

A Tale from Afar . . .

One morning in May on a fine sunny day
To the outlands that lie far away
To right a great wrong, handsome, virile and strong
Came riding Prince Cobol the Grey

For being rebellious and paying no dues
The peasants must punish-ed be
Their popular leader a troublesome scamp
Called Abdul the Prof-Prof Magee

Our hero's big plan was to act like a man
And find a few peasants to flay
With his best Suit and Tie he sent word to stand by
For a scrap with Prince Cobol the Grey

"Convene all the townspeople, make them turn up
And say I'm upset as can be
I'll soften their cough, for I've had quite enough
Of Abdul the Prof-Prof Magee"

The peasants all gathered, confused and depressed
"Why do we deserve this?" they cried
"We're slaving like you and we're loyal and true"
As they were all herded inside

"You outlandish people aren't pulling your weight
I've figures to prove what I say
You must pay the toll or else heads they will roll"
Warned smugly Prince Cobol the Grey

Then up spake bold Abdul and said "This is wrong
Your stratagem's quite plain to see
You've squandered our taxes, mis-managed the land"
Charged Abdul the Prof-Prof Magee

"I'll not have you speaking in that tone of voice
It's a disloyal thing that you say
I'll call Sir James Bouncer who'll cut off your head"
Cried wildly Prince Cobol the Grey

James Bouncer shows up, and says "Prof, what's the crack?
Do you want me to sort out the Tie?"
But Abdul says "No. I'm the one who's to go
And the Suit will explain to you why"

"I'm down from headquarters, I'm very high up
And I've come here the law down to lay
Now throw that man out, I can't hear myself shout"
Pipes shrilly Prince Cobol the Grey

The peasants all murmured "Now this can't be right"
As Abdul was frogmarched away
The result of the bile of the management style
Of hapless Prince Cobol the Grey

The scribes got to scribing, the chroniclers too
There was uproar and mayhem to see
"Get out of our town or we'll burn the place down
To save Abdul The Prof-Prof Magee"

When news of these happ'nings came under the gaze
Of King Fabulo Mondo the Wise
He stopped the proceedings and set Abdul free
To Cobol's enormous surprise

So back to his castle limped Cobol the Prince
As the peasants laughed loudly with glee
Pomposity punctured and diktat defied
By Abdul the Prof-Prof Magee!

Abdullah,

Nolite te bastardes

Carborandorum!

John M'Gregor

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