

# Fairwood Fanzine

Tam Fairlie

the fl@ubert duck series





for New Age  
Fairwood fanz

# HorrorScope

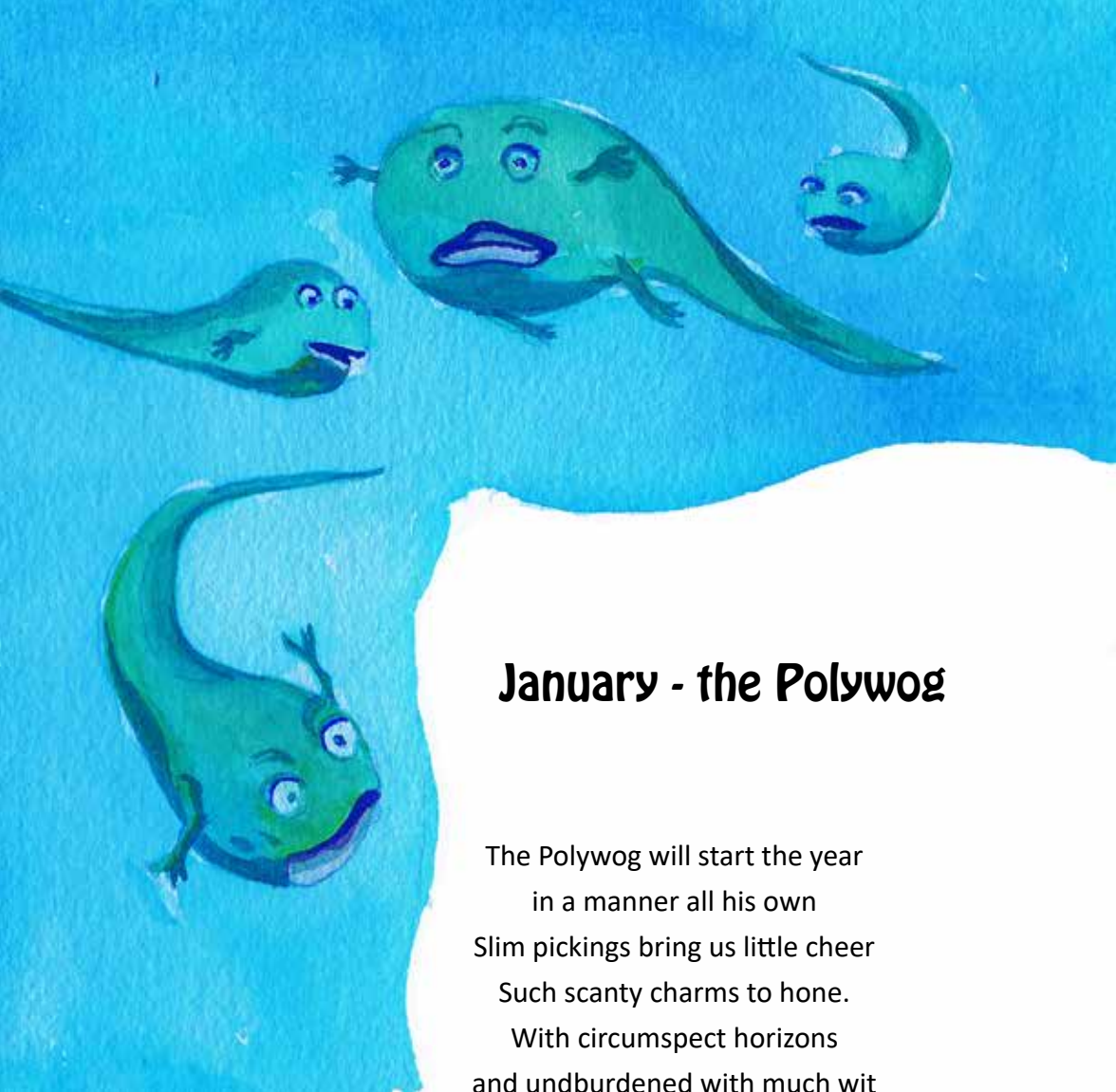


Though some might call him ineffectual,  
Fl@ubert is an intellectual,  
Through trendy magazines he sifts,  
to stimulate his psychic gifts.  
But when he eyes the Horrorscoop,  
aghast he feels his spirits droop.  
Skipping listless page to page,  
this nonsense leaves him in a rage.  
“Tigers, monkeys, dragons, sheep,  
it’s quite enough to make one weep,  
Such creatures dwell in books of myth,  
we need new signs to conjure with.”

In fit of democratic zeal,  
consulting how his confreres feel.  
He proposed to name a new selection  
through process of a due election.  
He asked each species cast one vote  
whereby a favorite creature note.  
But when it came to tally score,  
each bagged one vote and nothing more.  
For each had had his own nature chosen,  
which left consensus somewhat frozen.

Despairing of democracy,  
our mystic turned to lottery.  
In one large bowl all names were poured,  
drawn one by one, the following scored.  
And so emerged this zodiac -  
Please rest assured - he's no mere quack.

