

THE PLAN

In the beginning was the plan,
And then came the assumptions.
The assumptions were without form,
And the plan was completely without substance.
Darkness was on the face of the workers.

They spoke amongst themselves saying,
"The plan is a crock of shit and it stinketh."
And the workers went to the planners and sayeth,
"It is a bin of excrement,
and none, whether near or far,
may abide its odour. "

The planners went to the supervisors and sayeth unto them,
"It is a vessel of dung, and none may abide its stench."
And the supervisors went to the managers and sayeth unto them,
"It is a container of fertilizer, and none may abide its strength."

The managers went to the directors and sayeth,
"It contains that which aids growth, and is very strong."
And the directors went to the vice-president and sayeth,
"It promoteth growth, and is very powerful."

The vice-president went to the president and sayeth unto him,
"This powerful new plan will stimulate growth and success."

And the president looked upon the plan
and saw that the plan was good.
And the plan became policy.