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The Night Before Taxes

'Twas the night before taxes, when all through Melrose
Not a creature was stirring, all were a' doze;
Requests had been made by committee and chair,
For funds to be found from no one knew where!

Children were tossing and turning in beds,
While nightmares of MCAS danced in their heads;
Teachers in slumber dreamed of more books,
While firemen wished for ladders and hooks,

When from City Hall there arose such a clatter,
I ran out of Shaw's to see what was the matter.
Across Essex Street a sight drew my glance,
It looked like the Mayor doing a dance.

The moonlight bounced off Memorial Hall
Lighting his antics as he issued a call,
When, what did my wondering eyes light upon,
But the override train, by aldermen drawn,

"Now, Brodeur! now, Heavey! now, Doyle and Infurna!
On, Hitchman, Dunne, Lavender on, Spencer and Elia!!
Come Boisselle and Mortimer, our back's to the wall!
Now tax away! tax away! tax away all!"

As ballots with bad votes are dropped from the count,
Leaving the winners with the proper amount,
So down to the ground their tax train descended,
To look for the money on which it depended.

And then, in a twinkling, into my pocket
Slipped each little hand before I could block it;
As I drew tight my coat, and was trying to flee,
I sighed while they counted my money with glee.

They stashed all the cash and made a note in a book,
Rob Dolan seemed happy with all that they took;
A bundle of invoices remained in his bag,
A result of state aid that continued to lag.



His eyes -- how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the fuzz on his chin was as white as the snow;

An override bill he held tight in his hand,
Providing the right to tax all the land;
He had a round face from trips to the deli,
And convictions as firm as a bowlful of jelly.

He said not a word, but went straight to his job,
Collecting our money, the aptly named Rob;
'Til giving the finger and thumbing his nose,
He took all that was left to take in Melrose;

He sprang to his train, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like an unguided missile.
But I heard them exclaim, ere they went out of sight,
"Higher taxes to all, and to all 'Fly a kite!"



Get Bob Snow! Get Bob Snow! Get Bob Snow!



Oh the mayor's request is frightful
And his comments aren't too insightful
And since we've no spine to show

The Middle School's floors are sopping
But the bond bill sure needs stopping
For taxes that stay down low

When the Middle School falls apart
And the casting of blame does start
Don't say "I told you so,"

Get Bob Snow! Get Bob Snow! Get Bob Snow!

Get Bob Snow! Get Bob Snow! Get Bob Snow!

Get Bob Snow! Get Bob Snow! Get Bob Snow!

How the Mitt Stole the Budget

Every Rep down in Boston
Liked budgets a lot...
But the Mitt,
Who lived just west in Belmont, Did NOT!

The Mitt hated big budgets!
All those zeros so peeved him!
Now please don't ask why. No one quite knows the reason.
It *could* be his hair wasn't styled as he liked.
It *could* be, perhaps, that his loan rates were hiked.
But I think that the most likely reason of all
May have been that his brain was two sizes too small.

But, whatever the reason,
His 'do or his debts,
He stood there on Budget Eve, hating the Reps,
Staring down from Belmont with a sour Mitty sneer
At the warm fuzzy pols all drinking their beer.
For he knew every Rep down in Boston below
Was getting presents from lobbyists, tied with a bow.

"And they're filling their pockets!" he snarled with a sneer.
"Tomorrow's the budget! It's practically here!"
Then he growled, with his Mitt eyes feverishly glowing,
I *must* find some way to keep that budget from growing!

For, next session he knew...
... All the Rep sharks and skills
Would start bright and early. They'd push for their bills!
And *then!* Oh, the frills! Oh the Frills! Frills! Frills! Frills!
That's *one* thing he hated!
The FRILLS! FRILLS! FRILLS! FRILLS!