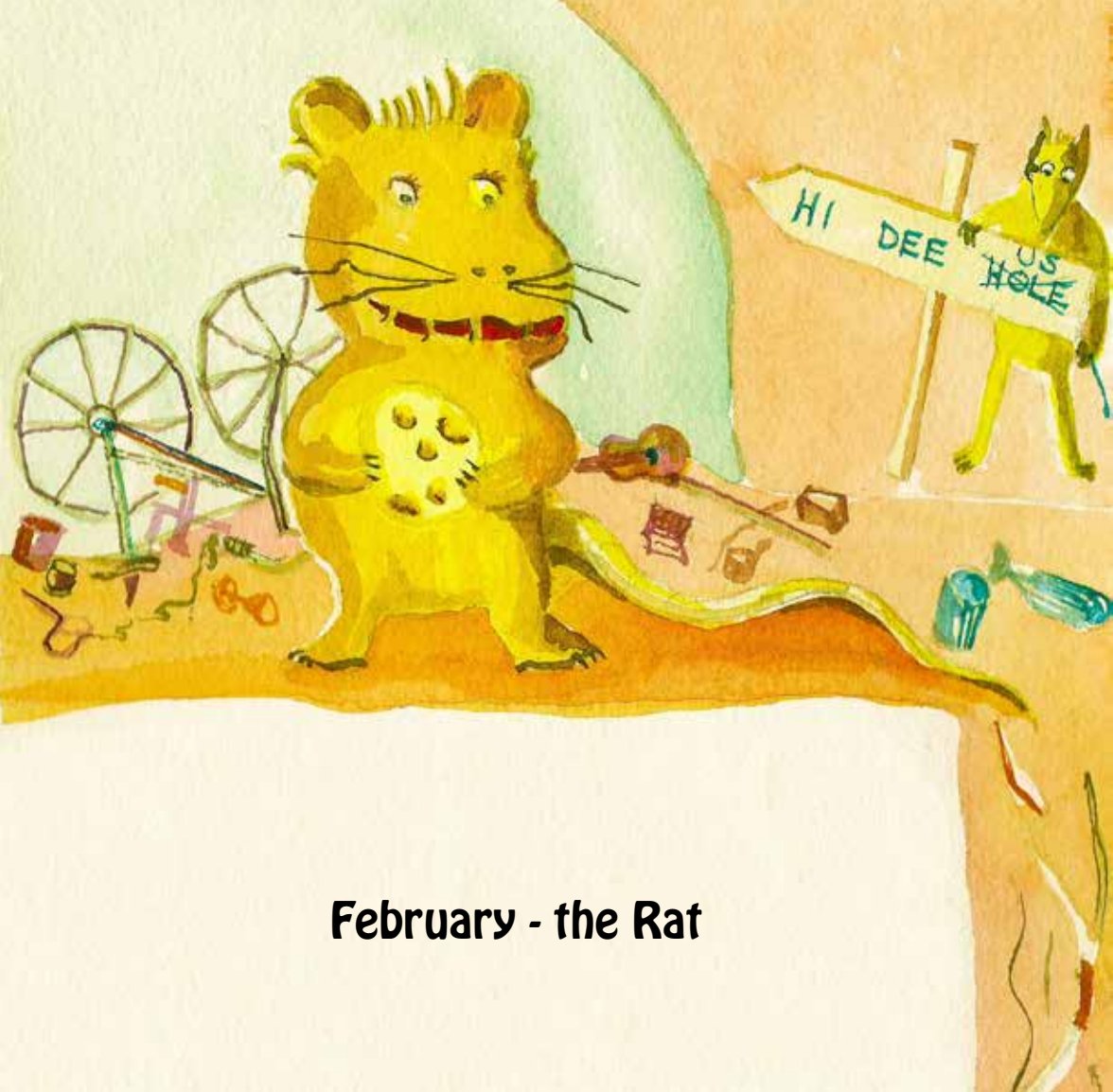




## January - the Polywog


The Polywog will start the year  
in a manner all his own  
Slim pickings bring us little cheer  
Such scanty charms to hone.  
With circumspect horizons  
and unburdened with much wit  
He revels in a murky world  
and is content with it.  
So shallow is his nature,  
he's not inclined to fun  
He is compact of stature,  
and lolls basking in the sun.  
A dish that some deem tasty  
though none mistake as cute,  
He never acts too hasty or is imagined resolute.  
But those who like him on a plate  
Are less than perfect choice for mate.





