

THE VOICE OF DOOM

#75

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by BRUX

IF I RAN THE ZOO

by Dr. Breuss

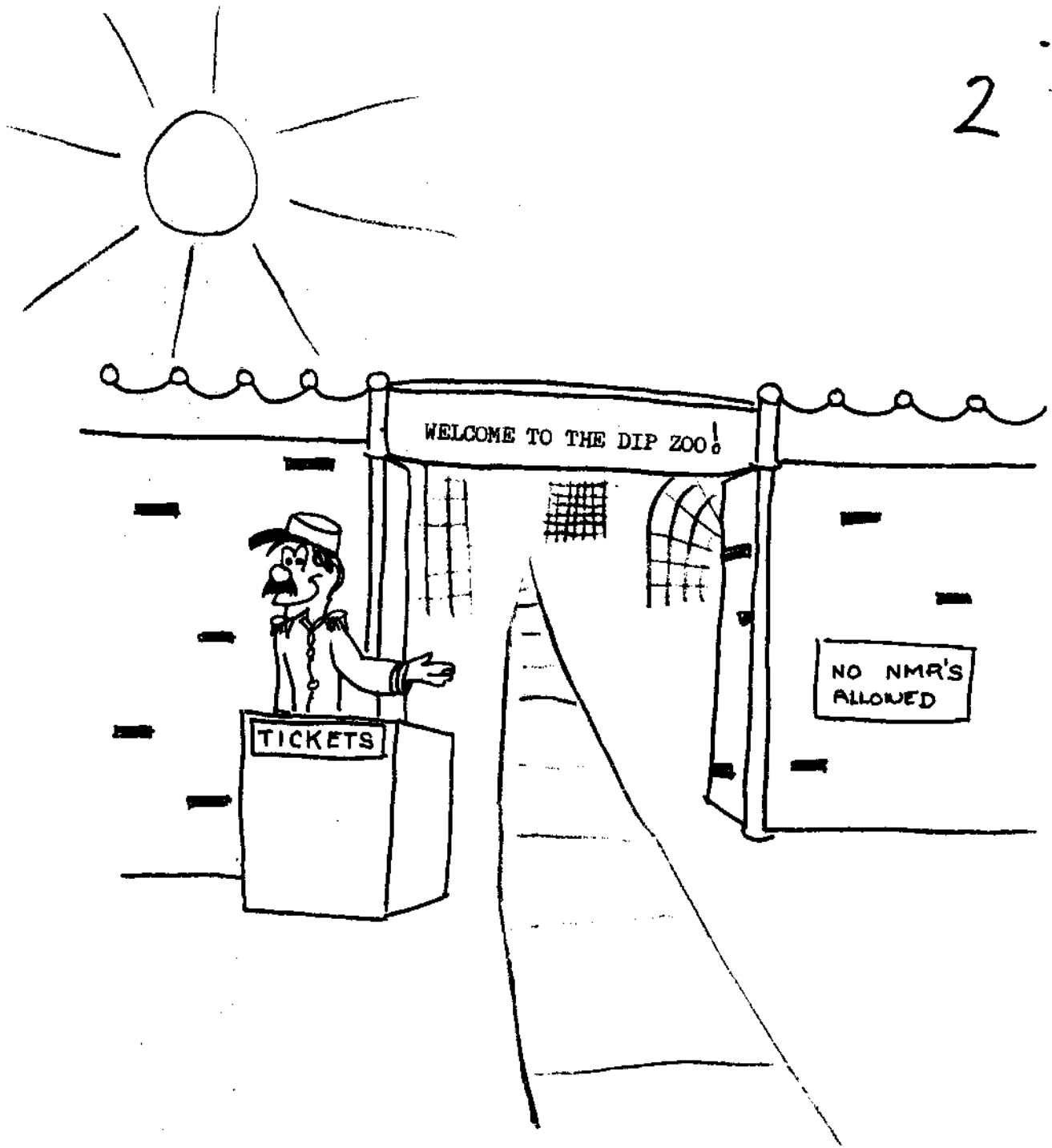
illustrations by Mark Paul

This special issue of Voice of Doom is intended in fun only. It is my hope that all readers will be able to handle a little humorous satire without becoming offended. But if anyone can't, then oh well...

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The Voice of Doom is a journal of postal Diplomacy published every now and then by Bruce Linsey, 24A Quarry Drive, Albany, NY 12205. Phone (518) 459-9250. Subs are 10 issues for \$5.00. Standbys are wanted. There are no game openings.

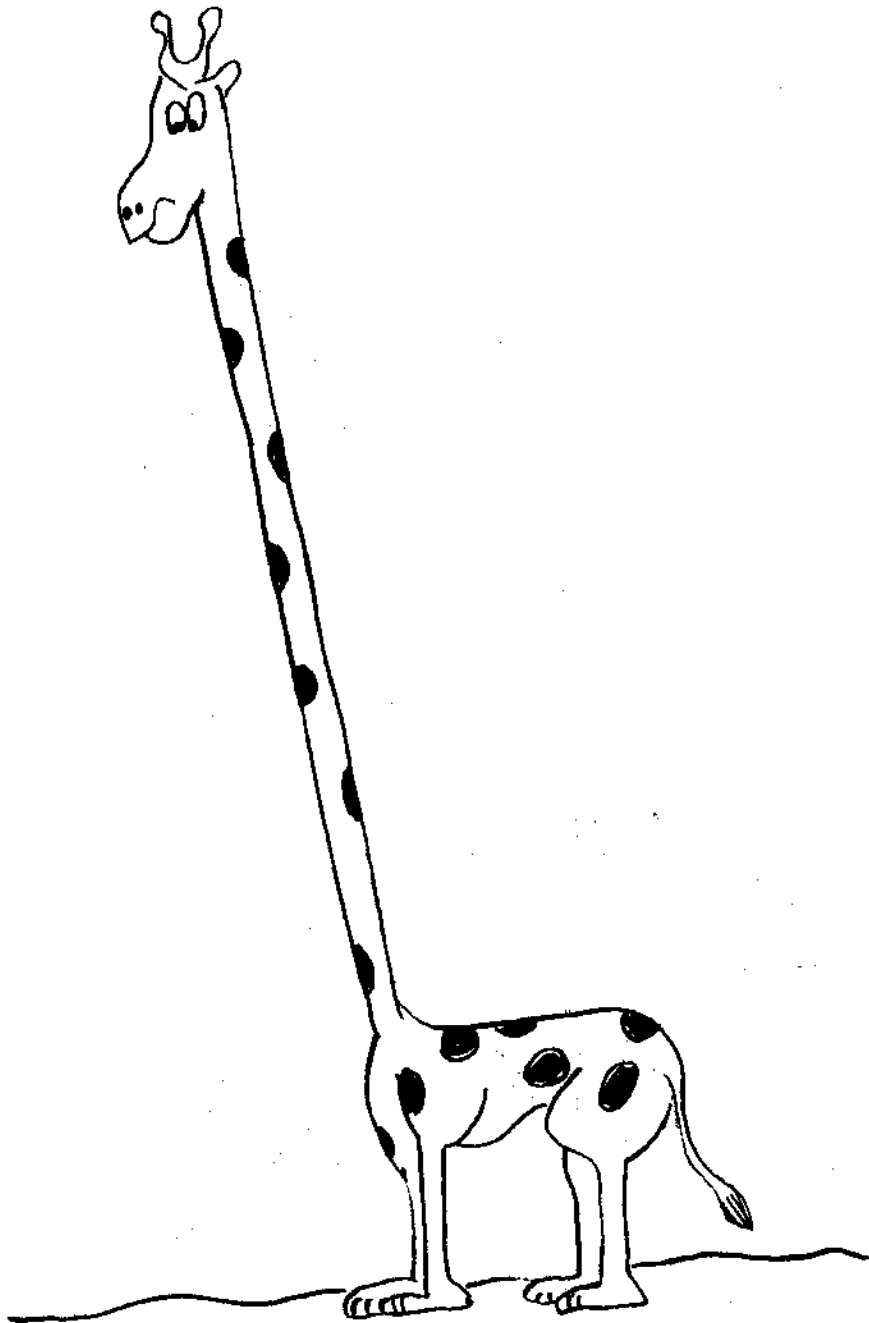
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Ain't this the most ridiculous garbage I've ever published!

