

The following is something I created as I exited my last IT job in 2019 ... A gift for some of my closest colleagues enjoy 😊

<p>NOTE: This is a work of <i>fiction</i>. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a <i>fictitious</i> manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental ☺</p>		
There was a young lady called Pauline Who looked after Paul and his team With whips, tenacity and cats She wore many hats Truly, crowned the overall team queen	There was a young lady called Sue Who was fed up of dealing with exec poo She dealt with tech issues While dishing out tissues But in the end said ... 'Fuck you!!'	There once was a young man called Paul Whose mansion was anything but small He was a big-hearted man with a cunning plan to retire to Bess Bagley Hall
There was a young lady called Mags Who focused on tech due diligence flags With Acquisitions and Mergers She was a gifted cat herder While hiding the fuck-wits bodies in bags	There was a young man called Scott Who got thrown by Paul into a lot From Ops to Nike and More He thinks he knows the score Just wait until he sees what else the companies got	There was a young man called Sanjiv Who named fuck-wit stupidity as his pet peeve While he doesn't disagree He hobble around with a bad knee And calms down with fags as he leaves
There was a young man called Steve Whose ability to grow hair was hard to perceive With a face from prison break crossing him would be a mistake as his body disposal prowess is easy to believe	There was a young man called Gavin Who put projects in an EA spin Although a grumpy Scot I like him a whole lot Grumpy Scottish Ginger Twat For The Win	There was a young man called Mike Who worried about costs of programmes like Nike. With hands so small He struggled with Paul But persevered with spreadsheets and reports alike.
There was a young man called Simon Who worked in the business as EITS batsman After many business meetings and several management greetings he declared them to be completely 'Bats' -man	There was a young man called Colin Whose youthful looks were a sin His technical prowess was enough to impress whether application, data, integration or tin	There was a young man called Dave Who wanted the project owners to behave With Irish lilt flowing He'd stop projects going Down a route to a non-compliance grave
There was a young lady called Sharon Whose programme management was second to none As a proud Yorkshire lass She hoped the lunacy would pass	There was a young man called Martin Whose height being called out was annoyin' With another hospital pass He dealt with issues en-masse	There was a young man called Freddie Who was really excited about Apigee After looking at our API's He said with surprise 'This actually works ... Well blow me'
		There was a young lady called Wendy Who returned to IT issues with glee After looking around for Paul She hit her head against a brick wall

But if not, was prepared to tell them all to Jog-on	but wished the organisation would just pack it in	And said 'Fuck you, I'm going back to Uni'
There was a young man called Mark Whose height while amongst others was stark As front door development goes He's still working through the flows and will eventually tell the business how to embark	There was a young lady called Aline Who's quickly becoming the EMEA Region Queen With a region so chaotic It's almost Psychotic She's soon be sorting them out it would seem	There was a young man called Tony Who, deep down, was a Welsh Ginger Loony As the Square root of TF squared When Trev left, he would be spared From any more Waldorf and Statler Muppetry
There was a young lady called Gill Who ran partnerships with an Iron will After some third parties ran amok She said 'Oh what the fuck' and now is in dire need of a flippin' chill pill	There was a young man called Lyndon Who was asked to sort out EITS operation With a Hospital pass He said it's a pain in the Ass as most of the problems are company organisation	There was a young lady called Kirstie Who became the organisations HR Bestie After working a while within quaffing lashings of prosecco and gin She declared working with 'this' team made her thirsty
There was a young man called Mike Who rides into work on his bike His security team defend on that you can depend but if you can't, you can f"off if you like	There was a young man called Kev Who stepped in to take over from Trev While the handover of Governance Gave him such prominence He simply turned round and said 'What-Ev'	There was a young man called Drew Who knew exactly what to do He said get out my way you jerks I'll make sure the bleedin' solution works and fixed it with Sticky plasters, Lipstick, Sellotape and Glue

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