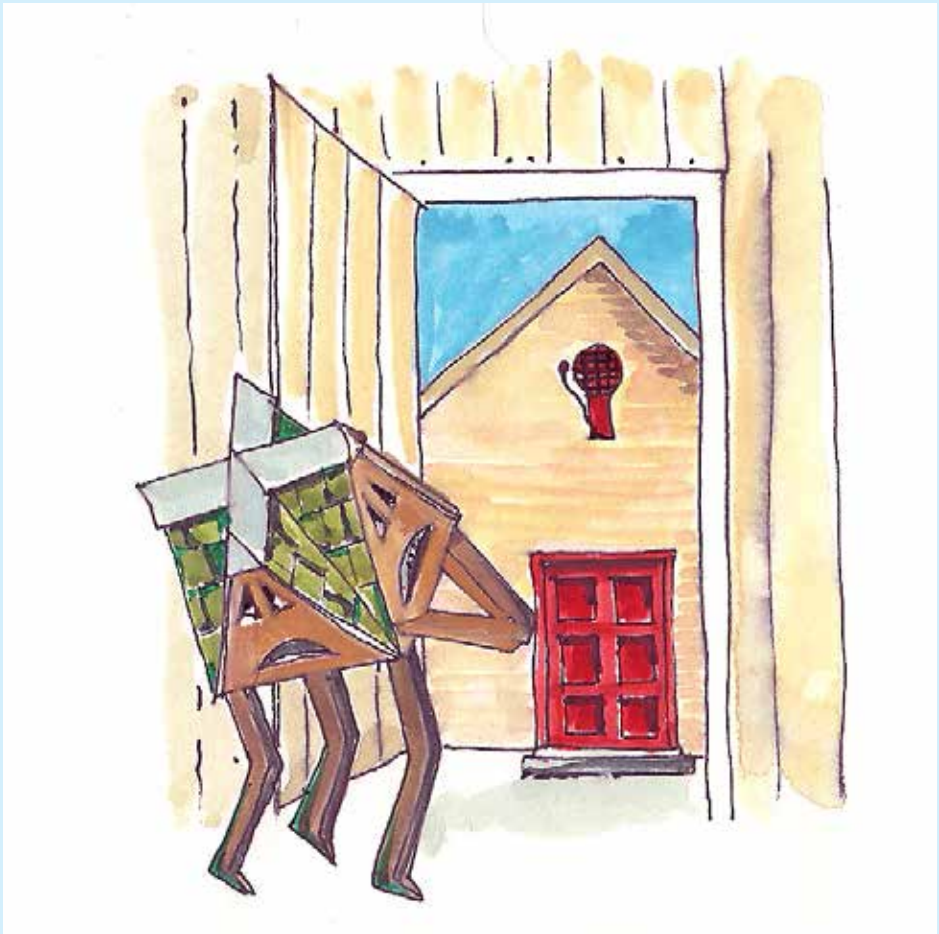


***Those who forget the past are doomed to relive it.***

# La Belle



For many years the Old Dutch Bell stood proud on schoolhouse peak  
Her peals of laughter used to tell class hours throughout the week.



**But then alas one fateful day, when ice had clogged her clanger,  
They wrenched her from her lordly lay; to storage shed they brang her.**

**A nasty, strident, snippet box, in vulgar hue of red,  
Named 'Acc-U-Larm 0-2-3-0' assumed her place instead.**





**But never one to court despair, or bow to tragic fate,  
She advertised in newspaper - 'Belle Seeks to Relocate'  
From vast response which flooded in she chose a northern 'date'  
With water views, the only 'Din' - was that on dinner plate.**

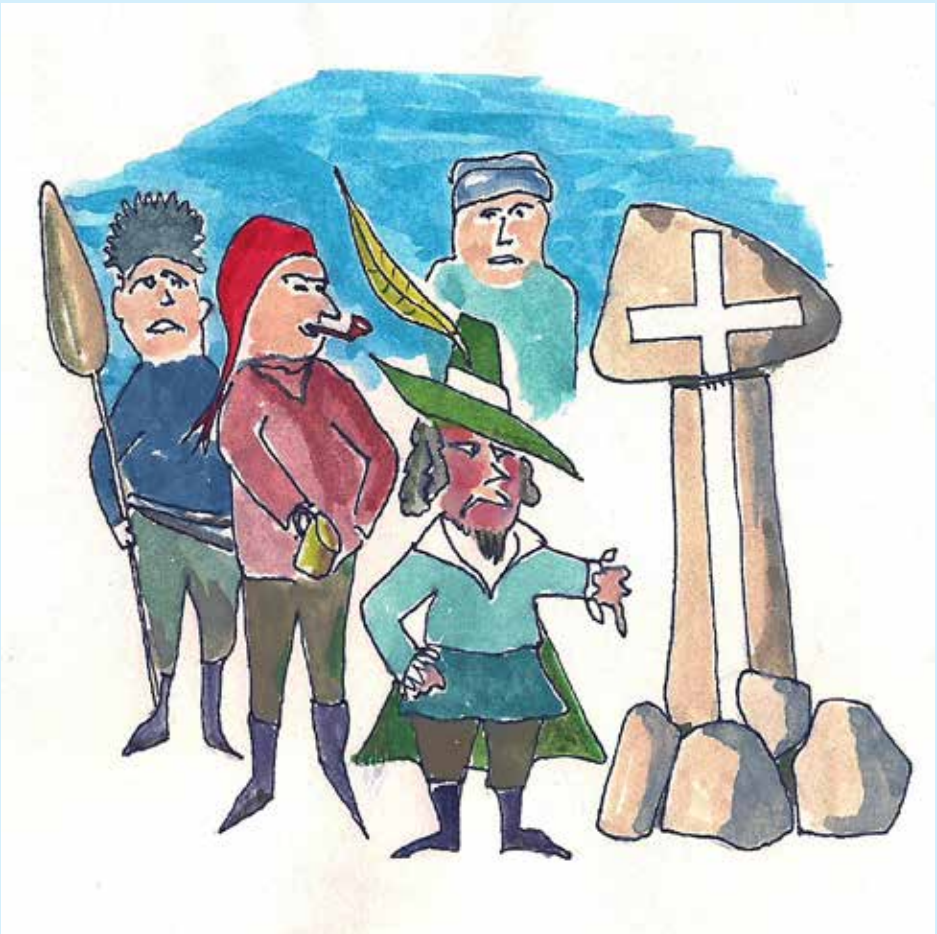
# Champlain's Cross



The Champ was just a little fellow, reputedly quite brusque,  
At followers inclined to bellow, from crack of dawn till dusk.  
One day in Sixteen-Sixteen he beached boats on Fairwood's shore  
In quest of tasty blueberry - such thoughts made spirits soar.



**“Attention Mecs, don’t look so dull” he passed out gathering bins  
None can return until they’re full and level to the brims.”  
Around that isle those couriers beat bush neath every tree.  
They turned up many irate bears but scarce a blueberrie.**



The Champer's mood then took a fall, his self-control was scant.  
"You are the dregs!" he began to ball, stamped foot quite petulant.  
His men set up a nearby stone, a little private jibe,  
"Champlain's Cross"  
they all intoned, and raised glasses to imbibe.





***Nothing can go wrong now !***



***That's getting much too deep for my petunias !***



***Oh ! Is that a new dress?***



***Let's tuck the little darlings up early tonight !***





**Yours Truly,**

*Flaubert Duck*