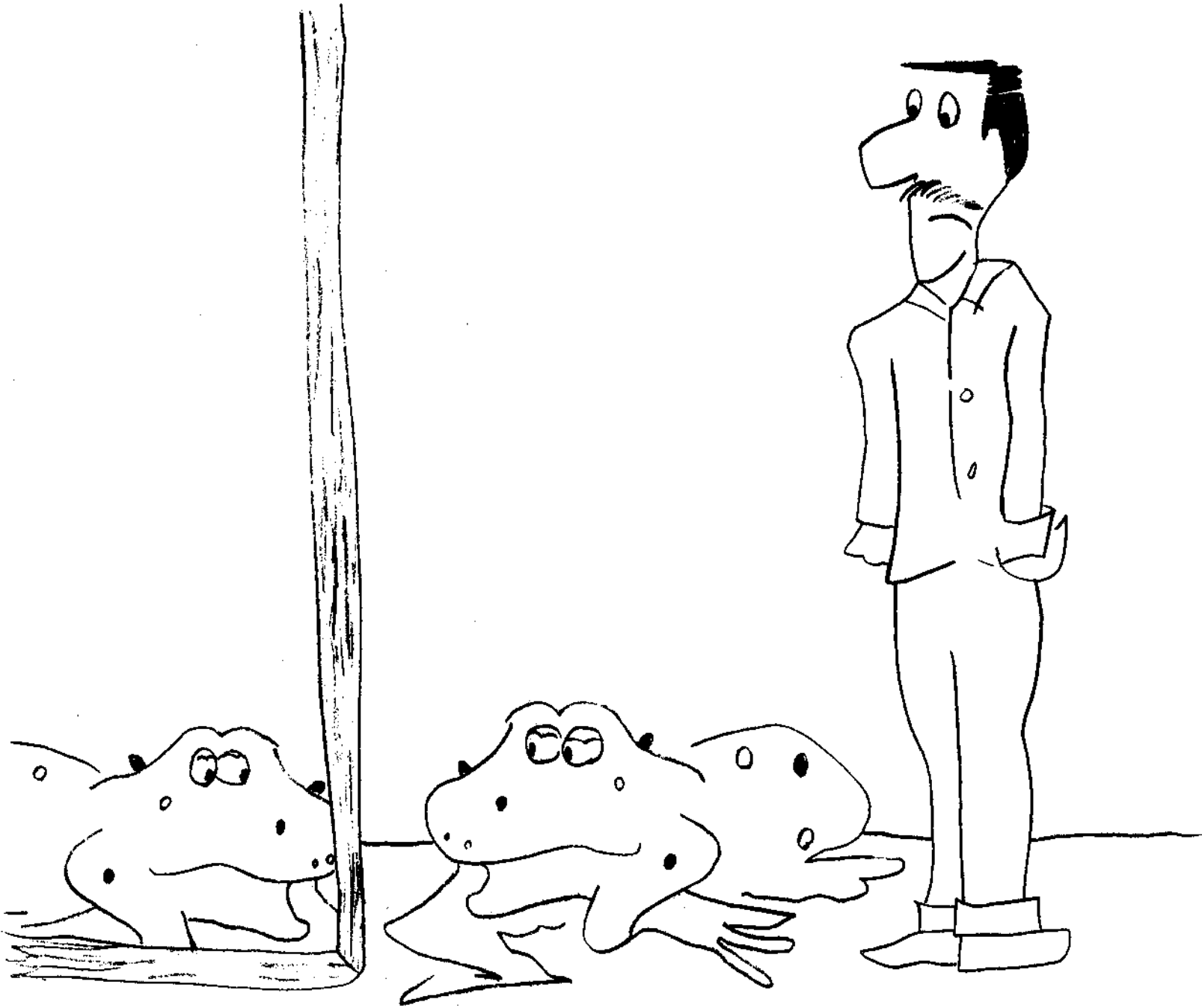


When you go to the zoo now, just what do you do now?
You gawk and you gape at some queer kangaroo now!
But you'd piss in your panties, that's what you would do,
With laughter at what I would put in a zoo.

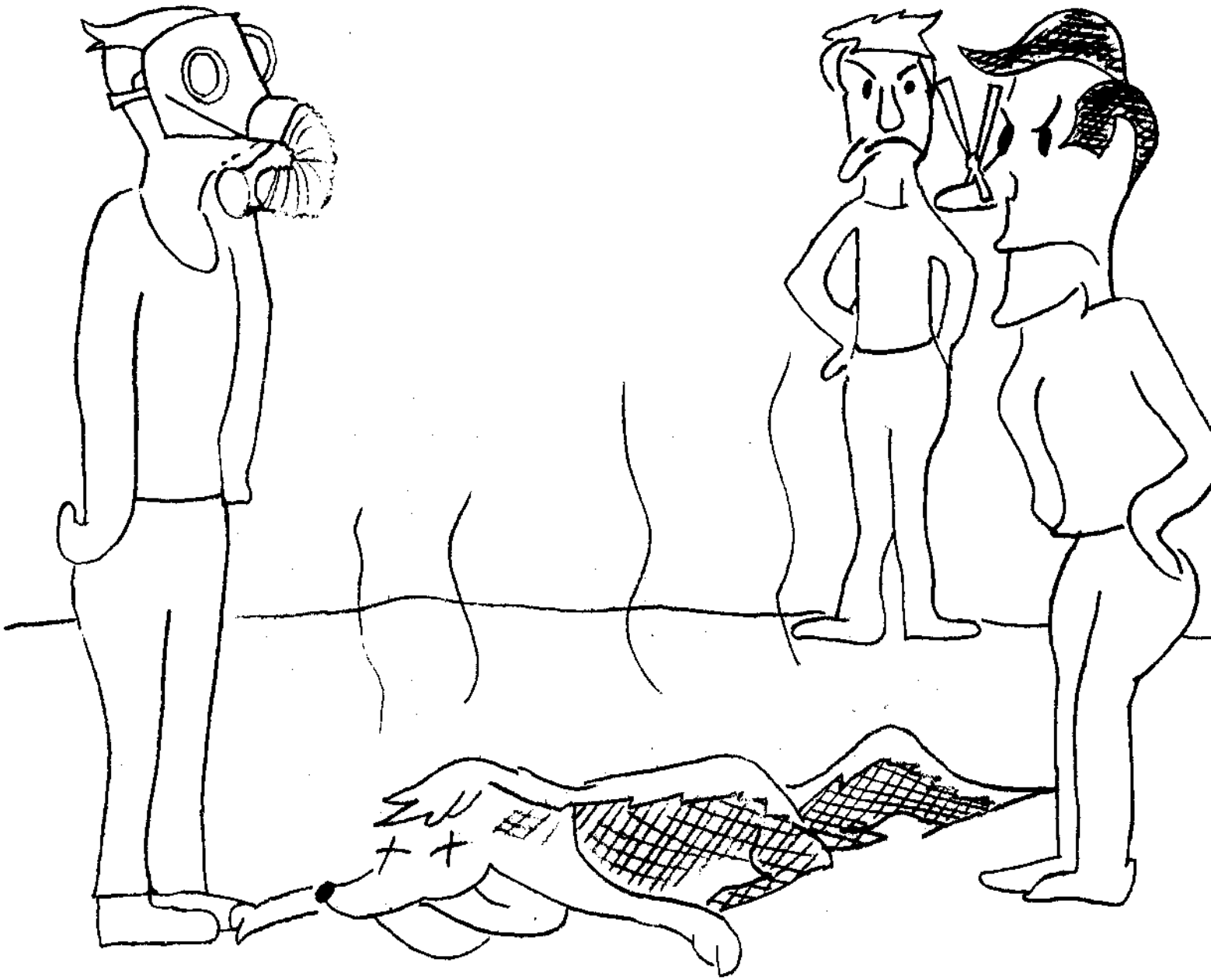
No need to see tigers or zebras or bats;
I'd fill up the cages with great diplomats!
For Diplomacy players, as soon you shall see,
Are the strangest of all beasts in air, land, or sea.



You'll snicker and snort, and you'll chuckle and laugh,
When you catch your first glimpse of the Mazzer-giraffe!
This beast is so tall he could pass for a tree,
Except that he don't know twig-onometry!



