

Yes folks, the first one to appear in the annals of the mighty  
Science Fiction Forum (Log #9) is...

### The 12 Days of Christmas at Starfleet Lost and Found

By Mary Scharb

(12 days of Christmas)

On the \_\_\_\_\_ day fo Christmas, the Fleet turned into me

A fat tribble in a fur tree.

Two giant ell-birds and

Three flame gems,

Four borgia plants,

Five wheezy Gorns,

Six Klingons scheming,

Seven Kelvans knitting,

Eight nomads beeping,

Nine Vulcans Thinking,

Ten Hortas digging,

Eleven sehlat's teething,

Twelve bowls of plomik,

### Organic Chemistry Lab

By Margaret Basile

Tune: Princes chorus (Die Fledermouse)

The lab course that I hate the most is organic chemistry  
And if you hate it to  
You know what you can do.  
Get up and drop the lab course, chasseu a sangeu (Repeat)

Forum Man

Kurt Levitan

Tune: Piano Man

It's 10 o'clock on a Monday night

The regular crowd shuffles in.

There's an old member sitting next to me

Making love to his pencil and pen

He says "Son can you play me a memory

I'm not really sure how it goes

But it's sad and it's sweet

And I knew it complete

When I wore a young freshman's clothes.

Chorus: Tell us a tale your'e the forum man

Tell us a tale tonight

Well were all in the mood for a log entry

And you've got us feeling alright

Now Will on the couch is a friend of mine

He gets me my books for free

And he's quick with a pun and he's reall some fun

But there's someplace that he'd rather be

He says "Man I believe this is killing me"

As the smile ran away from his face

Well I'm sure that I could be a physicist If I

If I could get out of this place

Now Marla's a medtech engineer

who always has time for a man,

and she's talking to Joseph about amoeba osmosis

and he probably doesn't give a damn.

And the librarian's practicing politics

As the treasurer slowly gets stoned,

Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness

Well, it's better than drinking alone.

Chorus

It's a pretty good crowd for a Monday night,

And the president gives me a smile

'Cause he knows that its me they've been coming to see

To forget about life for a while.

And the meeting sounds like a carnival

As they pass around the teddy bear,

And they sit on the floor

And they cry out for more

But Man, are you really all there?

Chorus.

ANarchy in the S.F.F.

By Ew Pampallone

TUNE: Anarchy in the U.N.

I am an anarchister (repeat)  
Don't know what I want but I know how to get it  
I wanna destroy wimps and assholes  
I wanna be in anarchy  
No jobs for me

Anarchy for the S.F.F.

It's here right now and may be  
I'll stamp a wrong date  
Stop the check out line  
Your future pres. is a nerd in band-aids  
I, I wanna be in anarchy  
In Hendrix

Is it this securit-tay  
Or is it this FSA  
Or is it this Polit-tay  
I thought is was the S.F.F.  
Or just the S.F.L.S.  
I wanna be in anarchy (Its the only way to be!)  
I wanna be in anarchy  
I wanna be in anarchy (know what I mean?)

A Song for LunaCon '80

By Margaret J. Basile

TUNE: To Grandmother's house we go

Over the bridges and through the smog  
To LunaCon we go  
Tom, Ralph and Jay  
Will drive us this day  
Thru the white and drifted snow  
Over the bridges and through the smog  
Oh how the traffic grows  
Our ears, they ring  
As the shifties sing  
As over the asphalt we go!

Ode to a Stuffed Animal

By Kurt Levitan

Tune : She's always a woman

She can kill with a smile  
She can wound with her eyes  
She can ruin your faith with her casual lies  
And she only reveals what she wants you to see  
She hides like a child but  
She's always a teddy to me.