## February - the Rat

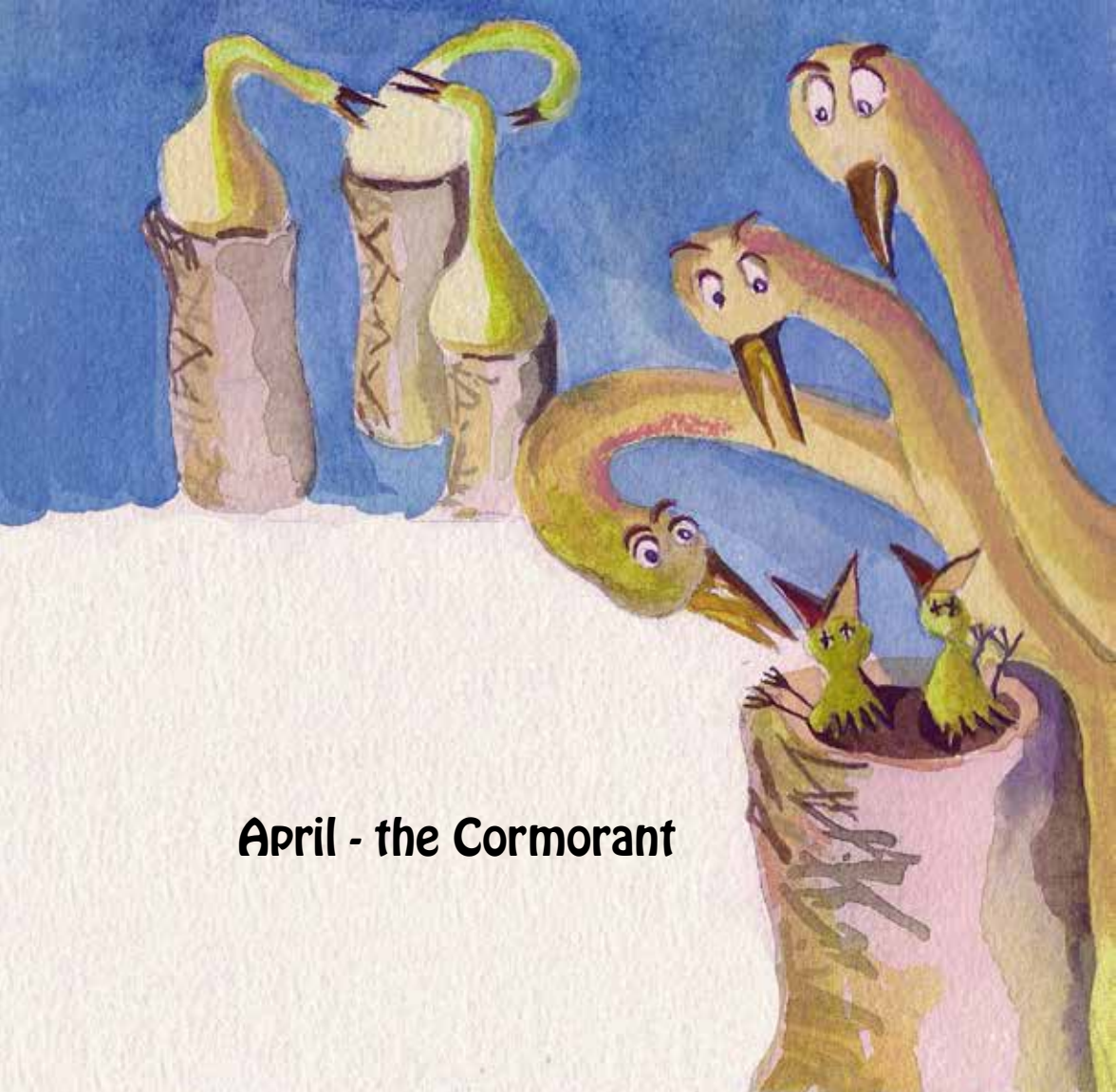
Here we have by quirk of fate or sickly jest of chance  
The hideous rat that all berate, who turns all eyes askance.  
A collector of things nasty, of claws, and beaks and shell  
He trashes any neighbourhood where'er he choose to dwell.  
He's coarse and quite unbalanced, - to hygiene poses threat  
And chunters through his feckless life just racking up the debt.  
Obnoxious crass and brazen he stands out in a crowd  
Even midst the craven, messy, vulgar, loud.  
The whole world detest him, he's vilified readily  
Acquainted with pests and all sins that we deem deadily.



## March - the Early Mayfly

Contrary to common reasoning  
Mayflies live life out of seasoning  
Her idle skittish mind holds sway  
And worst aspects emerge in May.  
Affecting high flown altitude  
Though cursed with modest aptitude  
She preens, displays, plays hard to get  
Aspiring hopeful to jet set.



