

# Bardic Words of Art

This area will be dedicated to collecting and preserving the works of our members. If you would like to submit a story, song, poem, or piece of artwork, please PM a GameMaster.

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# "She's Fer E'eryt'ingin'", by Duryl

Now... a... fair so I says she's fer e'eryt'ingin'..  
Fer big crowds adinnin' at Bob's openingin'...  
Fer 'uge wheels aspinnin', giddy eveningin'...  
An' apply lips grinnin' while yer 'air ye's wringin'...

Oh yer t'irs' an' yer 'unger t' fair she'll appease,  
Fer t'ere's ale t'ere an' cider an' 'ot an' colt teas,  
Slushies, fluffy can'y, sal'y taffee t' please,  
Inside out corn an' drinks made from lemons ye squeeze.

Aye... t'at... fair as ye's 'eard she's fer e'eryt'ingin',  
Fer sum couply twinnin' or wee kiddie bringin',  
Fer alls is akinnin', 'aggy 'ouse aclinin'.  
An' blue ribbon pinnin' when fat caddle kingin'.

Oh t'ere's piggies an' ponies an' bunnies t' pet.  
T'ere's golt marks, ticket stubbies, an' stuffed toys t' bet,  
An' sum prize fer big snackers what don' get upset,  
But t'em creepers an' crawlers ye'd likely regret.

T'at... fine... fair ain' ye 'eard she's fer e'eryt'ingin',  
Fer t'at darlin' Maudie who deals anythinin',  
Fer queues what ain' t'innin', yet folks is still singin'.  
While fellers try winnin' from shellers what's stringin'.

Oh t'ere's kewpies, lobster, an' ain' quite yet bacon,  
Lizards an' chippymunks an' dangly kraken,  
Fer neckies an' trunkies and birds lads is achin'.  
An' sum shiny dragon's still t'ere t' be taken.

But... t'at... fair we all know she's fer e'eryt'ingin',  
Fer big 'ammer swingin' seddin' bells a dingin',  
Fer liddle knee skinnin' while 'igh bouncy springin'...  
An' sum 'orsey clingin' atween apple flingin'.

Oh t'ere's golt t' be won, aye, wit' t'ree funny dies  
An' a ladder when climbt what'll earn ye a prize.

An' sum big branchy tree what t' careless despise  
Like t'at fearsome lass wit' irresis'able eyes.

But... now... she's o'er ain' no more e'eryt'ingin'...  
No big crowds adinnin', no more openingin'...  
No wheels aspinnin', no giddy eveningin'...  
Until nex' beginnin', jus' memories o' singin'...

# A Reply from Lathet

Said Aeruk to the dwarven bard,  
I don't think that you work hard.  
You must raise a hand and slay  
Work with weapons day by day

It's time for you to prove your worth  
Time for bards to accept the truth  
Singing, dancing, doing plays,  
Telling stories, they're not the way.

Unlike you, I do not fear  
To carry weapons 'gainst the Hoarde  
I'll use dagger, sling and spear  
My spells back up my sword!

Replied she to the reni mage  
I'm still of use up on the stage  
For all my actions there's a reason  
How dare you imply treason?

In our ranks, morale is falling  
More give up all the time  
I say, enough with stalling  
It's time to draw the line!

Weighed down by mistakes they can't abide  
Spirits swallowed by the shame,  
Pushed to the brink, they suicide.  
They fade, their souls by Void claimed.

Every week we see another one  
The times, they've gotten tough;  
How can you say it's not enough?