



RockArchivist

The Cioch Club

The Saga of Starkey the Fang

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The Saga of Starkey the Fang

One fine sunny morning, early in September
 A peaceful day, a tranquil day, one that I remember
 We left the pass for the crags of the coast
 and here I make no idle boast
 Where rock is as rough as the roughest grit
 And the hardest tiger's climb skill to fit
 Have travelled for miles in search of it
 But none so hard with the courage of a lion
 As the brave young lad by the name of Brian
 He'd peeled off all the hardest routes
 and roaming P.A's he climbed in boats
 But as we neared the base of the Fang
 I think he suffered just one pang
 of mental fear as he gazed in awe
 At that sweep of rock from sky to floor.
 But giving one disdainful look
 at his pale white face and hands that shook
 I tied myself to ~~the~~ the end of rope
 And saw him lose his final hope
 I picked up a runner and turned my back
 To fight my way up the starting crack
 I searched the stance and turned around
 To stare in pity at the ground
 Where the quaking Starkey once so bold
 Mumbled about a sloping hold
 And as he raced off down the sexes'
 Brambles tore at his face & knees
 And when he returned he was white as a sheet
 But I noticed his masters were on his feet
 He climbed up slowly to the stance
 and gave the pegs a grateful glance
 And then he gazed at the vertical crev
 which held only read about in books

And as his morale began to sag,
 I said that he could have a fag
 I attempted twice to lead the wall
 But was beaten back by his hysterical call
 of repeated refusals which he often flung
 As a cowering wreck from his piteous he hung
 But a third attempt met with luck
 and as I turned he visibly shook
 And stopping only to place protection
 I cast my eye to the final section
 The steep smooth slab rose ~~up~~ ^{straight} above
 But my feet ~~could~~ ^{found} the holds like hands in a glove
 The higher I went the greater the drag
 and I had an incredible urge for a fag
 But fighting this urge I soon reached the crest
 And sank ~~to~~ ^{on} the stance for a narcotic rest
 I arranged a belay and took in the line
 And shouted to Starkey that now he could climb
 But after a time he heard a great wail
 'I can't reach the jug I think I shall fail'
 From the crowds on the road was heard a great moan
 It's Starkey again he's starting to moan
 Again and again he tried the hard move
 And each time he returned to the pegs in the groove
 And sarcastic cries from spectators below
 Echoed his failure sound crags high and low.
 By devious means he avoided the curb
 (There'd be none of this trouble if we all had bent knees)
 At last he appeared on the final great wall
 looking most humble and ever so small
 He grabbed and he thutched and at last reached
 the top
 And didn't believe me when I said he could
 stop
 He crawled through the brambles and

into the grass
 And there he collapsed just a
 quivering mass.
 He attempted to hide behind a large dublin
 But the fact can't be hidden he's a sad
 sorry FAILURE

The egocentric leader
 SA



~~Gerry Langley so we start
 Never lost for a fast~~

I ain't going to climb with Chris Jackson

I ain't going to climb with Chris Jackson ^{no more}

I ain't going to climb with Chris Jackson ^{no more}

He makes his belays on little bits of rock
 And when you complain he laughs off his cock
 But I know that on day he's gonna have a

I ain't going to ~~not~~ climb with Chris Jackson ^{shock}
 no more