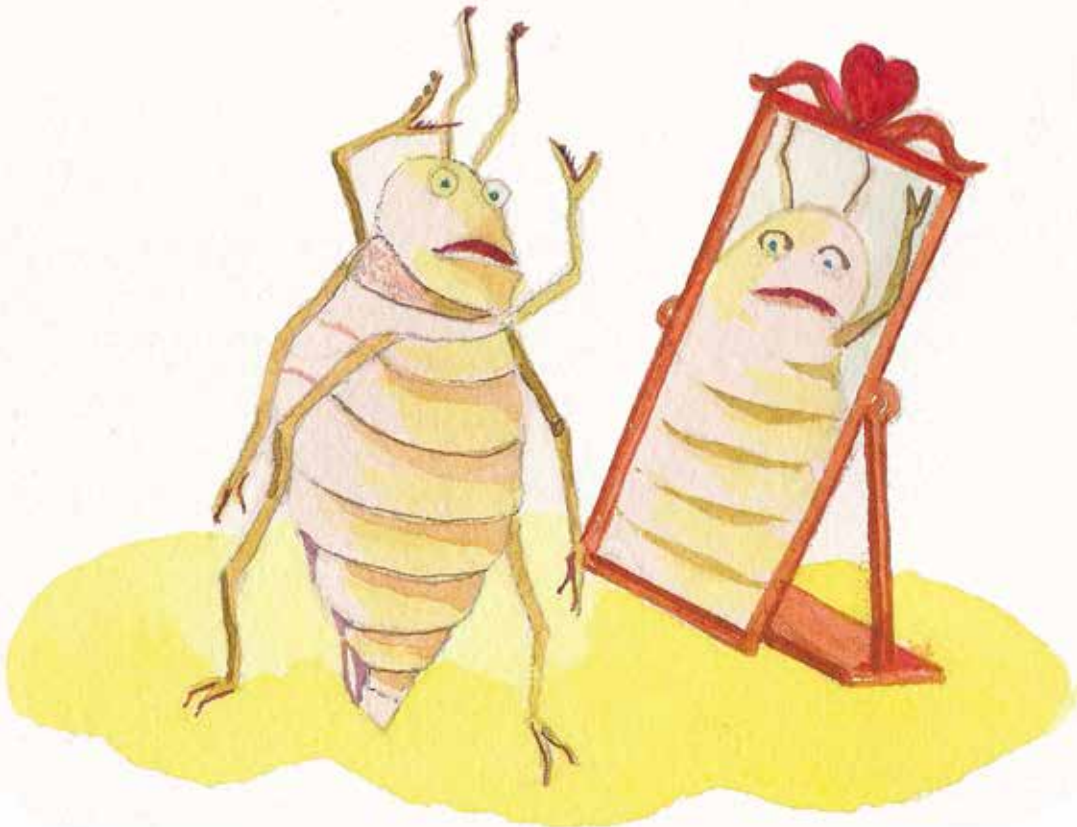


## April - the Cormorant

The garrulous cormorant, April's fine fool  
Minds everyone's business with gossip and drool.  
From highrise constructions on bleak barren ground  
She prattles and censures, and lurches around.  
She's dizzy with small talk and giddy with glee  
And scarce compis-mentis - as all others can see.  
Her taste for the low-down embroidered in legends  
Such long-neck intrusiveness causes offense.  
She loves wreaking havoc, makes vulgar displays  
Outdoing her neighbours in spreading malaise.  
Ambitious yet patently lacking the

# May - the Je-June Bug

In contrast to what pundits say,  
the JuneBug's month is merrie May,  
When in his soggy bedtime lair,  
he dreams of world beyond so fair  
A coming time of golden dreams,  
he imagines his success in reams  
Generous to a fault and fair,  
ever forthright, debonair.  
Alas when his time June rolls 'round,  
all such dreams are left unfound  
And roused from blissful dormant state  
His hopeful visions dissipate.





## June - the Rabbit

June is a month that's best left to the Rabbit,  
Who stands out from all other creatures of habit  
Addicted to furbelows, fads and fine fashion,  
Vanitas mundi is clearly her passion.  
Deluded, her sense of perspective not strong  
She follows the trends and just rabbits along.  
Such debutante excess! With exorbitant ears  
She's much too impressed by whatever she hears.  
To ultimate fashion tuned in on the airwaves  
She contrives her appearance, with cosmetics and hairwaves.  
The rabbit is truly one flawed fashion victim  
Yet in those beauty pageants there none that has licked 'em.

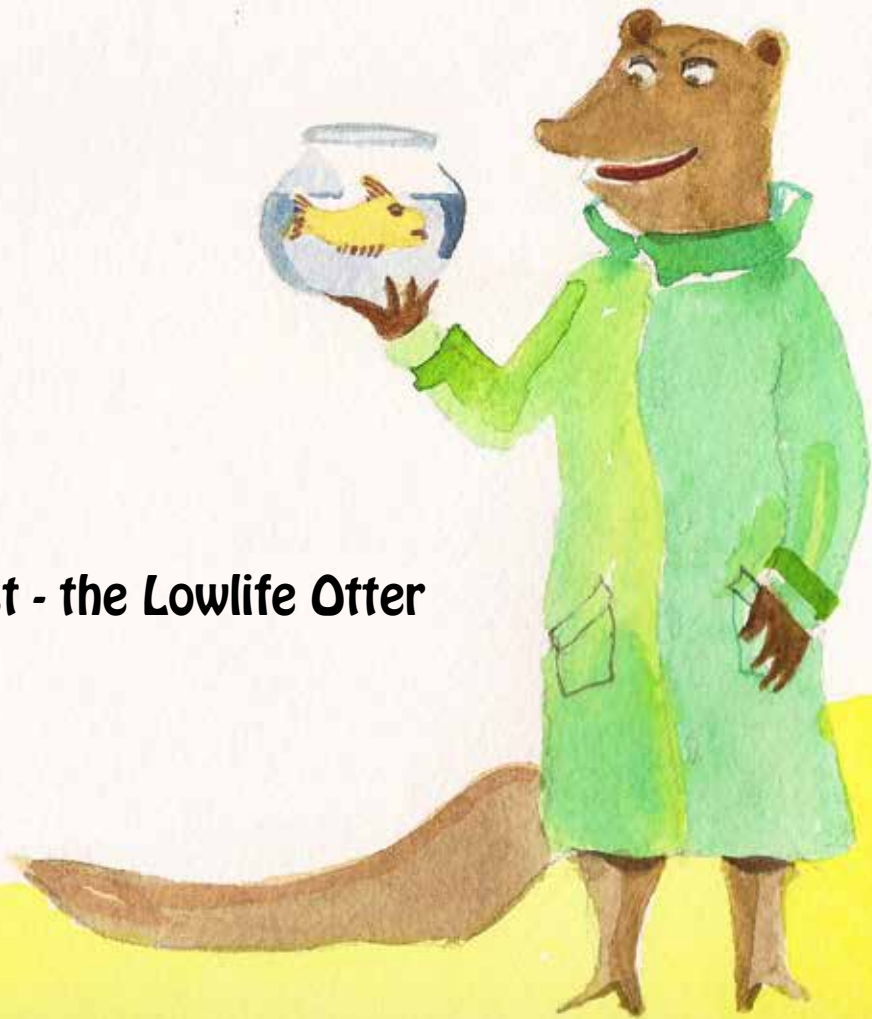


## **July - the many splendoured Duck**

July is the month that is made for enjoyment  
And by seredipitous stroke of good luck  
Euphoric in spirit that never knows cloyment  
Dedicated to this splendid creature - the DUCK.  
The duck who is agile, both quick and courageous  
Endowed with a versatile, visionary mind  
Yet always so courteous, stranger to rages  
All such sterling qualities found here combined.  
When posed with great problems, inspired his solution  
Of all the years zodiac deemed quite the best  
Truly the zenith of Life's evolution,  
July is for canards at clamorous behest.