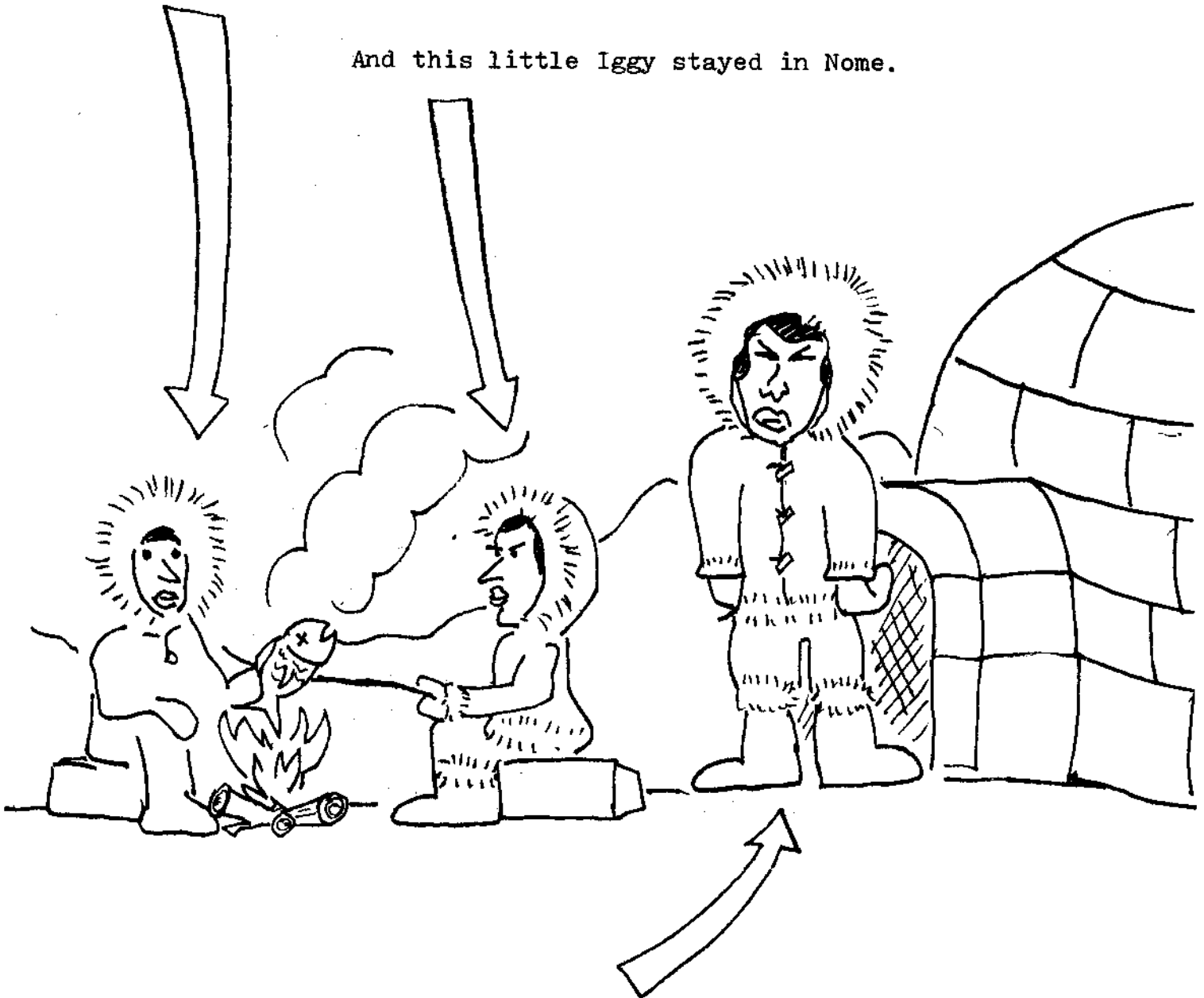
"Ribbet, ribbet!" you'll hear when you enter the froghouse,
The Boardman-toad comes here straight from dipdom's doghouse.
He'll croak in disgust when he hears the word "fake",
Then he'll look in the mirror and see "Eric Blake"!



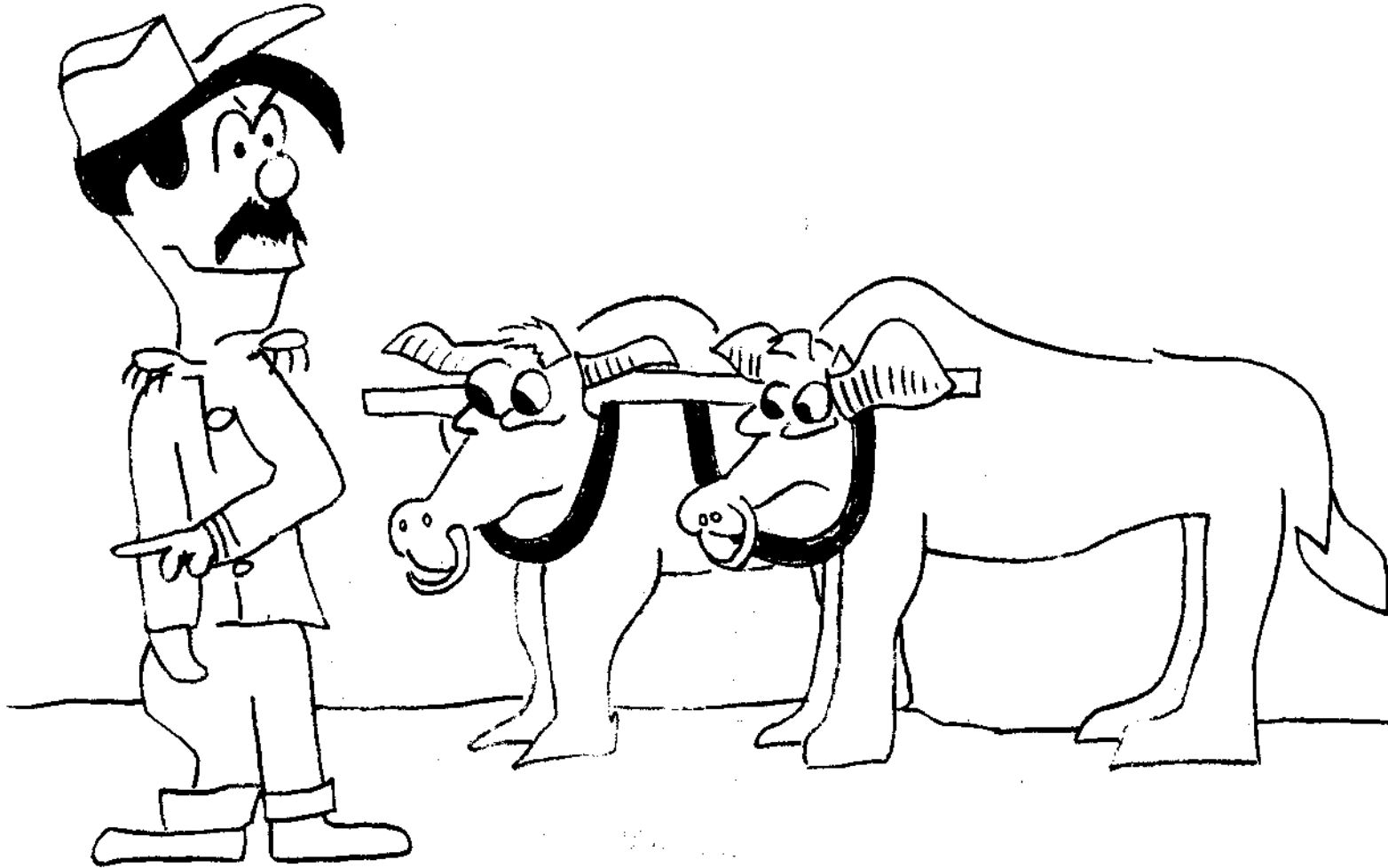
I'd travel on gravel, thirty miles or more,
The beauty-ful Luedi-ful skunk to procure.
Most skunks you should dread, 'cause they aim for your head,
But the beauty-ful Luedi-ful's harmless -- it's dead!

