# TAILPIECE

## DATAWOCKY
### Jack Stack

'Twas global and the megabytes
Did gyre and gimbal on the disk
All mimsy were the prompts and codes
And the software was brisk.

Beware the microchip my son
The bits, the bytes and bauds and such
Beware the CRT and shun
The kwerty keyboards clutch.

He took his self-pace book in hand
Long time the menu key he sought
Then wrestled he with the toaster drive
And sat a while in thought.

Then as he sought that glitchy bug
The microchip, with gates aflame,
Came whiffling through its I/O plug
And processed as it came.

Asynch, Bisynch, all protocols,
His binary went snicker snack,
He felt it crash, and with a dash
He came galumphing back.

And didst thou tame the microchip
Come interface my beamish boy
O frabjous day, Caloo! Callay!
O database, O Joy.

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Did gyre and gimbal on the disk
All mimsy were the prompts and codes
And the software was brisk.

*(With due apologies to Lewis Carroll).*