## August - the Lowlife Otter



Among the seasons ribald souls  
The self-promoting otter  
Assumes such jolly playful roles  
He's best kept underwater  
He likes to play the Jackanapes  
And drawn to low life haunt  
Unprincipled he prone to traipse  
Through life  
-as footling  
bon vivant.



## September - the Confusing Fall Warbler

The Warbler's at her very best,  
when fast asleep inside her nest  
Too oft alas she tends to roam,  
with time ill-spent away from home.  
With shiftless nature, headstrong, dense,  
her warblings make little sense.  
With smatterings of aimless song,  
she flits about and burbles on.  
In abandoned nests on branches hung,  
she usually forgets her young.  
When drawn to life on public stage,  
her talents there are hard to gauge,  
O'ercome with passion of the song,  
she loses drift before too long.  
Her colouratura is ambitious  
But most deem silence more delicious.



## October - the Ruffed, but never Ruffled Grouse



October's days are made for Grouse,  
a lineage linked noble house.  
(Though she might prefer to be a duck -  
to others was reserved this luck)  
Dramatic heart, she can't quite sing,  
but stages death throes with broke wing.  
With thumping speech, that's somewhat muffled  
Though stylish ruffed  
She's never ruffled.



## November      the Hideous Hibou

In greyest of wastelands, that month of November  
The wisest among us will take pause to remember  
    While tucking ourselves away snugly in bed,  
Despairing of all those dead cold months ahead  
    A hideous hibou hides high in a tree,  
    And hungers for horrible hell raising spree.  
Claws clench barren branch and cold jaundiced eye,  
Surveys the drear scene down below from on high.  
    Satanic ear horns from a hoary head sprout,  
    And mirthless the gaze so unblinking about.  
    Unsated is hunger that none can appease  
The head twirls round slowly four hundred degrees.  
With Vampyr's hooked beak and a razor sharp talon  
    This craving for mayhem, and blood by the gallon.

## December the Snail Unwinds



In winter when the blood runs cold,  
The jocund snail becomes quite bold.

An ancient denizen of sea

He revels in his family tree.

For everywhere are scattered round  
His mortal coils 'midst fossils found.

In jolly groups the snail you find

Exchanging gossip to unwind.

With vivid flourish of his arm

His backslapping can cause alarm

A source of endless ribald tales

He holds spellbound the other snails.

Quite oft are quoted saucy argots

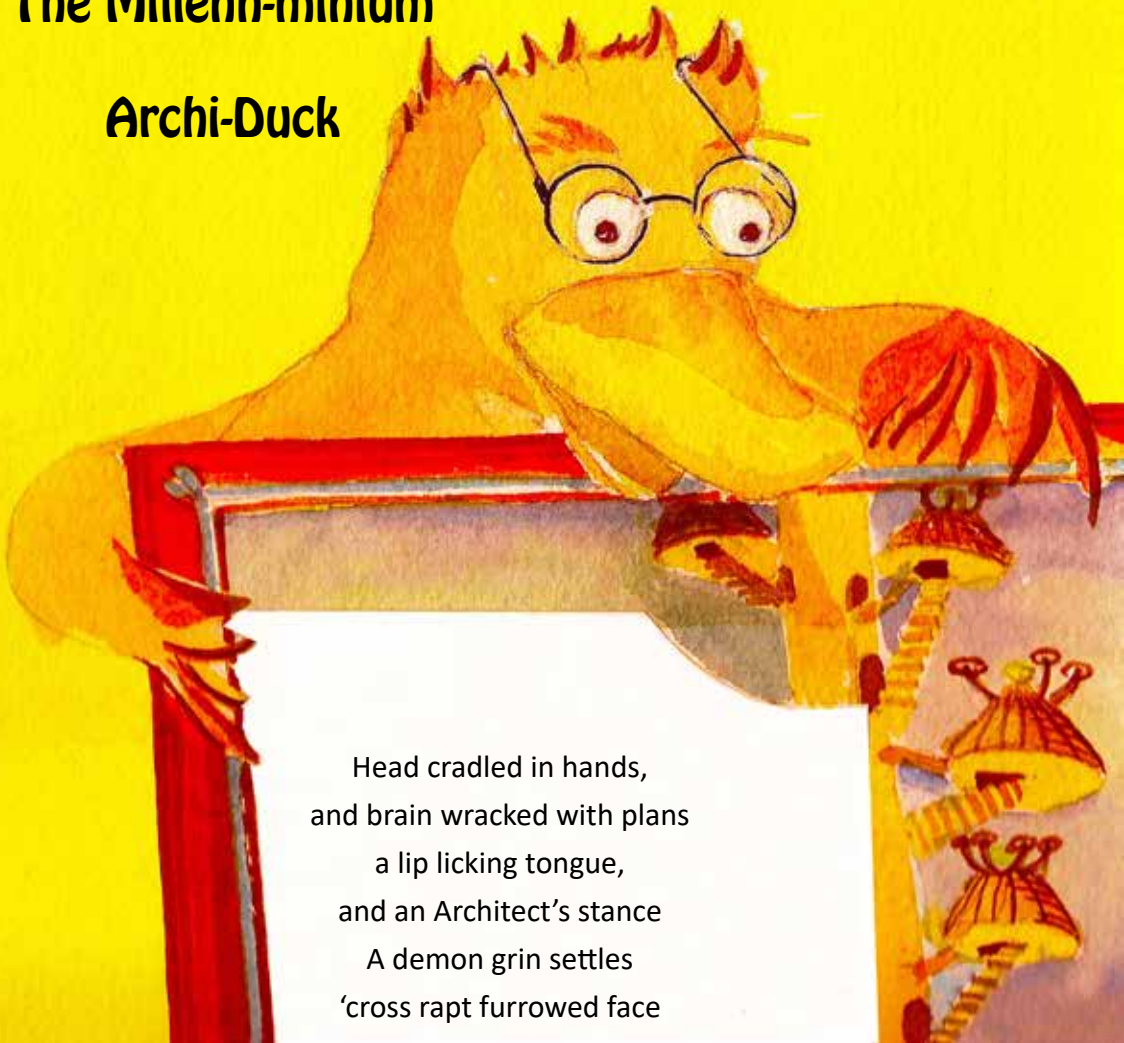
Amongst these circles of escargots.