The Legend of Freddy the Kid

By Perrienne Lurie

Tune : The Ballad of Billy the Kid

From a town known as Stony Brook, Long Island  
Rolled a boy with a d6 in his hand  
And his daring life of crime  
made him a legend in his time  
East and west of the Suffolk sand

He started with a ship, the ANNIE NOVA  
No-one could believe just what he did  
And his age and his size  
Took the players by surprise  
Soon the word spread, of Freddy the Kid

Bridge: Well he never travelled heavy  
And he always ran alone  
And soon put older D.M.'s to shame  
He always had a sweetheart  
And he never had a home  
But Waterloo and Forum knew his name

He rolled his way from Pixie to Regina  
And Bianco could not seem to track him down  
He serbed as a legend well  
All the folks they loved yo tell  
'Bout when Freddy the kid came to town

One cold night a player cornered Freddy  
And offered lots of dough as a bribe  
All the forum and there kin  
like the dice came rollin' is  
To watch the buying of Freddy the Kid

Well he never travelled heavy  
Yes he always ran alone  
And soon put older D.M. 's to shame  
He finally lost his sweetheart  
But he bought himself a home  
Underneath the Dix Hills sign that bears his name

From a town called Syosset, Nassau county  
Rolled a bot with percentiles in his hand  
And his daring life of crime  
made him librarian in his time  
East and west of Long Island Sands

You may Be Right

By Perrienne Lurie

Tune : You May be Right

Monday night's a Forum meeting

Tuesday nights a birthday party

Wednesday we all played T & T

I was only having fun

Wasn't hurting anyone

And we all had a good time anyway

I've been stranded in the twilight zone

I've walked through Lecture Hall alone

Even marched on Mr. Banks in the rain

And you begged me not to go

But he was our biggest foe

So you said that only proves that I'm insane

You may be right

I may be crazy

But it just might be the forum that your looking for

Turn out the light

Don't talk to freshman

You may be wrong for all I know

But you may be right

Remember how I found you there

Alone in that old comfy chair

I told you of the freshman 'til you cried

You were lonely and afraid

I said the forums ready-made

'Cause you might enjoy some madness for a while

Now think of all the years you tried to

Find a place to satisfy you

We may be as crazy as you say.

If we're crazy then it's true

It's not because of you

But you wouldn't want us any other way

You may be right

We may be crazy

But it just may be a loony bin you're looking for

Turn out the light

Don't lock the forum

You may be wrong for all I know

But you may be right

You may be right

I may be crazy

But I just might be the forum th t your'e looking for

Turn out that light!

Don't talk to freshman

You may be wrong for all I know

But you may be right

You may be wrong but you may be right

You may be wrong but you may be right

Brookfilk:

By Margaret J. Basile (Verse #2 by Slime)

Tune: Army Life

Chorus: Oh, I don't want no more of Furum life!!  
Gee ma, I wanna go home!

Welcome to the Forum/ a really nifty place  
Half the members come from Hell/ The other half from space

And those who ain't from either/ Are from the Twilight zone  
And should you try to shoot us/ You'll get hit by our clones

Oh, Kurt's the forum president/ We know he's mighty bright  
Because he only shows up on/ Official meeting night

Oh, the females in the Forum/ Are few and far between  
Right now we'd take in any fen/ Who want's to be obscene

We have a nifty treasurer/ He's been here several years  
He shifts fast on his bicycle/ Because it has ten gears

The male fans in the forum/ Are really quite a sight  
My lizard took a look at one/ And dropped dead from the fright

The male fans in the Forum/ Are in a real mess  
Last night one tried to tounge a grog/ Because it wore a dress

The male fen of the Forum/ Are looking for a fen  
The trouble is, the lines they try/ Would scare off a kzin

The members of the Forum / Are the nicest bunch of guys  
Of course some have green tentacles/ And others have three eyes

The froshen in the forum/ we call them the fresholes  
They're all as bright as tractors and as beautiful as moles

I went into a coma/ In the forum, call a doc!  
I thought i saw a freshole think/ and passed out from the shock

We have non-human members/ Like Slepnr and Kzoryx  
Last night I wrote a thesas/ On bicycle intercourse

