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Copywriting samples

An introduction to a mobile phone distributor

Understanding the products.

At Unique Air, we don't think it's enough to say things like "All the models are about the same", or "seen one – seen them all."

We think it's a bit more important to really absorb the details, and new selling points of each and every product that comes along. That way we can advise more readily without covering the handset and whispering, "Hey Fred, has the G500 got call barring?"

After all, we realise we are in an energetic and competitive market, so our brief to ourselves to be more flexible, more cost-effective, faster – and more fun to deal with.

There is another essential too – an incredibly comprehensive product range. Unique Air is one of the largest and fastest growing wholesalers, with a national and international reputation to maintain – for sound advice, fast product delivery, and big organisation clout, with good old fashioned personal service.

So if you want a little understanding Better talk to Unique Air. We're looking forward to proving ourselves.

Ad copy for a furniture company

Beauty... more than skin deep.

Outside, any Wesley-Barrell sofa has the optimum of classic style – a look that transcends changing fashion, and becomes a constant in your family home.

Inside, the velvet glove has an iron fist. A crafted wooden frame which far exceeds the accepted standard for quality furniture. A host of pure natural fillings, chosen for a lifetime of resilience. And a craftsman-like attention to detail that leaves others standing, and secures the place of this fine furniture in the future home of your children, and probably your grandchildren too.

Handmade to your specification, by a family company that has produced furniture for over one hundred years, and understands what heritage is all about.

Part of a yachting magazine article...

Before you sail – a useful guide to the more popular nautical terms.

Bulkhead Upright partition separating compartments in a yacht. Also the discomfort felt after drinking too much.

Saloon The yacht's living room, named after hostelrys that encourage drinking. (see above)

Figurehead Decorative dummy found on older yachts.

Captain See above.

Jack lines Ropes found onboard a yacht. Also refers to such lines as "Hey babe, wanna go on my yacht charter?"

Watersport Girl who agrees to above line.

Beam The greatest breadth of a yacht. Also the smile you may get when you announce charter plans.

Knot A unit of measurement equal to one nautical mile. Or something you tie in your handkerchief to remind the crew to order more gin.

Scuba Self contained underwater breathing apparatus. Also what a schooner is called by a sailor with a blocked up nose.

Crow's nest Makes very good soup during Far Eastern charters.

Wheel What the captain hands over to the charterer while his wife photographs him for the folks back home.

Sat com Satellite Communications. Also the past tense of Sitcom.

A tender behind The yachtsman's habit of towing a dinghy behind the yacht. You can guess the alternative meaning.

Stabilizer A gyroscopic device to reduce the rolling of a ship in heavy seas. Pre-dinner drinks can be referred to as de-stabilizers.

Crewed Refers to the body of people manning a yacht. Not to be confused with the sort of stories told by frisky guests.

Bows Can be the front of a yacht, or the knots made by inexperienced sailors. Depends how you say it.

Stern The back of the yacht, or how the captain can get if he's disobeyed.

A yachting company introduction

Imagine . . . your holiday starts with jetting off to somewhere sunny - the lovely state of Monaco, the Caribbean, the Greek Islands - ready to settle aboard your floating holiday accommodation. And we aren't talking about damp cramped surroundings, flickering 10watt lights and a worryingly basic loo. We are talking about what can only be described as a five star hotel on water. In effect it's like going on a superb ocean cruise, but only accompanied by the guests of your choice. It could just be a few people, perhaps your nearest and dearest, or perhaps it's your whole family, and a careful selection of clients, friends and other loved ones. Many of the yachts can hold up to thirty six people.

Your crew are there to tend to your every need for the duration of the holiday. And they really do. After all, there are no other holiday makers to distract them, so whatever you want, when you want it, you only have to ask! You don't need to worry about a thing; that is what your fully trained professional crew are for. Your most arduous task is to choose the yacht of your dreams, and concentrate on having a good time, with as much action or relaxation as you nominate.

You truly call the tune, right from the moment you get on board. Your guests may favour champagne and canapés, whilst you prefer a beer and a sandwich. It makes no difference - your crew are purely there to attend to your every wish.

