

FantasyCon 2012 Verses

By

AJ Noon

A selection of verses inspired by the panels and events of FantasyCon 2012. These will be polished at a later date. You can do anything you want with these, including burning, paper planes, or even reading.

Blurring Genres

The monkey tennis failed to ignite,
And Octopus TV did not feel right,
Vampire Romance is a bloated mess,
Though I read Harry Potter I must confess,
The stone age 'tec could work quite well,
But on stone punk themes we will not dwell,
Romantic zombies and ghostly MP's,
Frankenstein's Monster doing strip tease,
You can blend your genres, mix your themes,
It's only agents who will crush your dreams.

The Apocalypse Girls

The Apocalypse Girls have come to town,
Causing elders to shudder and frown,
They're here to kick-start Judgement Day,
Bringing the four horsemen out to play.

Brighton is their port of call,
Forcing authority to beg and crawl,

Male writers and fans don't stand a chance,
Souls pierced deeply by an Apocalypse Lance.

With stunning looks and outrageous writing,
Their words hit home, burning and smiting,
So if your writing is passé or bland,
These girls will make sure you will be damned.

The Apocalypse Girls write hard and fast,
With demon pens their spells they cast,
Get out of their way, don't be so dumb,
Our time is up, their time has come

Ask the Editor

Ask the editor, our chance to quiz,
Those knowledgeable people in the biz,
On how we can get our name in print,
And how to escape from being skint.

So here are the lessons I have learnt,
On how to stop your work being burnt,
Edit, revise, and get someone to read,
Critique may hurt but you won't bleed.

Rejection letters with a helpful tidbit,
Don't mean revise and re-submit,
Have a roadmap, a master plan,
Show your work has a continuous span.

Then check the web, Google yourself,

Don't appear as a demented Elf,

Don't be a flamer or an agitator,

They cannot market a negative rater.

Don't worry about trends, you'll miss the boat,

Write a work on which you will dote,

Keep on working, don't stop for showers,

Practice writing for 10,000 hours.

You won't get rich, but at least you'll know,

Your skills and work will grow and grow,

So get your pens out, paper too,

And write your story with descriptive glue.

Short Stories

A panel of experts, short form masters,

Helping to make you better crafters,

You've limited words so make them shine,

And give your story a decent spine.

Polish and polish with grammar gloss,

But without a plot it may be dross,

Make it hit home, don't stretch the ending,

Make your reader think, without mind-bending.

Recommended shorts they suggest you read,

Examples to help imagination breed,

Bradbury was top, with Foghorn and Scythe,

And Emissary will make your insides writhe.

Burkins' Bunch of Coconuts, shocking to be sure,

Or try Blackwoods' Wendigo, a horror to endure.

His Beautiful Hands, I didn't catch the writer,

All will make your thoughts so much brighter.

You are crafting precision, a gem of a tale,

Don't let your story crawl like a snail,

Give it plot and punch and characters too,

And for it your readers will love you.

The Master

Here they line up, a queue for The Master,

Whose tales can make your heart beat faster,

Raise hairs on your neck, cause clammy skin,

And question the goodness you find within.

In those tunnels and damp dark places,

Where ghosts and ghoulies with long dead faces,

Hide and play and torment your soul,

Welcome to his personal hell-hole.

With books and films, an abundance of skill,

Horror and terror he does distil,

An influence lasting, just look at his stats,

But whatever you do, watch out for the Rats!

The End is Nigh

The Apocalypse is on, take cover, take arms,

Surround your shelter with Zombie alarms,

A rifle for range and hammer for close,

Protective clothing against a radiation dose.

Believe in humanity, their goodness is rife,

Protect your loved ones with your life,

An alien invasion, let's work out a deal,

Altered psychologies gives neighbours new zeal.

Financial meltdown, the new Ice Age,

And dirty bombs will be all the rage,

Last man on earth, we'd all like that,

Zombie vs Cockneys? Don't be a twat!

A slow-burn disaster, not suddenly over,

Earth invaded by a mutant Mars Rover?

Survival horror needs multiple draws,

Not just Rednecks and rusty chainsaws.

Shelters are important, from where you can fight,

Just don't ship your heroes to the Isle of Wight,

I'll finish now, Oh God! The sea!

The water is rising, grab your guns, flee...

Science Fiction

A poem on sci-fi? Are you having a laugh?

Where I can't mention Starbuck, Leia or Darth?

'Twas a serious panel, with serious themes,

Mankind's' future, its hopes and its dreams.

With no sign of jet-packs or teleport pods,

No hint of obelisks or faces of Gods,

Where are we heading? what shall we see?

Will it all be driven by economy?

Altruism is great, but will big corp share,

Distribution of tech is just not fair,

And here in the West we have it all,

Yet our brethren in peril we just let fall.

The small things we've built, like mobiles and net,

But Ringworld's quite some time away yet.

Hacking's not sexy, there's no virtual grid,

It's just talking kittens and a drunken kid.

But biotechnology, now there's a buzz,

From cancer to memory, to bald patch fuzz,

Turn your sights inwards, step back from the stars,

Build underwater, not out on Mars.

Electronic or Print?

Electronic or print, that was the question,

Could paper vanish? What an awful suggestion.

Electronic is up, real books are down,

What future lies for the verb and the noun?

The publishing beasts are starting to change,
Trying to adapt to the new and strange,
But Amazon and Apple are fleet indeed,
Price changes instant, for delays no need.

If you E yourself, you still have to shout,
To be seen against the publishers clout,
They are updating and learning anew,
But are they right for your book and you?

Things to consider, things to learn,
DRM to prevent pirate burn,
Artwork and graphics, it has to seem nice,
Otherwise buyers won't even look twice.

With economies of scale, E is cheaper,
And free stories can boost a slow selling sleeper,
Novellas and shorts have a natural home,
With a Kindle or iPad they are free to roam.

But a book is real, it can bend and fold,
It colours with sunlight, age, and mould,
It's real, it's yours, it's here to stay,
The printed word rules, is my final say.

The Final One

It was the disco last night, and the chance for a
beer,

Yet this morning I feel incredibly queer,

Perhaps it's the food, as others look ill,
And my breakfast didn't help, a greasy mixed grill.

I remember dancing, quite rare for me,
Though this morning I'm bruised on shin and
knee,

My back is sore and my bladder weak,
I must be aging I'm starting to creak.

Oh shit there's a flashback! Oh piss pants and pool!

It was by the bar, we were both in the queue,
That Apocalypse girl, what the hell did I say?
I hope I didn't offer a roll in the hay.

I didn't get slapped or kicked in the nuts,
I only remember some frowns and tuts,
I think I offered to be one of the four,
And even asked if she got saddle sore.

Luckily now, things are closing down,
Most of the guests have left this town,
And I'm sitting here, with this final rhyme,
Reflecting on a marvellous time,

Here in Brighton, right by the sea shore,
We've had talks and drinks and prizes galore,
So thanks to you all for a superb bash,
Now it's time for bed, I need to crash!