(Another feature worth the reckoning,

He makes a tasty snack thus beckoning)

# The Millenn-minium

## Archi-Duck



Head cradled in hands,  
and brain wracked with plans  
a lip licking tongue,  
and an Architect's stance  
A demon grin settles  
'cross rapt furrowed face  
A Millennium Project! -  
his mind starts to race.

To find common purpose  
and nurture the hope  
Of a world without rancour,  
of limitless scope  
A vision of future  
with best of intention  
Designed by his genius.  
What scope for invention!





His candidates gathered  
from so far and wide  
In response to the glamour  
of new world described.  
But alas! those arrivals  
seem those who succumb  
To marketing strategies  
aimed at the numb.

Reviewing their wish lists,  
their heart felt desires  
He became quite dismayed  
at the tastes of the buyers  
All quite unrewarding  
and prone to polarity  
Success of his vision  
must not rest on charity.



# Eden, A New Age Wood Bug

Eden craves a simple life  
Though eccentricities are rife.  
A 'New Age Traveller' wanna-be  
He seeks all kinds of therapy.



With ears caressed by mellow sounds  
His inner peace perceives no bounds.  
And leaves him time to meditate  
While grabbing snack - a heaping plate.

He chooses then with heightened 'Chi'  
To practice aromatherapy.  
Surrounded by most pungent piles  
He lets his soul expand by miles.