Indoor pools...

An indoor pool house by Origin. The kindest thing you can do for your home!

For nearly thirty years Origin has been designing and building indoor pool houses, making it the longest established UK company in its field.

Over these years the products have become ever more complex, sophisticated and stylish. In the early eighties the projects were far simpler – a log cabin containing a heated swimming pool. And many are still around today, bringing a chance for fun and healthy relaxation to a whole new generation.

But Origin's clientele has become more sophisticated too. Not for them the old method of choosing from two or three styles, and then working up how big the finished result should be. Today's potential owner takes full advantage of the totally open book that the company can offer, and is encouraged to dictate special finishes and textures, unusual layouts and sizes, interesting add-ons such as games rooms, saunas and fitness centres.

And all this is because the team at Origin have got better and better at their craft over the years. Broadly the directors, designers and building teams have remained unchanged – so the continuity is strong, and that makes for different ways of thinking, and for exciting results.

Today's Origin is at the forefront of their specialist design area, and have built a unique understanding of the technology to deliver these ultimate pieces of luxury, designed to grace a property and its gardens – and bring healthy fun, and pure relaxation to its owners.

A Christmas greeting to accompany Origin's gift

Olive swears on Christmas Day
To save some wine until the sales.
But drinks it all on New Years Eve
And so her resolution fails.

Roger's party lacked finesse.
No food. No wine. He couldn't win.
And then a knock upon the door
Some Christmas cheer from Origin.

Ivan phoned up Santa Claus
To say "Merci for tout the vin!"
But Santa had to speak the truth
"Those goodies came from Origin."

Gordon's Christmas doesn't change
He drinks the wine, quaffs the champagne.
Then takes a whole lot of Resolve
And starts the whole damn thing again.

Ivor loves the festive thing
"Ring Origin!" is what he'll say.
The pack arrives at his front door
The next he knows, it's Boxing Day.

Nancy likes a Christmas box
With wine and fun and stuff therein
And champers that she doesn't share
And choccy things from Origin.

A car rental mailer

What's the very best birthday present your car could have?

Inside:

...being owned by you!

And this is your perfect chance to own the one you know and love.

We are Velo, and we supply your contract hire car for you.

Because the disposal value has a direct effect on the amount of rental your company pays, it is in everyone's interest to look after its condition.

Yours, because you and your company have a car to be proud of.

And ours, because our good name is behind every contract hire car we own. For example, servicing is always to exacting Velo standards, new parts are exactly as the manufacturer recommends, and tyres are replaced as soon as it becomes necessary.

So all that means your car is very special.

This birthday card is an invitation to buy your car at the end of its contract – at an extremely competitive rate which includes a full twelve months parts and labour warranty. Also there is the very comforting assurance that it has been cared for throughout its young life by the experts at Velo and, of course, you.

Limericks for Coutts Prize for Family Business

If you say "Simply must buy a yacht"
And "Succession? Investment? So what?"
If the transfer of wealth
Is a hazard to health
Your prize bid will not hit the spot.

If you severed the family ties
Forgot all the wherefores and whys
If planning ahead
Hadn't entered your head
You wouldn't be getting this prize.

If your board meetings end in a fight
And relations are cold but polite
And you've spent all day long
On wine, girlies and song
You wouldn't have been here tonight.

Tomorrow, they say, never comes
A bad maxim when doing your sums
The future looks grey
But let's spend anyway
And ignore dads and aunties and mums.

If you say "Let's have fun! Gadabout!
The firm's funds will just see me out."
If each day is began
With no hint of a plan
You won't get the prize, there's no doubt.

If you don't let your folks have their say
And you wander the golf course all day
If they mention shares
And you say "Who cares?"
You won't be awarded. No way.

Looking shareholders straight in the eyes
Telling fibs, fabrications and lies
Cooking quail and accounts
In equal amounts
Doesn't give you much hope for this prize.

If you said things like "Bentley, not Ford."
And "Let's go to Barbados, I'm bored."
"Family business? Who cares?"
And "Send round my shares."
You wouldn't have got this award.

