

Croncarkee

Aye Prill 2025

COLLECTORS
EDITION 2025



Nathan Under the **HOOD**

Meadow Butter Boy on
bullying the Corncrake

The Great Quokka

Solid Swan

BEHIND THE OAK 3 OF
ENGLISH LITCHRITCHA

How does it take 5-7 business days to refund my money when it took you 5-7 seconds to take it out of my account?



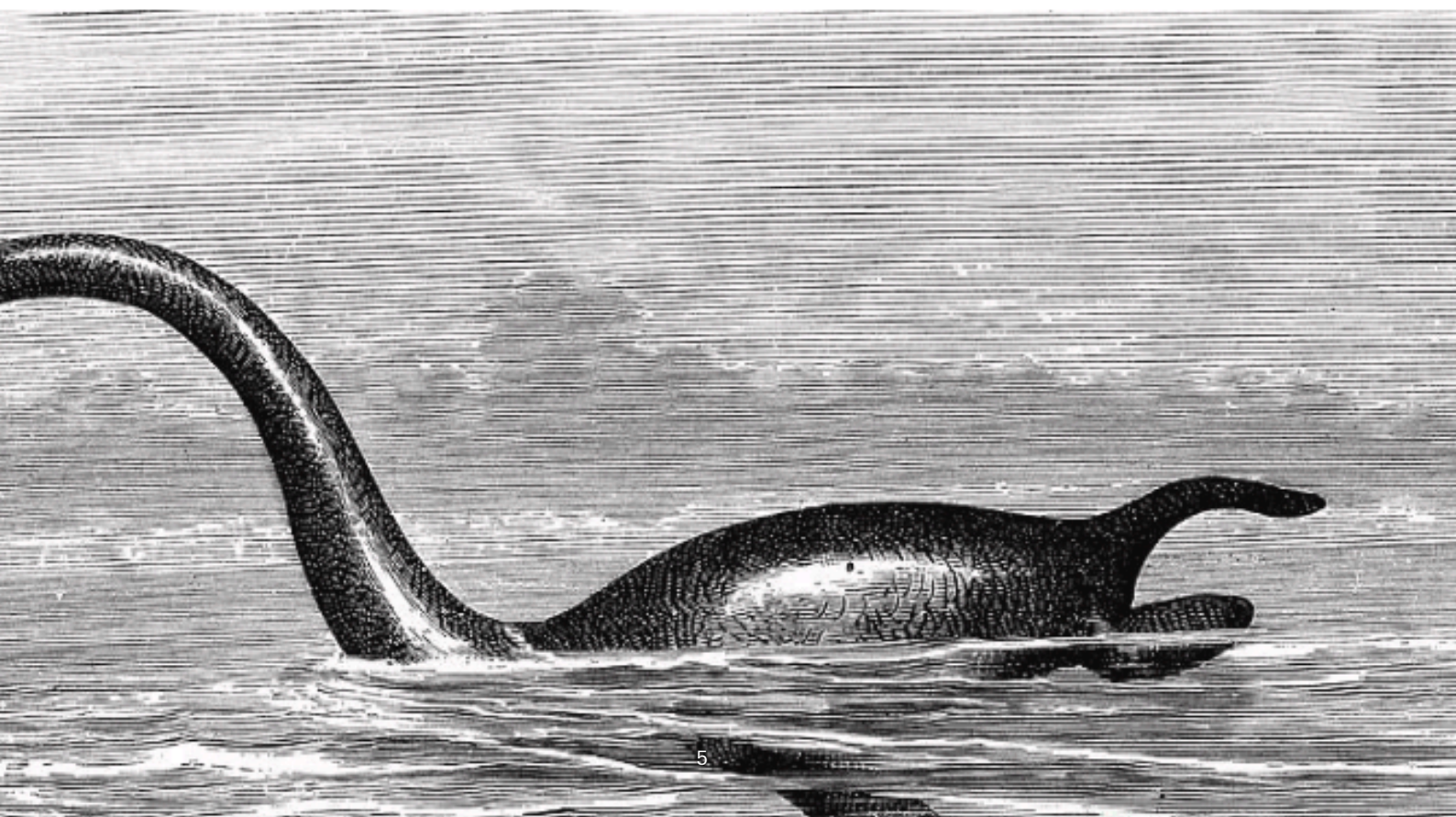
Editorrr moo

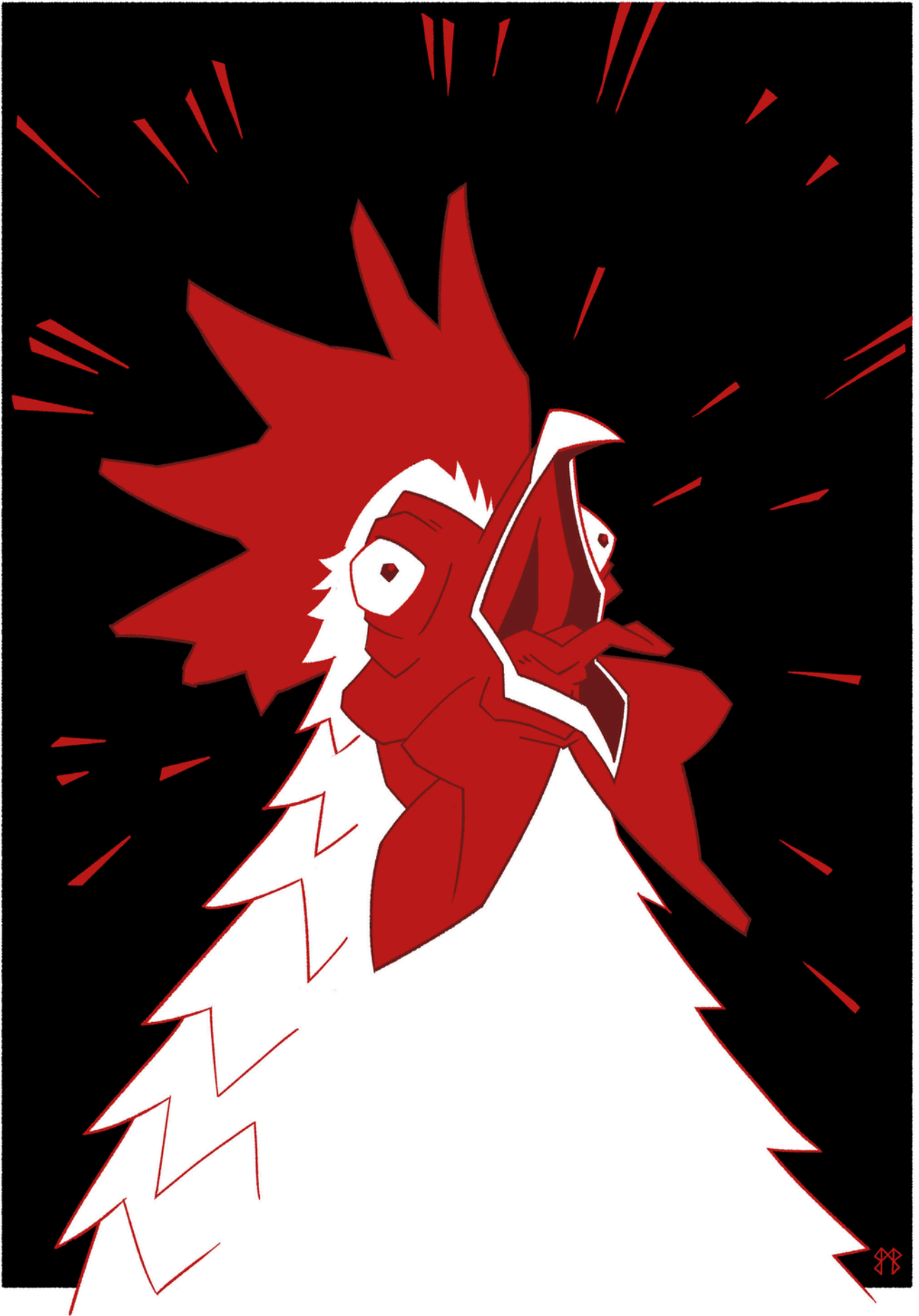
I am the man of your dreams. i creat mag, i am hot. pls marry me. you bloody bloody.

I saw ND wallace Swan at a super market in west on supermare yesterday. i asked for a selfie iwht my fav author and he shrieked and yeeled 'huh' at me so i ran away and ran away. wehn leaveing shop i saw him running out wiht 50 mily way, shop woman cried and told him to cough up the cash. she began to scan and he began to mink. sh put htm in a bag. he interupted whe nshe said price by waying really loud.

happy easter me liittle rare bits. or is that like may or something.

Shouting of the plague-woman





Bullying the Corncrake

Dip it in the freezing lake
Make it witness your boot
By the end of the day its brain feels like cake
Cooked and dirty like the nettles root
Steal its money
Smack its eggs with a rake
See it sob and drag its feet
Refuse to share a piece of steak

The hedonism rusts your soul
It's off to Hell like a snowflake
But the fox inside you cannot shake
The joy of bullying the corncrake

Meadow Butter Boy

Something Aggro and Wild

Solid Swan



She looked me up and down, slicing me with her eyes as she did so.
She tossed my pieces in a bit of oil and garlicky breath shot out like a dragon
after an aggressive Italian wedding soup.
Soon I was simmering, every piece of me, popping like mad.
I became less and less translucent as the gaze hardened me as I naturally put
up my defences.

But hot sweat dripped from my skin. The fires of my heart glazed in the
sickly sweet and salty drippings of my glands which slowly began wetting me
through.

Delighted at the sight she flipped me over. I squealed in pain as the hardened
nails pierced my flesh and blood drew from forthwith. I could smell her now.
Golden blossoms of scotch broom and fresh cracked peppercorns. What was
wrong with this lass? Aye I was in a pickle and I wanted to keep it that way.

When she turned away for a moment I made my move. I scurried to the back
of the pan and found myself drowning in butter. I reached up for salvation
but was pulled back down by a resentful wee Apple of her father's eye.

“Where Ye goin’ ye pretty piece of MEAT?”