This little Iggy went to Marquette

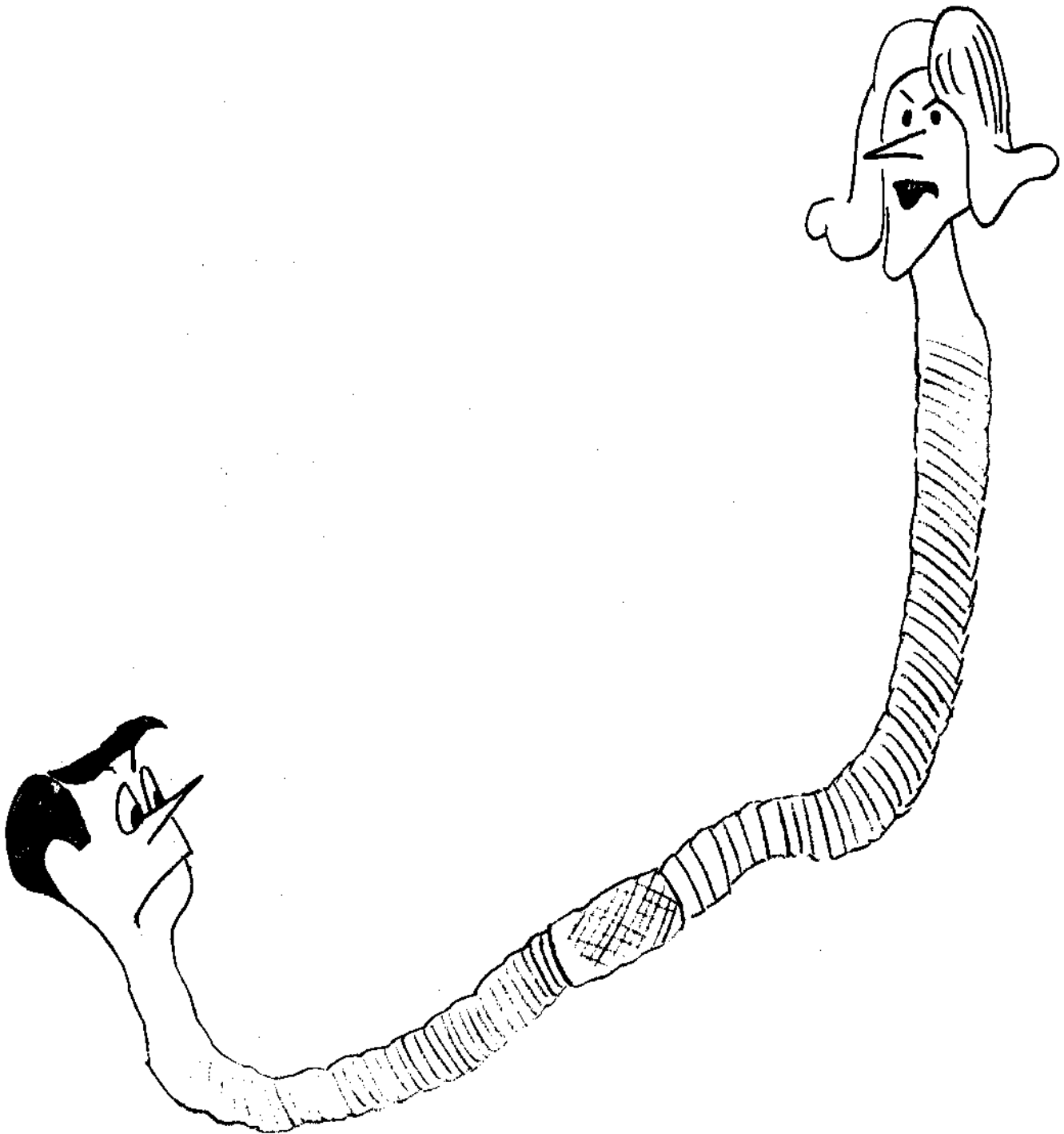
And this little Iggy stayed in Nome.



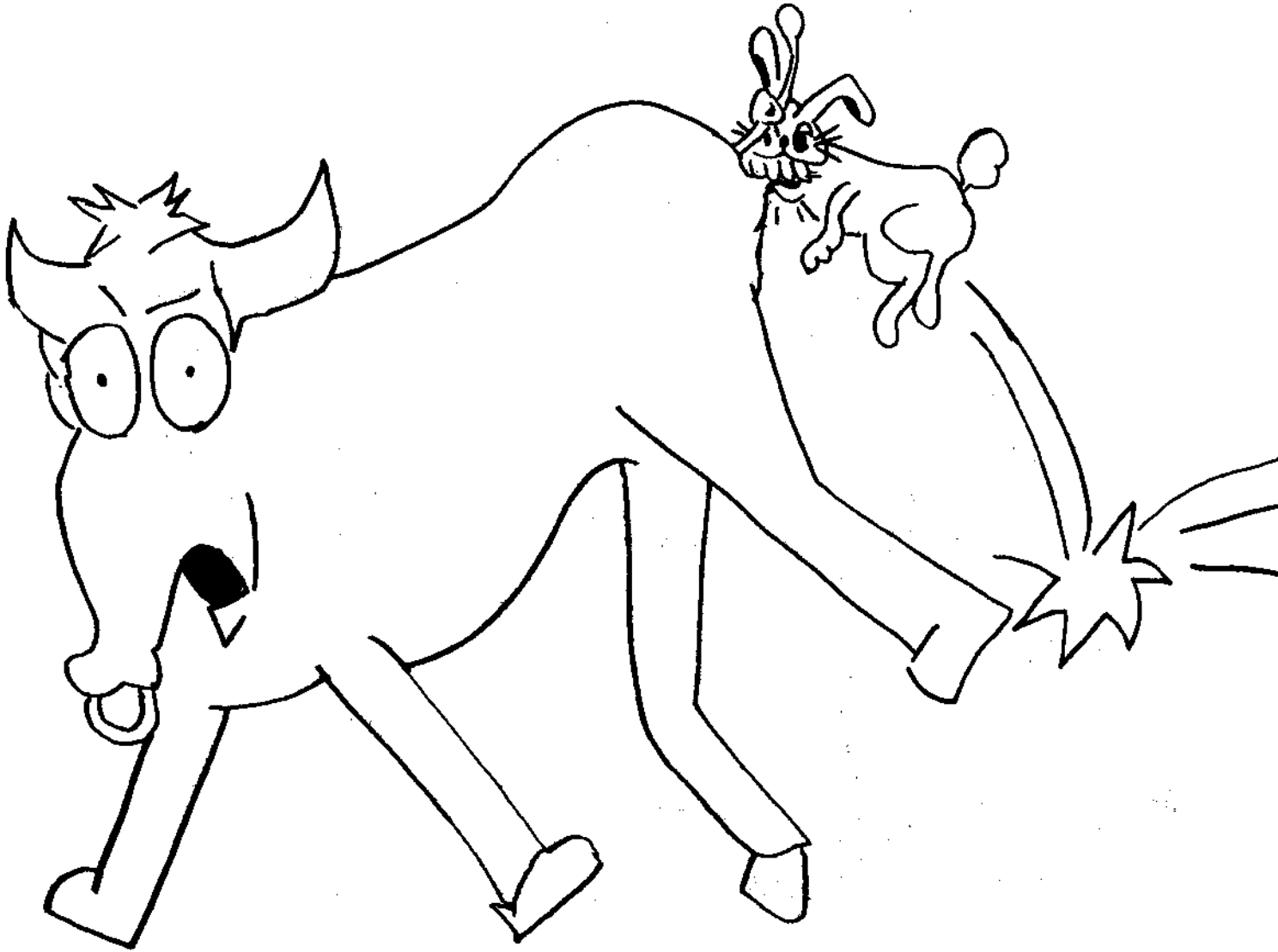
This one little Iggy, the odd one named Lew,
Will be captured by me for display in my zoo!
When asked how his mom had raised such a disasta,
He quickly replied, "I dunno -- but Alaska!"



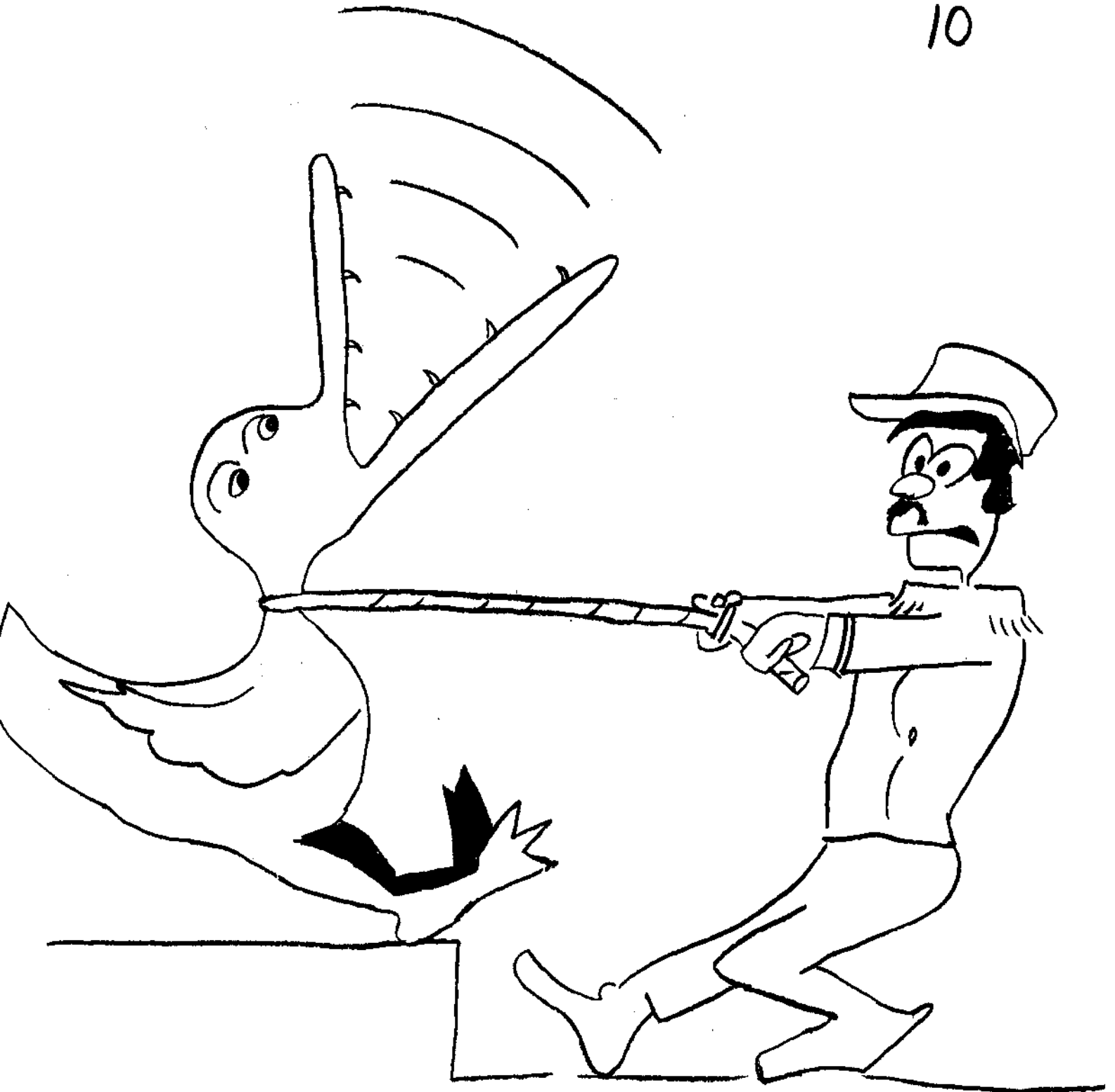
Sacks-yaks are touchy, slight matters offend 'em,
Like saying you'll boycott their new referendum.
To lose such a creature would sure be a pity
So I'll make him Chairman of the Dipzoo Committee!