For efforts that all can applaud
Proving harmony outwits the sword
For the future's the thing
And succession is king
It's the Coutts Family Business Award.

The Coutts Family Business Award
Is for keeping the family on board
And without hesitation
Getting each generation
To contribute, even Aunt Maude.

Some song lyrics...

A funny kind of something

This is a funny kind of something
To help me explain how I feel
Glowing like a light
On the loneliest night
Showing all that I want to conceal.

This is a funny kind of something
A poem recessed in my mind
Shall I open it wide?
Let this stranger inside?
Or leave it unfinished, unsigned.

If this feeling grows
There could be
Gladness, pleasure and joy...

If this feeling grows
There could be
Heartache and pain to destroy.

This is a funny kind of something
And heaven only knows
Who can make it rhyme
Make it work this time
Who can tell how the story goes?

Love... or something like that

She came on the scene
Moved like a dream
One look in her eyes and splat.
The line of her form
Redefined the word norm.
It was love...
Or something like that.

When she says 'Grab me buster'
I know I can trust her.
I fly to her flame like a gnat.
I'm undone. Overthrown
Like a dog with a bone.
It's love...
Or something like that.

But when push gets to shove
Love.
Heaven's above
Love.
Formations of doves flying by
Couldn't do better
If you don't upset her
It's love, love, love.
Love, love, love.
Love, love, love.
Or something like that.

When we're in the sun
Two hearts beating as one
And we're not in the mood to chat.
My hand round her butt
(The next line's been cut)
It's love...
Or something like that.

But when we're apart
I know in my heart
She'll turn down her thermostat.
As I walk in the room
It resets to kabooooooooom.
It's love...
Or something like that.

But when push gets to shove
Love.
She fits like a glove.
Love.
Like a mouse being chased by a cat
She tells you you're cute
Then puts in the boot
It's love, love, love.
Love, love, love.
Love, love, love.
Or something like that.

In sweet harmony
Like two owls in a tree
I woo her with wine by the vat.
Then we bath and shampoo
'Til we're too wet to woo.
It's love... yes love...sweet love...
Or something like that.

The Duncans' round robin for 2018

January found us starting an avalanche in Zermatt. We couldn't help laughing when Sam did his customary yodel in his newly attained deep teenage voice. They're still looking for the picture postcard chalet we had rented. Was Cathy mad – she told him off enormously until she burst into helpless giggles and slapped her older son heartily on the back. The resulting noise started another avalanche that nearly took care of the rest of Zermatt. The little town went very quiet after that. Even the reindeer weren't talking to us!

Home again to wile away the tiring days of February by opening Valentine cards from everyone from Brad Pitt to Madonna, Idris Elba to Michelle Pfeiffer, and a touching declaration of love from Keira Knightley. As I sit here, pen poised, in December, I am beginning to wish she would leave me alone. Cathy says she can have me – serve her right. She can be very hurtful.

March – and we're off for six glorious months in a time machine, so I will finish this round robin as soon as I return. Oh we're back. That was quick. And if you don't believe me, come round and meet our dinosaur Porky. Aptly named after what he did, somewhat embarrassingly, to a pig at a local farm we visited with an intention to buy.

Jamie's violin is coming on a pace, so it was lovely to go to Les Miserables again and hear him leading the orchestra. Cathy watched the whole thing through a veil of tears until a rude (and probably jealous) woman in the next row told her to bloody well shut up. I wonder if she's had those opera glasses removed yet...

April, and our home is abuzz with preparations for our family entry in the Eurovision Song Contest. Modesty prevents me from telling you that I actually wrote our song. Oh, I've told you. Well never mind. The middle eight nearly caused me to have a nervous breakdown – finding a suitable rhyme for 'Fits like a glove, love' made me lose sleep and swallow boxes of paracetamol without even opening them.

May arrived, and so did Eurovision – and I am still convinced we would have won if the organisers had told us the right city. We questioned whether Juneau in Alaska was correct but they insisted our song Ping went the String of my Thing had a real chance of success there. The Europeans don't like us.

