

The Maintenance Engineer

He stood before the pearly gates
His face was scarred and old
He stood before the man of Fate
For admission to the fold
“What have you done”, St Peter asked
“To gain admission here?”
“I’ve been a Maintenance Engineer
For many and many a year”
The Pearly Gates swung open wide
St Peter touched the bell
“Come in and choose your harp my friend:
You’ve had your share of Hell”.

Anon (Presumable someone who has been here and done that)