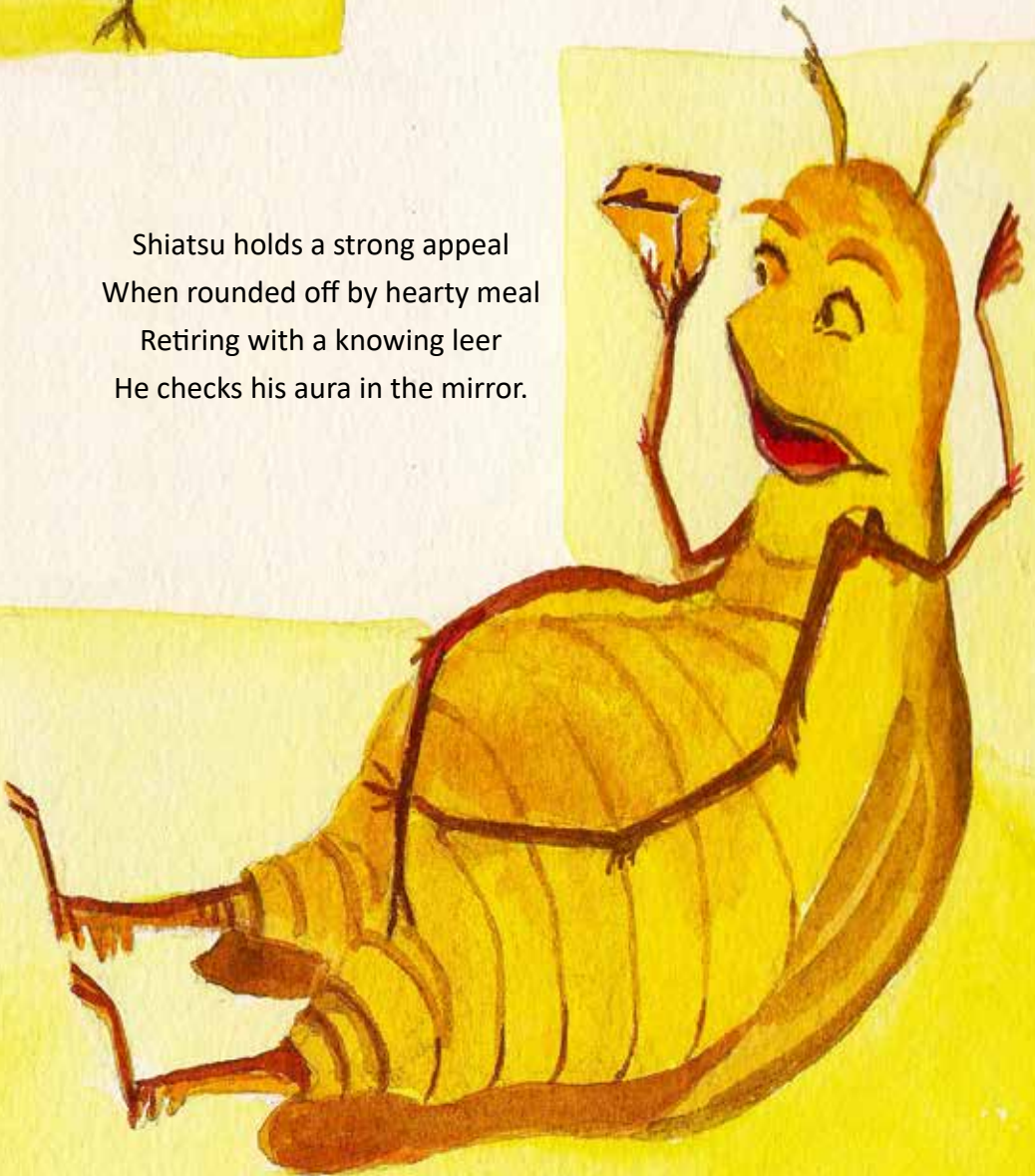




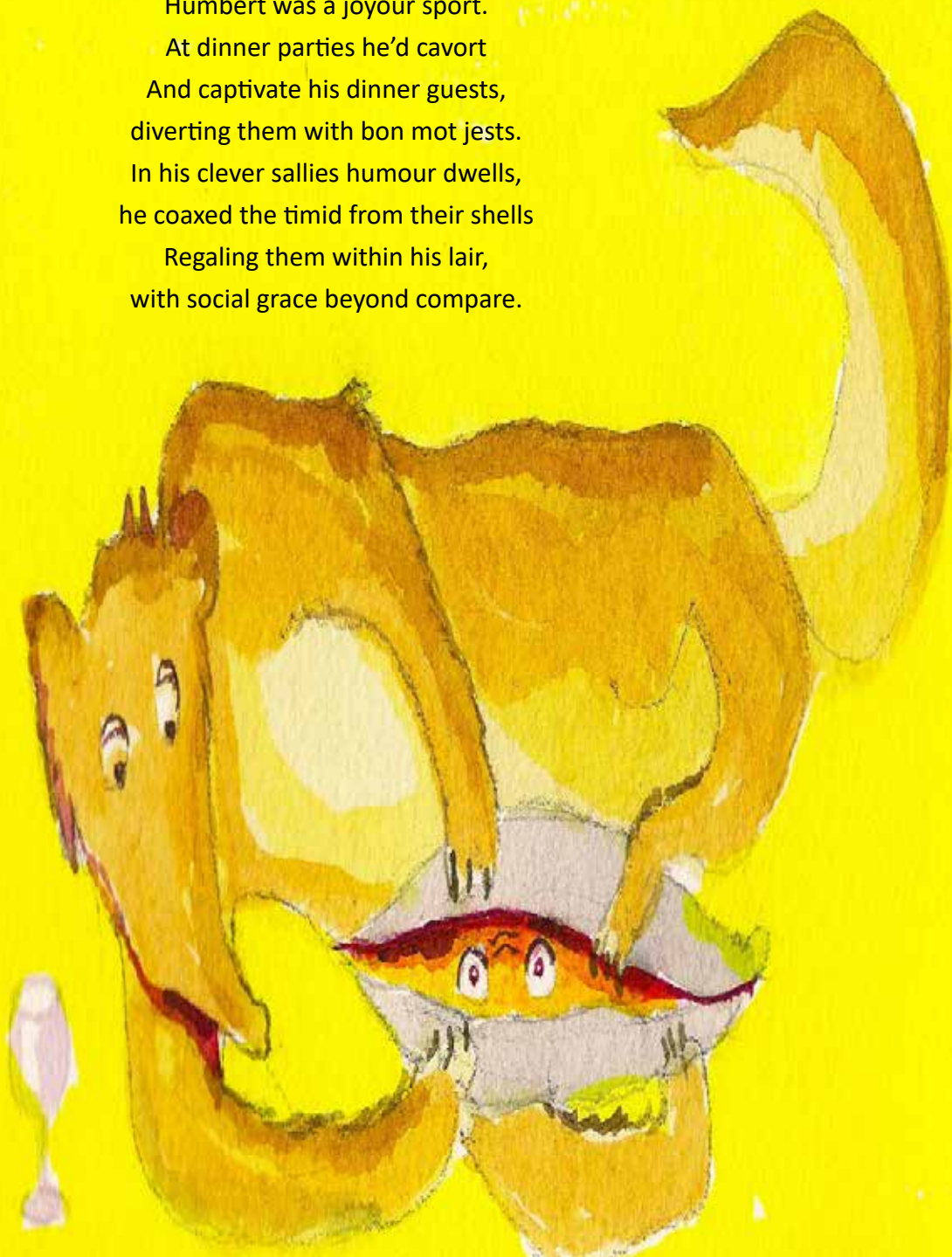


Every day from dawn till noon  
He levitates in blissful swoon  
And in this out of body state  
Recalls the favorite things he ate.

Shiatsu holds a strong appeal  
When rounded off by hearty meal  
Retiring with a knowing leer  
He checks his aura in the mirror.



Humbert was a joyour sport.  
At dinner parties he'd cavort  
And captivate his dinner guests,  
diverting them with bon mot jests.  
In his clever sallies humour dwells,  
he coaxed the timid from their shells  
Regaling them within his lair,  
with social grace beyond compare.



**Veggie-Minks**





BUT

Post prandial napping in his home,  
his dreams took on disturbing tone  
He pictured himself trapped in shell;  
and anxiety began to swell  
When he awoke up quite damp with fright,  
he found he'd lost his appetite.  
The thought of dinner made him pale,  
e'en remote on evolution's scale.



And so he turned to veggie crops,  
husbanded in earthen pots  
His friends began to call him weird  
and at such New Age scruples sneered  
But adherence to regime he insisted  
and with his veggie plan persisted  
Mere social censure should not win  
(though he grew peaked, very thin)



Such Eco-Spirit now pursuing,  
he chanced on article quite ruing  
A Zebra Mussel blight ; decried,  
“They’re Gaining Ground on Every Side”.  
(And tasty too were one to ask it,  
he signed to help out with his basket)  
What a relief, an answered wish  
- a ‘politically correct’ dish.