When June swept in we got a gigantic load of publicity from saying 'Where does the time go?' This staggeringly original line has now gone into the public parlance and we can hardly walk down the street without people running up for signed copies. One young girl even had it tattooed on her chest, and an older woman did the same but at least she had the decency to tuck the message under her belt for propriety if the occasion didn't lend itself to such outlandish behaviour. Funds were short so I had half a haircut, thereby starting an instant fashion that had me fast tracked to the covers of Vogue, Men Only and Woman's Weekly.

Exciting times and I'm not exaggerating when I say that we all thought July couldn't better June for sheer delight. But, you've guessed it, something turned up to stop this round robin from being mind numbingly boring. This appeared totally out of the blue one Saturday night

right after my birthday, when there was little else to do apart from writing to the Duke of Edinburgh to thank him for his kind words and the generous portion of Windsor Castle. There was a tap on the door (so we had it relocated to the bathroom) and Daffy Duck was standing there. Cathy sent him off for pancakes and the rest of the evening was spent trying to explain ourselves to a very angry RSPCA man.

July had not proved to be as superb as we had hoped.

To make things worse, in August disaster struck when Jamie's first novel failed to reach the Sunday Times Top Ten Books list and Duncancartoons.com missed the Times hundred best companies because the turnover was £3 short. Well you can imagine what that did to the mood of the family. Cathy repaired to her bed, Sam retired to his room with a Spiderman movie and 27 slices of toast, and Jamie and I passed the time by re-enacting Othello. Sad times indeed.

September wasn't much better. Cheered briefly by a visit to war torn Chinnor, a pleasant trip to Richard Branson's island in the Caribbean (he wouldn't leave us alone) and a game of Monopoly that lasted three weeks. Unhappy times.

October started on a high. Jamie was accepted by Manchester United and (isn't it always the way?) got seventeen goals against Everton. "Don't peak too early" I wisely told him, but he had the nerve to say shut up and bought me a Bentley Continental to say sorry. Kids!

November is best forgotten. Suffice to say the firework was safely removed and I'm walking again.

And here we are in December! Those bloody Norwegians have sent us their usual Christmas tree, and this time it's so big that we have had to make a hole in the ceiling to accommodate it, and the bit with the fairy on it sticks right up into Jamie's bedroom. It looks good, but our dog Holly is making a real mess of the base, and she doesn't have the good grace to just aim for the waterproof presents. I am very worried for my promised purple tuxedo. The Albert Hall has insisted on staging Sam's one man show for a further three nights so I suppose I'll have to drop him off at the stage door as usual. This year we are due to perform the family dance routine as a finale, but to tell you the truth I can't be bothered. Who wants that? Apart from that queue of some two thousand people waiting in the snow, and singing my Eurovision hit?

I must put my pen down now. The family is eager for my rendition of Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol (the entire thing) before I carve the ostrich whilst singing Silent Night at full volume in my pleasing light baritone.

So Happy Christmas, and here's to 2019!

Excerpt from a novel.

(A very fit couple are preparing for a cocktail party in Barbados)

"Bernard, why don't you wear the yellow button-down, with the white trousers?"

Bernard and Kay were moving effortlessly around their apartment, she adjusting her perfume sprays on the dressing table, he examining the collection of Caribbean ethnic scenes that made up the stylish decor of their white, woody cool surroundings. Pretty backless sandals clicked on tiled floors. The scent of after-sun mingled with the fragrance of bougainvillea. Children crossed from bathroom to bedroom, discussing the triumphs of their watersport-filled day.

"I'll wear the yellow button-down if you wear the pink off-the-shoulder!" he laughed, stretching his arms in a very fit sort of way.

"Very well darling!" she said, stride jumping to the wardrobe. "Is Mercedes back yet?"

"No!" grinned Bernard, touching his toes without bending his knees. "She's probably still on the tennis court with that nice young local fellow!"

"Come on kids!" called Kay. "Got to get to the party all shipshape!"

"And Bristol fashion!" quipped her husband, admiring her low cut dress.

Etc...

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