One of the creatures that really perplexes
Us all is the earthworm -- a Rod of both sexes!
A queer little beast who will fascinate you,
Boy! You'll be all fagged out after touring my zoo!



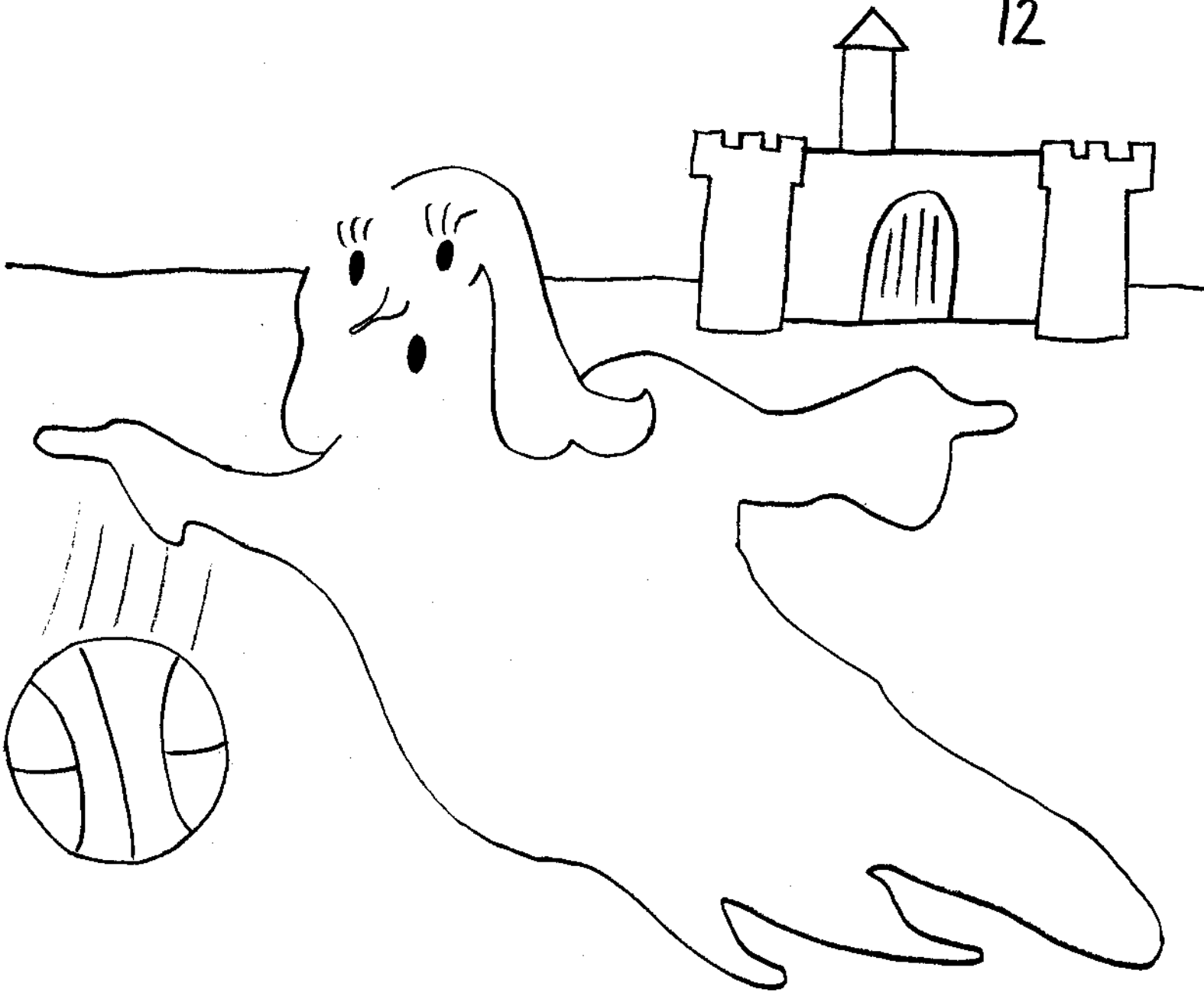
Some beasts have strange methods of getting a meal,
But the Jake-rabbit's food would make anyone squeal!
He crawls 'neath a bull, and he lifts up its tail,
And crunching his teeth down, he makes it female!



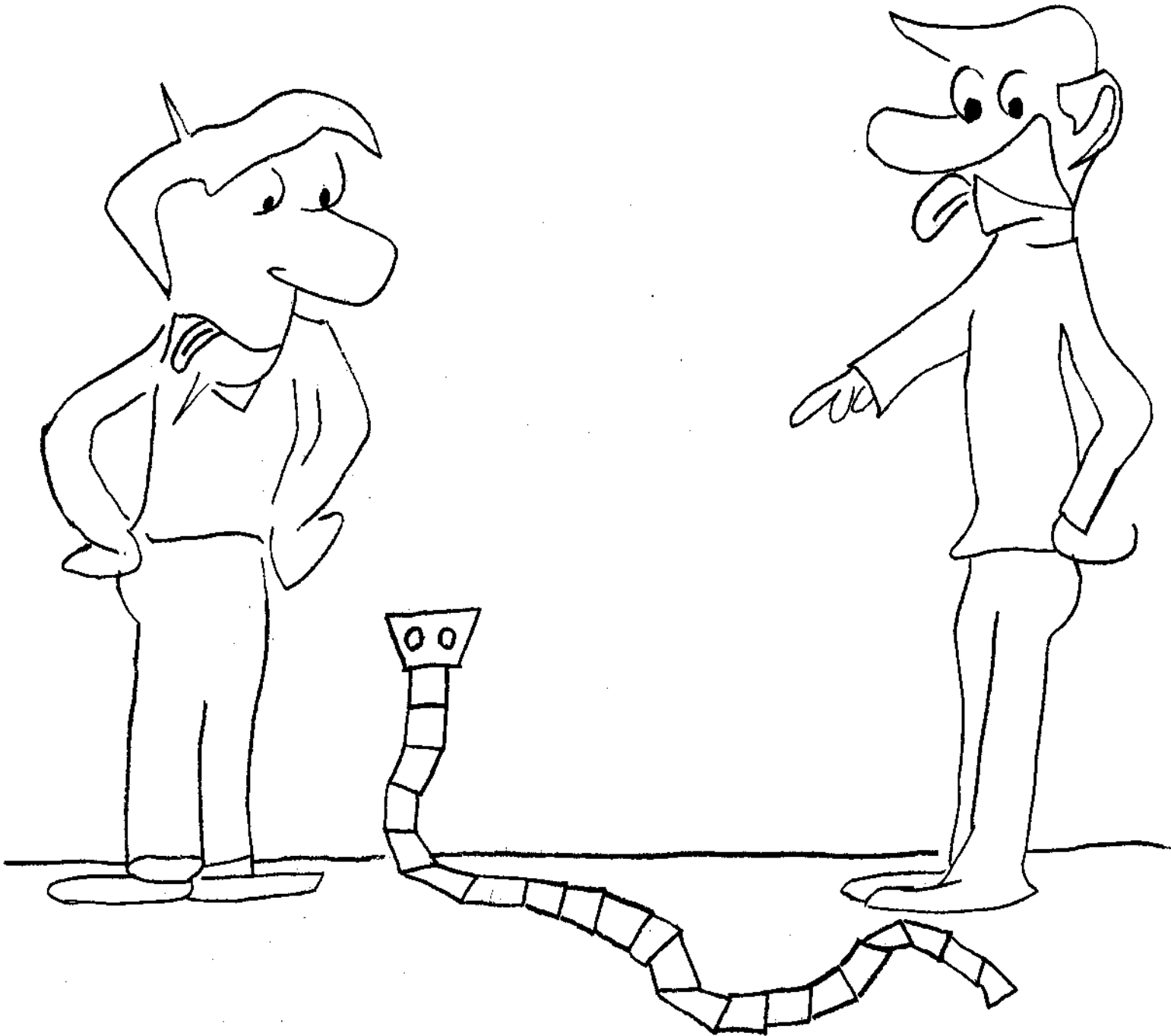
I'll capture a creature who many think sucks,
A toothy old duck with VD they call BRUX.
Common sense says, "Don't come!", but he'll have to, you see,
It's required by Houserule six thousand and three!