The cash for SF magazines/ From Polity we've died  
But George brings Vampirella? And we read that instead

There's Greepy and There's Eerie/ And also thanks to Fred  
We get in Heavy Metal/ But it's BYTE we takes to bed

We have a couple engineers/ we think it's pretty nice  
They make us nifty robots/ Programmable for vice

We have lots of physics majors/ They love to demonstrate  
Go to Van De Graff with them/ Watch them accelerate

We have Med Science majors/ And Biologists besides  
They love to cut you open/ And play with your insides

I once met with the RHD/ A-prowling down the hall  
His skin was warm and silky/ It's hanging on the wall

→ more

Geologists are lots of fun/ They may give you some shocks  
They find the time to demonstrate/ How they get off there rocks

Some of us study music/ We know were really deft  
We all have natural rythm/ We all can get G-cleft.

We have computer majors/ You'll find them <sup>by</sup> the peck  
If you wrap up in computer tape/ And yell, "All hands on DEC!"

The femfen think CompSci students/ are rotten to the core  
If they can't find a mattress,/ They'll roll you on the floor

The meetings at the forum/ Are never very clean  
There's fifty screaming members/ It starts to get obscene

We get out of Forum meetings/ We barely are alive  
We all pack off to Friendlies/ If were still in shape to drive

When we get out of Meetings/ Some munchies must we swill  
We converge en masse ~~KAXXAX~~ on Gershwin,/ Rainy Night or Mr. Bill's

My roommate is a discodroid/ My suitemates are on ludes  
I'm just a little hobbit/ My Ghod, am I confuzed?

I have no Bloody roommate/ Unless you count ~~the~~ cats  
A tarantula, a python/ a boa and some rats.

Our own Mad Russian Hobbit/ He doesn't smoke a pipe.  
Instead he writes some counterpoint/ And gets hyped-up un BYTE.

We all know little K'lisa, she/ Has lots of allergies  
She sounds like a machine gun/ And has trouble with her knees

We have a fine geologist/ He'll drill you into sin  
But when he gets to Pathmark. He takes it in the chin.

We role-play in the Forum/ Though Kurt might dissaprove  
Do you really think to ask/ A were-balrog to move?

We play alot of C&s/ And T & T as well  
But now we've seen new Space OPerA/ Ship traveller to hell!

We never play Monopoly/ It can't give you a thri;l  
Once you have run a dragon/ And sent an elf to Hell.

If you have had a rough day/ And would like to relax  
Here's three mad orcs, a balrog/ And here's your battle axe  
W

We have alot of shifties/ You should have herd the shout  
When a student came in one day/ And tried to check one out.

We have a little logbook/ We discourse on sex and schmucks  
Were supposed to write just S.F./ Butl noone gives a fuck

We had a little Rover/ But now it isn't here  
Tom came and fell in lovw with it/ And made it dissaper

We can't run a convention/ We don't have any bread  
We'll all run up to LASTcon/ Let them run it instead

## D&D SONGS

I've Been Runnin' Through The Dungeon  
sung to the tune of 'I've Been Working On The Railroad'

I've been runnin' through the dungeon.  
All the live-long day.  
I've been runnin' through the dungeon,  
Just to pass the time away.

Can't you hear the DM calling  
"There are orcs ahead."  
Can't you hear the caller shouting  
"Fight or we'll be dead!"

Armor class of two.  
Intelligence of twelve.  
Roll those stats real hi-i-igh  
Wisdom of sixteen.  
Strength of seventeen.  
With that we won't die.

After we have sliced up the Kobolds,  
We will kill the tro-o-o-olls.  
Afterwards, if we have some time,  
We can finish off the Gnolls.

And maybe 1, 2, 3 stirges four.  
Purple worms, basilisks, wand'ring monsters.  
Elves, dwarves, goblins and more.  
And invisible stalkers.