I gulped. A sensation of panic wriggled through my body and I remained
quite still.

“I want to feel ye in my mouth, and gnash ye wif me teeth laddy!”

She... took me. She had her way with me. I was gnashed, a truly toothy one.
But my torment would not end. The other Lass who defiled my body was
wanting a turn.

“Come ‘ere laddy, I’m hankerin’.”

She fluttered her greasy eyelashes, as greasy as her lips.
She too took me and I was spent.
Put a fork in me once and I may live to see tomorrow.
But fork me twice and I’m not waking up ‘til Sunday morn’.

The Courtly Hood of Nathan CJ Love



From Zeus to Teddy: How You Too Can Improve Your Masculine Journey

Here me now, men of England! Here me, you young bucks. I, Cornelius Boggleswick, Earl of Fleur and Viceroy of Plantagea, have discovered the secret of manhood.

Many years ago, my father, upon his deathbed, bequeathed to me an ancient map. It depicted a long-lost country, an island at the edge of the Western Sea. He also gave me a manuscript in some forgotten tongue. But with my dear friend, Professor Herring Shoal, I have decoded this most remarkable text. It described how there was once a mighty civilisation in those lands, who built great wonders and discovered the principles of nature, long before Isaac Newton and co were on the scene. So, packing our bags, we left the distinguished gentlemen's club and set out to find the remains of this island. Having hired a ship paddled by a one-legged cook and his chums, the professor and I set sail for our destination. Day after day passed and, as we delved into the Atlantic, all we could see was wave after wave. The crew became restless, muttering about promises of buried treasure. But the professor, as hairy and strong as an ape, kept them in line. An Albatross joined our cruise, circling above and landing on the deck for pats and food. It was a welcome distraction from the monotony of the sea.

Eventually, when all of us were beginning to despair, we espied land. The island was surrounded by steep cliffs and was about a mile long. As we drew closer and laid anchor in a cove, we could see grand buildings, classical in design. They were of the Doric order, their pillars short and heavy with no base. As we landed ashore, we beheld a perfectly proportioned city above us. Climbing a stair carved into the rock, we were brought up before mighty gates of a resplendent settlement. Its streets were symmetrical, its buildings well formed. Nothing could be added to improve them; nothing could be detracted without losing something of their beauty.

Along the boulevards we roamed, admiring the magnificent statues around us. Carved in marble, they were of a technical brilliance only matched by Michaelangelo. They depicted men engaged in sporting contests, sprinting and hurdling, javelin throwing and wrestling. Each was the apex of masculine form, mind and body united in perfect action. At last, we arrived at a temple in the centre of the perfectly organised metropolis. There was a giant statue, some 15 feet tall, of a naked, bearded man breaking the neck of a serpent upon his knee. His face was stern and commanding. He was virility incarnate, the conquering power of order over chaos. Professor Shoal and I thought he must be Zeus, King of the gods on Mount Olympus, but our one-legged cook, a surprising well-read man, thought it must be Thor fighting the World Serpent, Jörmungandr.

Perceiving that this sculpture represents the highest ideal of masculine energy, I vowed to become Zeus incarnate. Following our return to England, I embarked on an arduous programme. I grew my beard long, eating monk's berries to aid me in this effort. Everyday, I captured a snake, usually an adder, and broke its neck upon my knee. And yet, for all that, I came no closer to being Zeus incarnate. In fact, I felt I was getting weaker and more potbellied, though that may have also been due to my new job as a chocolate taster for the royal court of the Emperor of Plantagea, a most noble and distinguished position in European society.

As my condition deteriorated, I became reclusive. Ashamed of my portly state, I saw no one, not even Professor Herring Shoal. I forced my postman to leave the Emperor's chocolate in my residence while blindfolded, and my barber had to cut my hair with his eyes closed. The latter did little for my appearance, which further aggravated my insularity. I became so paranoid that I would not even read novels lest the characters in them started to judge my failure as a man.

But my salvation was close at hand! For one day I was startled when I heard a knock at the door. Peering through my curtains, I saw that it was the one-legged cook from my voyage to that most marvellous ancient city. Buoyed by my memories of adventure, I heaved myself to the porch and greeted him warmly. He had heard of my condition and had brought me a healing balm. In his hands was the most fantastic book: the legends of King Teddy I. He bade me sit down and spent the day reading to me all the remarkable deeds that Teddy had done. He told how Teddy had escaped the clutches of a giant eagle by floating away on a dandelion spore; had won a duel while wielding a chicken; and had married Queen Eleanor, who had been transformed into a Corncrake by a wicked witch of the East.

So now I have found a new role model to follow, a man I can imitate far better than Zeus. I have been practicing my fencing while wielding a chicken; I have taken for a wife the most beautiful Corncrake; and soon I will float from the Cliffs of Dover while holding a dandelion spore to keep me afloat. I will become Teddy incarnate!



Happy April Fools Guys

Corncrake is always out on the first monday of the month.

Come back then, or check out some other part of the website.

Thanks for being here!

Its not a gambling addiction if you win!

-Sun Tzu



corncrakemag.com

Twitter/X @CorncrakeMag