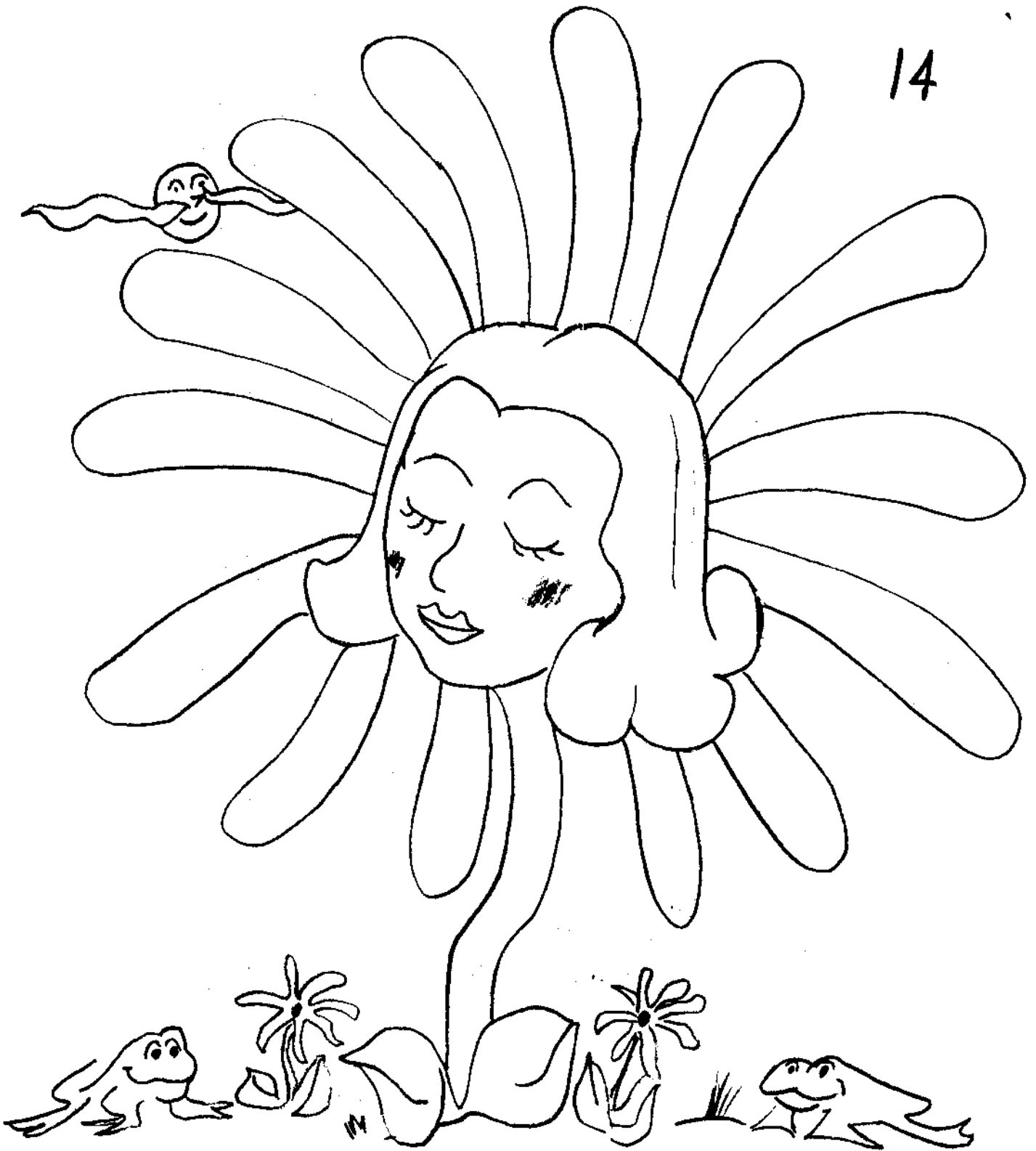
A beast with no heart and with Pennsyl-veins (groan!)
Is the Coat-of-Arms bird, and just one remains known.
Unique? He's the last of his kind -- goody, goody!
He can't reproduce 'cause his pecker is Woody!



Haunting the castles out on the West coast
Is the deeply mysterious Win-losesome ghost.
Some may ask, "Why change names?", but it's hard to go far
When you share your name with a great basketball star!



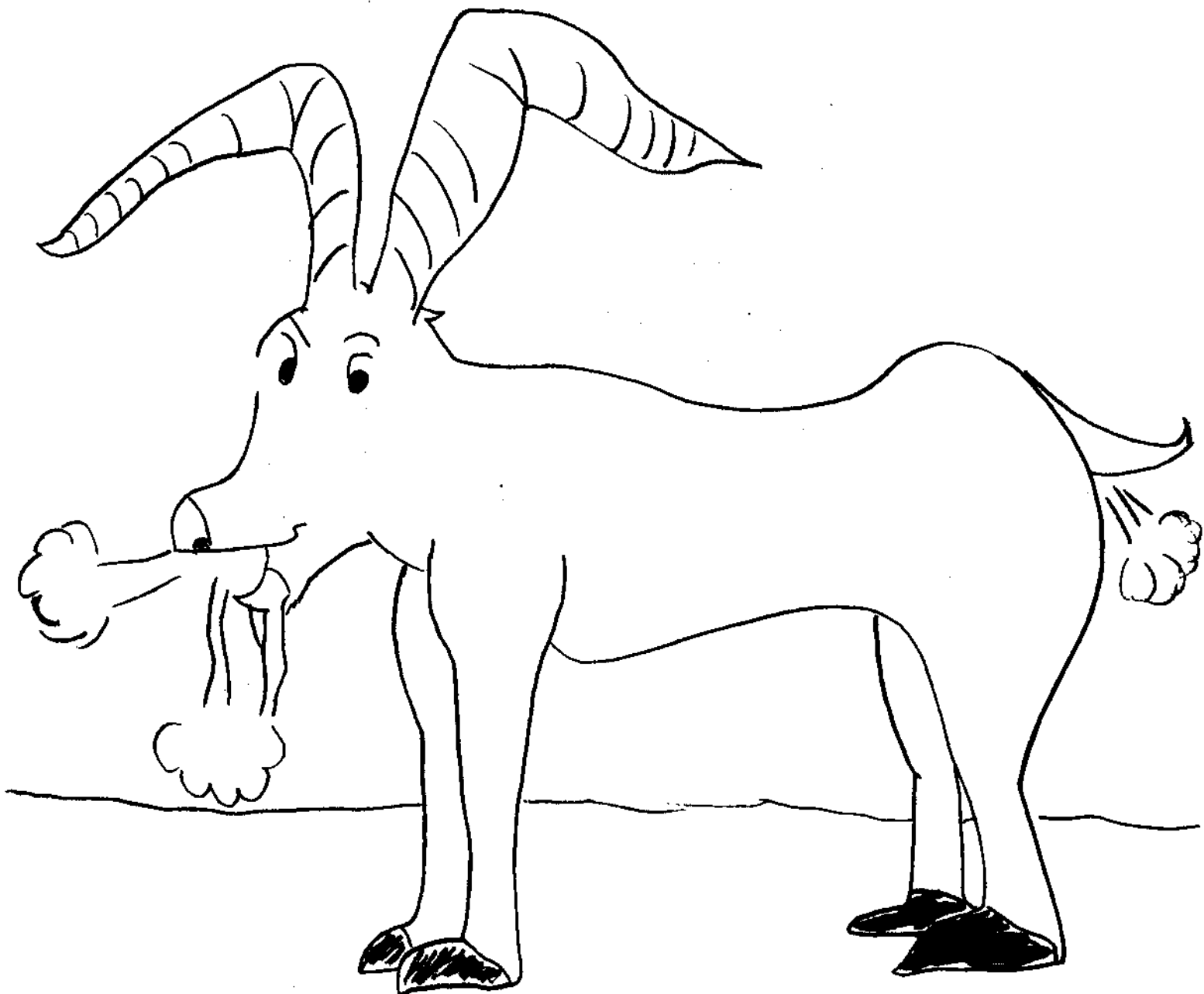
Easy to feed, though it may make you squirm,
Is the silent but ravenous Lousy-tapeworm.
I'll tell him each time when it's food he's requestin',
"Stick your head up my ass, you can suck my intestine!"