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Take Me Into The Dungeon  
sung to the tune of 'Take Me Out To The Ballgame'

Take me into the dungeon.  
Let me kill lots of orcs.  
Buy me a sword and a dagger, too.  
They will have to do much running through.  
Let me kill, kill, kill all the gob-lins.  
If I don't then I'll be dead.  
Cuz if they catch me then I know that I'll lose my head.

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Twinkle, Twinkle, Crystal Ball  
sung to the tune of 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star'

Twinkle, twinkle, crystal ball.  
Show me what is in the hall.  
While we sit here on first level,  
Tell me, will we meet the Devil.  
Twinkle, twinkle, crystal ball.  
Tell me what is in the hall.

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Fred The Cleric's Sword Flail  
sung to the tune of 'MacDonalds Farm'

Fred the cleric had a sword. Flail  
Eieio



And with that sword he killed some orcs,

Eieio

With an orc, orc here

And an orc, orc, there

Here an orc, there an orc, everywhere an orc, orc.

Fred the cleric had a sword.

Eieio

And with that sword he killed a troll.

Eieio

With a troll, troll here, and a troll, troll, there.

Here a troll, there a troll, everywhere a troll, troll.

Orc, orc, here, orc, orc there, here an orc, there an orc,

Everywhere an orc, orc.

Fred the cleric.....

And with that sword, ~~was~~ he killed a dwarf.

Eieio

With a dwarf, dwarf here, and a dwarf, dwarf there.

Here a dwarf, there a dwarf, everywhere a dwarf dwarf.

Troll, troll here...

Orc, orc here...

Fred the cleric...

Other verses for using ~~elves~~, gnolls, stirges, ghouls, wights, wraiths, gnome, ent, roc, djinn, etc.

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Where Have All The Kobolds Gone?

sung to the tune of 'Where Have All The Flowers Gone'

Where have all the Kobolds gone?

Short time me-e-lee.

Where have all the kobolds gone?

We've killed them all.

Where have all the kobolds gone?

In this dungeon, dark and damp?

When will they ever learn ?

When will they ever learn?

Where have all the goblins gone?

Short time fi-i-ghting?

Where have all the goblins gone?

Driven away?

Where have all the goblins gone?

Taking all their gold and stuff.

When will we ever learn?

When will we ever learn?

Where have all the dragons gone?

Short time fla-a-ming?

Where have all the dragons gone?

With their treasure?

Where have all the dragons gone?

Left the dungeon, everyone.

Will they ever return?

Will they ever return?

# THE BALLAD OF THE SUNY BROOK COMPUTER CENTER

(Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

The Stony Brook computers suck! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The Stony Brook computers suck! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The Stony Brook computers suck, my TA couldn't give a fuck!  
And I think my brain is rotting away again!

The Univac is falling apart! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The Univac is falling apart! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The Univac is falling apart, give it your cards and it will fart!  
And I think my brain is rotting away again!

The RJE is down again! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The RJE is down again! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The RJE is down. I guess my CS grades will be a mess.  
And I think my brain is rotting away again!

The operators all are schmucks! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The operators all are schmucks! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The operators all are schmucks, when they do something right it's  
mainly luck!  
And I think my brain is rotting away again!

The system manager is a twit! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The system manager is a twit! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The system manager is a twit. About computers he don't know shit!  
And I think my brain is rotting away again!

The FORTRAN doesn't work at all! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The FORTRAN doesn't work at all! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The FORTRAN doesn't work at all, it's now illegal to use call.  
And I think my brain is rotting away again!

I programmed for the past three nights. Hurrah! Hurrah!  
I programmed for the past three nights! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
I programmed for the past three nights, it still won't work 'cuz  
FORTRAN bytes!  
And I think my brain is rotting away again!

Use the keypunch if you dare! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Use the keypunch if you dare! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Use the keypunch if you dare, but half of them are past repair!  
And I think my brain is rotting away again!

CS here is loads of fun! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
CS here is loads of fun! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
CS here is loads of fun! I can't wait to finish program one!  
And I think my brain is rotting away again!

David 'Slime' Weingart