## Astro - Dux



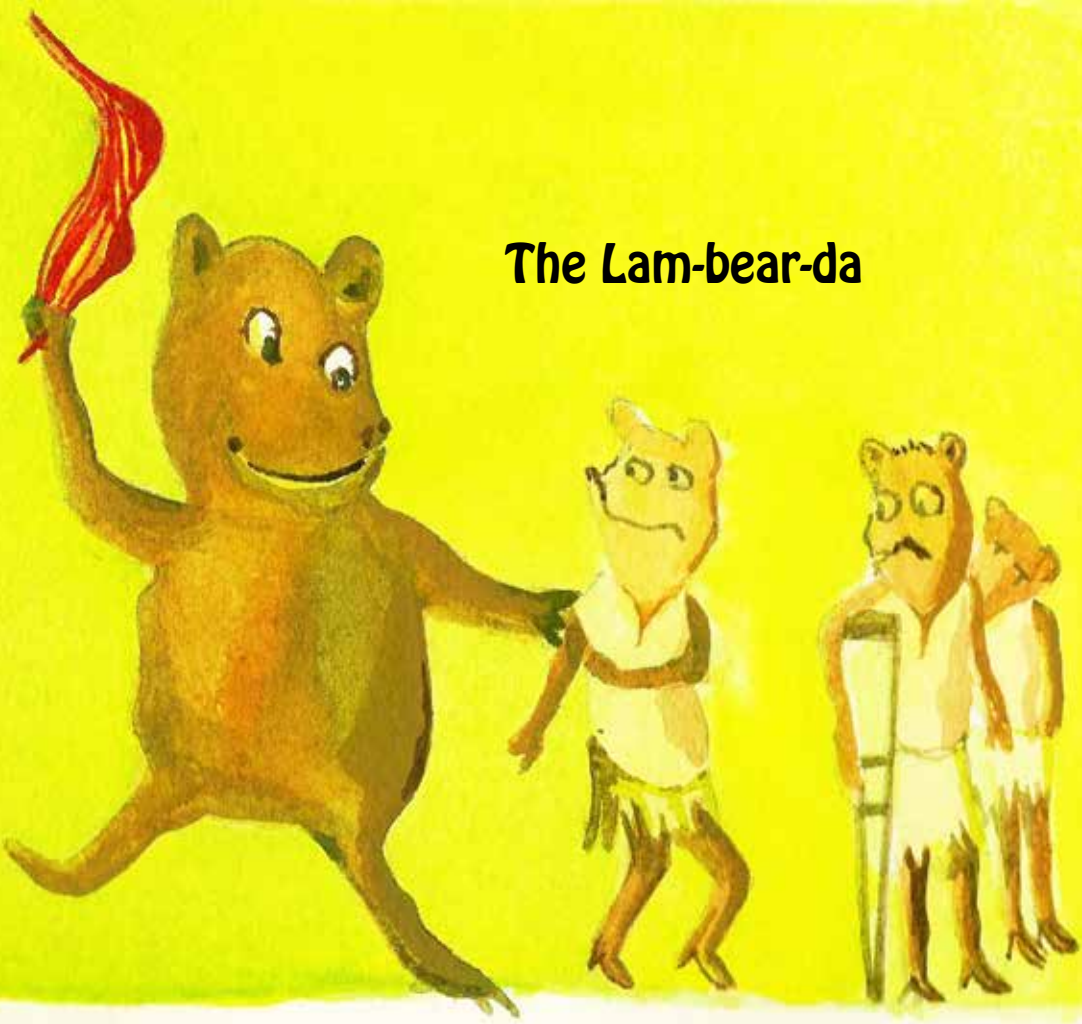
The duck who travels day and night  
in energetic, questing flight  
Evolved a head for lofty height  
To reach the highest peaks  
For greener fields were thought to lie  
above the cloudless, clear blue sky  
To seek galactic nests they hie  
Drawn on by word of beaks.





Striving thus to reach the stars,  
adapting streamlined rocket cars  
With nest stops both on Moon and Mars  
They hurtle 'cross the skies.  
These Astrodux swoop to and fro,  
their jet streams trail them where they go  
Admired by mortals far below  
Exhaling jealous sighs.

## The Lam-bear-da



Bimbel was a natty bear,  
who, blessed with lots of time to spare,  
nurtured dreams of triumph in the dance  
But he was square  
and teeth would bare  
when up to likely partners he would prance.  
They'd back away  
in some dismay,  
their frantic eyes all tended to congeal  
And if he spoke,  
ardour as smoke,  
they'd flounce off dousing all his zeal.



Not one to mope,  
he nurtured hope,  
and found a course in exotic dance,  
Aiming high  
he happed to spy  
'Lambada' in the section marked 'Romance'.  
With Goggle gear,  
no need to fear  
he profiled perfect partner from the lists  
Then switched her on,  
like dancing fawn,  
a dream for true terpsichorists.





To limelight drawn  
world looking on,  
compliant she acceded to his will.  
Lithe in all respects,  
a tribute to his sex  
with dazzling display of his skill,  
She'd twist with glee,  
o'er bended knee,  
come-hither eyes ablaze with ardent fire.  
Then flung her low  
restrained by a toe  
and raised her for world to admire.



As he basked in the glow,  
his spirits aflow,  
he tenderly clasped her to heart  
But unable to leave  
she had no reprieve  
from his passion for virtual art.  
His ardour was such,  
and his vise-like his clutch  
that he lost all perspective in zeal,  
And all he could say  
in a heap as he lay  
was he knew how Nijinski must feel.







But its part of our cultural heritage !





"No feathers off my back"

