

## **The Fat Control-Err**

*by Ninja Bambi August, 2014*

When you want a good career, you had better get some proper training,  
as your Careers Advisor will add-vice you.

They will convince you that Corp-orate Train-ing  
is de-sigh-ned to p-lace you on the  
*Right Track*  
so you WILL get the jobs and promotions you so crave:

Person-All Secret-ary, Human Resources A-Cyst-Ent, B-Ranch Manager?

All CORP-or-Ate Manage-MENT  
T-Reigning Caw-ses  
are geared-up to put you on the  
*Fast Track*  
to the very top of the corpor-ATE pile  
where you can enjoy the fruits of other peoples' labour.

One day, you too might become one of the  
*Fat Controllers*  
manage-ink all the little *engines* on the branch-lines,  
doing everything in Y-OUR power to keep the workers  
On Track and On Course.

Just like little *Carrier-Pigeons*, carry-IN/OUT their ERR-ands  
up and down the rope-ladders of the  
Corporate Ship  
which floats on the parasit-eye-cull  
Tick-S-Tock Market  
in the WAR-tears of the paper-SEA.

Good little worker-engines a-BID-e by their  
detailed job de-script-ions *to the letter*

never going *off-the-rails*  
nor arriving late at their station.  
All-aboard the Grave-eye Train!

The most dead-eye-ka-ated of these work-errs  
are given as many  
Core-Prat Manage-the-Mind Train-Ink Coeur-SEs  
as their lit-el hearts desire - which looks very good on their  
**Co-wreck-you-lame V-ties!**

The BONE-us comes once-a-year as  
the ANU-LL PAY-MENT rises  
just enough to buy all the trend-die co-law-full  
Neck-Ties, S-Mart SUE-ts and fresh-LIE laundered S-Hurts.  
All the *must-have* collared-n-cuff-linked-chains-of-office.

The most deter-mined little engine-drivers are out on a day-lie basis  
per-FORM-ink  
their various and endless POLICE-sea en-FORCE-ment duties  
FINE-ding and BIND-ing others into  
con-FORM-ink  
to known and un-known contracts, consents and agree-ments.

Sometimes, a well-trained, corporate-lie-in-dock-trinated-mon-key  
LOSES-the-CONTROL  
and goes off-the-rails at high speed,  
careering down the steep em-BANK-MENT  
causing a MON-STAR-us train wreck!

Nature-all-eye, axe-ID-ents will happen and why the  
Cleave-Her Corporate Brokers  
have every-thing UNDER-writ-en and c-OVER-ed by an  
IN-SURE-ENTS POLY-SEE.

The Fat Control-Her loves all the little S-team engines  
and gave them each a NAME.

Yet he is always upset whenever things go a-wry  
and does all he can to FINED-out who he can b-lame with his  
myriad pro-cess-es which claim upon the NAME for damn-ages!

You see, The *Fat-Cat* Control-Law IS the ultimate of all-time-ate  
One-Track-On-Track Mineds.  
He never goes off-the-rails though he really enjoys a wild ride on the  
*Ghost Train!*

His DUTY, in which he never falters, is to stay on track  
in the endless LOOP-the-neck-tie-noose-LOOP  
*to infinity and beyond*  
as he sings a song very few can hear above the  
NO-i-SE  
of all the little worker-engines, chugging-along.

I know what he sings. I can hear it:

*'Take Another Corporate Management Training Course  
Issue Another Bill Because You Must, Of Course  
Enslaving Another Soul Is Just A Matter Of Course.'*

Do you hear it too?