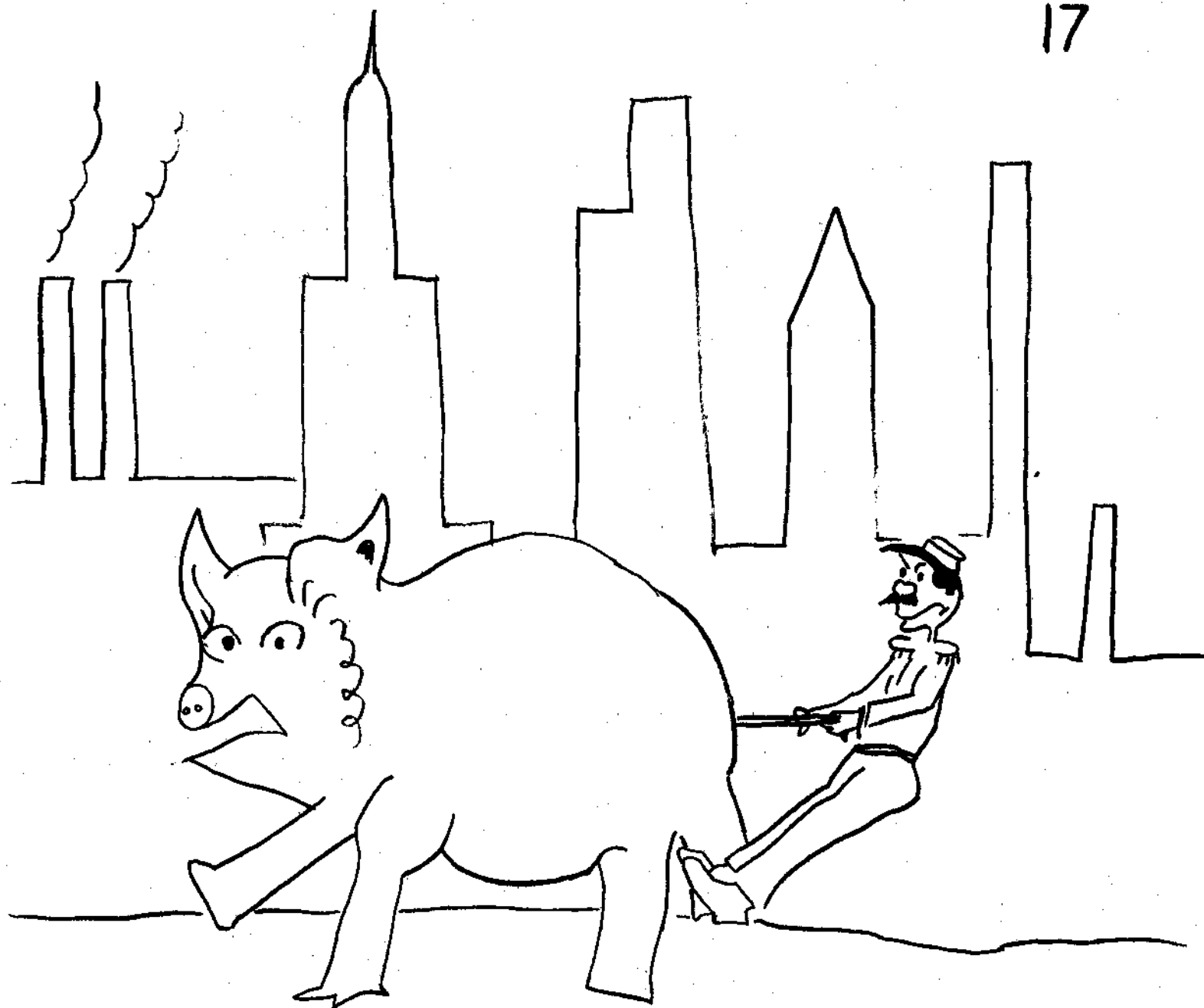
In the dead of the night, in the light of the moon ya
Will find a sweet flower -- the Alex-petunia.
This creature's not strange, only totally grody,
But boy does she carry some mighty weird toadies!



Way down in Dixie, the heart of the South,
Dwells the Green-Gary-Fairy -- ye gods, it's all mouth!
Don't mess with this guy now, 'cause here's whatsa matta;
One touch of his wand -- you're persona non grata!



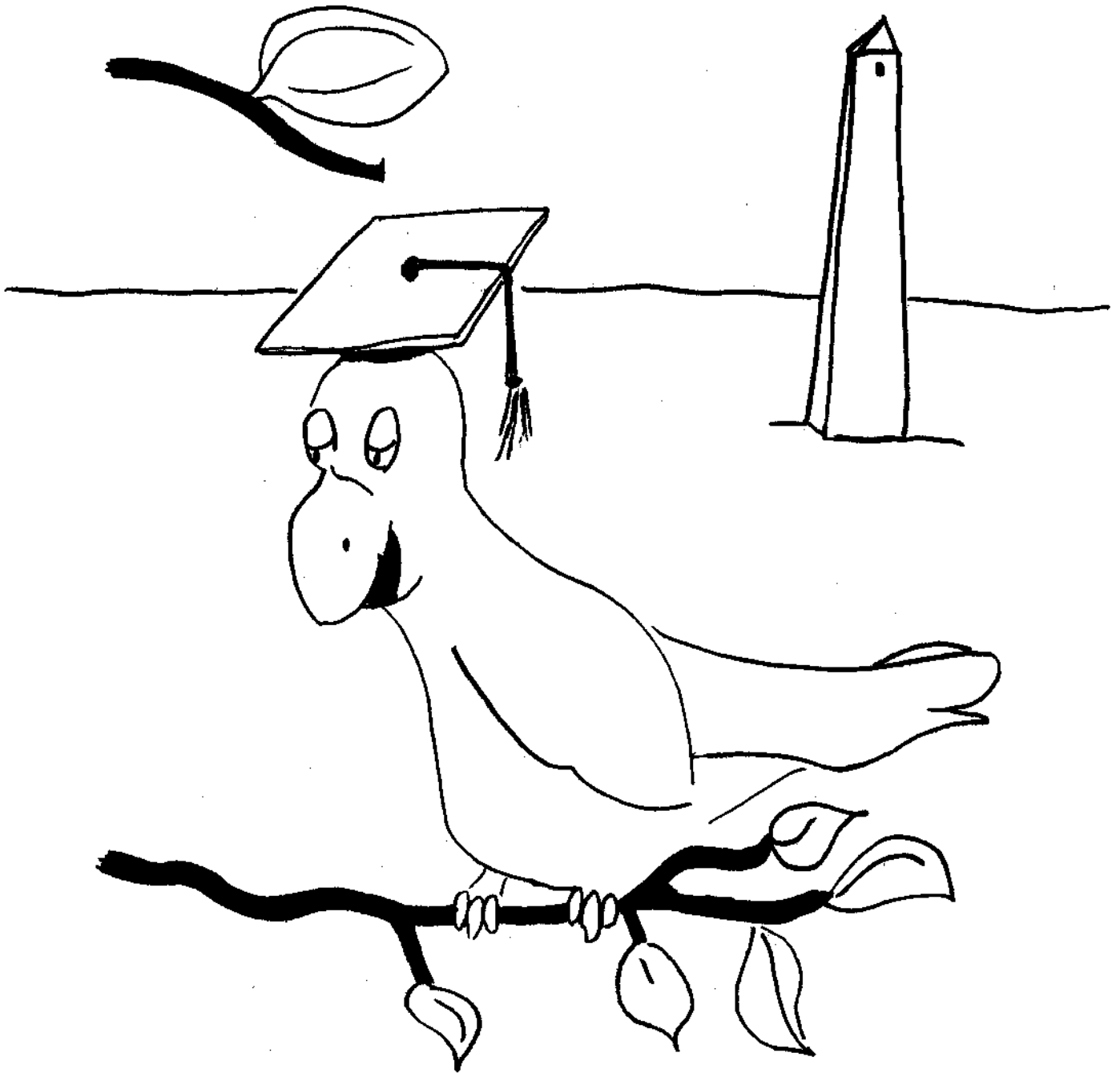
Go to Rochester and see when you're there
The Billy Highgoat, made of horns and hot air!
When staring at him keep your mirth to yourselves
'Cause the poor little creature just only turned twelve!



