

## I USED TO BE ME

A Tribute to Sir Terry Pratchett  
by Vicki Larnach

Birds write words in the sky  
like ducks do  
when they bob and they glide  
And the words slide off their backs  
They're ducky like that  
and so lucky

'cos I can't slide down words anymore  
My bottom's too sore  
and they've boarded the door  
where the words are  
and I can't find the biscuits  
I miss them, the words  
I miss me

I used to be me  
I used to be grand  
I used to know what was in my hand  
I used to be clever  
I used to be loved

Damn this embuggerance  
has got me unplugged

My hand is a hat  
A duck is a cat  
The cat wears the hat  
My hand on her back  
Stroking the cat  
That's a duck with a hat  
That's the hand that I wrote with  
Not so long ago

Now where was I?  
Ah yes, ah yes!

I used to be me  
I had a great knack  
I used to rule lands on a turtle's back  
I followed orangutang  
I was ingenious  
Damn this rotten embuggerance  
Bugger it  
for being so meaningless

But the fans will keep me alive  
in the clacks  
I taught them how to do that  
And I footnoted notes to the very last word  
Where I'm still me forever  
Writing with birds

So I'll have another sherry  
Rest my eyes  
Turn the page over  
Wave goodbye  
Be good and be kind  
when the train pulls away  
my dears  
Let the tears tell the tale  
of when I was alive, as me

I used to be me  
I loved being me  
When I used to be me

Boot up Rob. I feel a story coming on  
Where's my hat?  
And Happy Hogswatch one and all

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