I'd dig through the sewers of downtown New Yorky
In search of the creature called Kathy-the-Porky.
She won't want to leave, but I'll make her come 'round,
Or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll Byrne her house down!



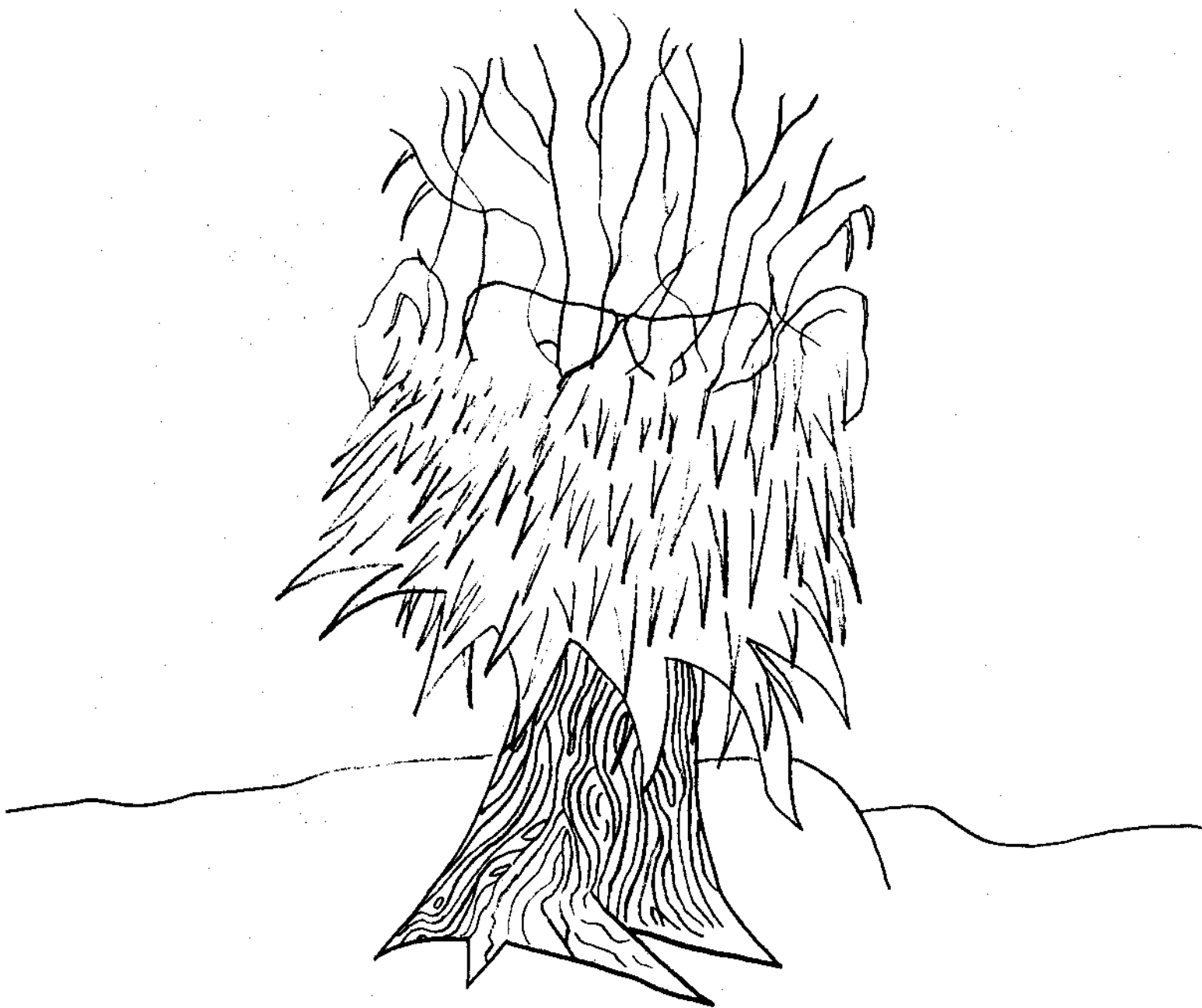
A creature so sad is the Wred-breasted Wrobel
Whose fruitless attempts to stand upright are noble.
He tries hard to balance, but all efforts thwart him;
He holds with his feet, so they cannot support him!



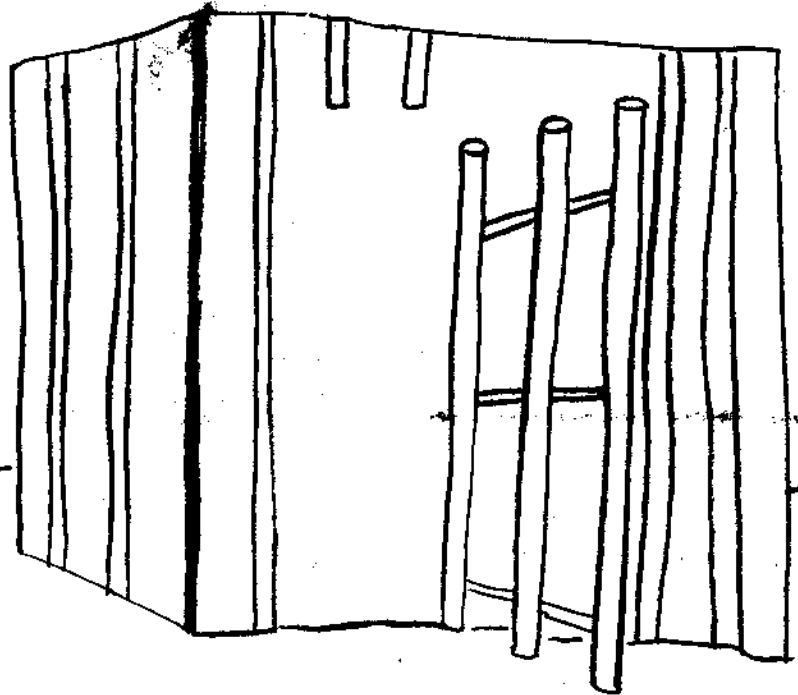
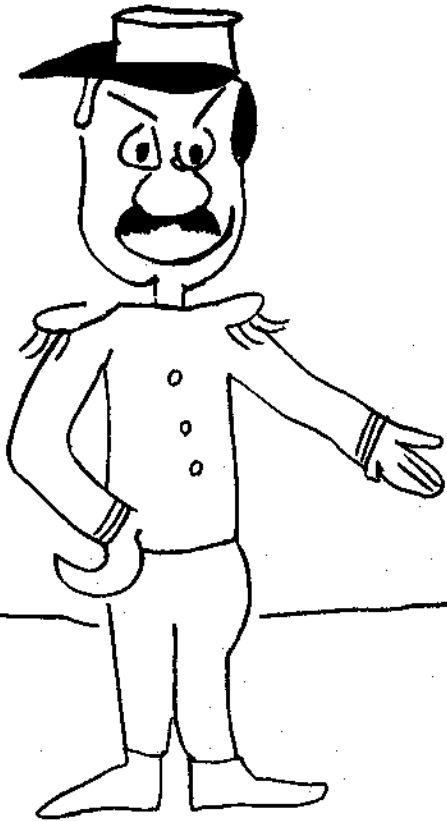
Down in the suburbs of D.C., I've heard,
Is a strange parakeet called the Kador-ous bird.
Most parakeets talk, but this one differs radically;
It hears what you say -- and repeats it grammatically!



In Florida's swamplands, inside of five buckets,
Live five little gnomes called the Billy Quinn-tuplets.
They sit up nights processing data anew,
Ain't it nice to know somebody cares about you?



Come to my zoo now, and there you will see
A newly-found hybrid -- the Berch-Willow tree.
This tree, like all willows, looks just like a mop,
But the Berch-Willow's neat, 'cause there's no leaves on top!



And that's what I'd do now if I ran the zoo,
And I'll leave one cage empty in case you come through!

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