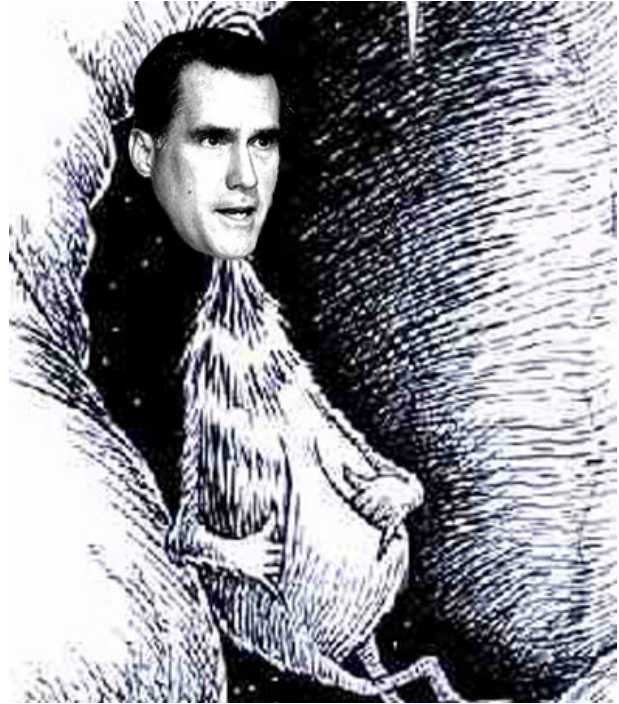
Then the Reps, new and old, would tax without cease.
And they'd fleece! *And they'd fleece!*
And they'd FLEECE! FLEECE! FLEECE! FLEECE!
They would fleece us on road-tolls, leave our taxes increased
Which was something the Mitt didn't like in the least!

And THEN they'd do something he liked least of all!
Every Rep down in Boston, at the lobbyists' call,
Would stand close together, with budget bills pending.
They'd stand cash-in-hand. And the Reps would start spending!

They'd spend! *And they'd spend!*
AND they'd SPEND! SPEND! SPEND! SPEND!
And the more the Mitt thought, "I must make this all end!
Why, for too many years we've put up with it now!
I *MUST* stop this budget from growing!
... *But HOW?*"

Then he got an idea! *An awful idea!*
THE MITT GOT A WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA!

"I know just what to do!" The Mitt laughed like a nerd.
And he deciphered Tom Finneran's user password.



And he chuckled, and clucked, "What a great Mitty bomb!
With his name and his password, I can log on just like Tom!"

"All I need is a toady..."
The Mitt looked around.
But since toadies are scared, there was none to be found.
Did that stop the old Mitt...?
No! The Mitt simply said,
"If I can't *find* a toady, I'll *make* one instead!"
So he called his girl, Murph. Got her up out of bed,
Tightened her leash and patted her head.

THEN he loaded some software and started to surf
On a Pentium 4, with the mouse held by Murph.

The Mitt typed "Log On!"
And the cursor blinked bright
And took them where the Reps
Hid their bills out of sight.

All their desktops were dark. And the networks were clear.
All the Reps were all dreaming of perks they held dear,
When Mitt came to the first little bill on his list.
"This is cut number one," the old Mitty-Tom hissed
And he hit the delete key and pounded his fist.

Then he snuck through the network. And searched bit by bit.
Hey, if Old Tom could do it, then so could the Mitt.
He got stuck only once, for a moment or two,
But Murph figured out what they needed to do
To find where the pet programs were stashed.
"These programs," he grinned, "are the first to get smashed!"

Then he slashed and he burmed all the way through the budget,
 Around the whole state, and he didn't fudge it!
 Health care! Environment! School lunches! Courts!
 Colleges! Free clinics! Prisons! And ports!
 And he chopped them in half. Then the Mitt very slickly,
 Cut them some more till their budgets were sickly!

Then he browsed the perks folder. He took the Reps' perks!
 He took their per-diem! He took their pay quirks!
 He cut all their bonuses as quick as a flash.
 Why, that Mitt even took their stashes of cash!

Then he chopped up their bloated pensions with glee,
 "And NOW!" grinned the Mitt, "I'll cut salary!"

And the Mitt cut their pay with clicks from his mouse
 When he heard a small ping like the bell on a house.
 An instant message came in, it was from a Rep's wife!
 It was from Donna Rep, wife of Speaker for Life.

The Mitt had been caught by this wily Rep's spouse
 Who'd turned on her laptop and picked up her mouse.
 She messaged the Mitt and asked, "Honeybunch, why,
 "Why are you cutting our salary? WHY?"

But you know that old Mitt was so smart and so slick,
 He thought up a lie, and he thought it up quick!
 "Why, my sweet little wife," the fake Finneran lied,
 "There's a clause in this bill that's been misapplied.
 "So I'm sending it back to committee, my dear.
 "I'll mark it up *there*. Then I'll vote it back *here*."

And his fib fooled the spouse. Then he tapped on the keys,
 And she went off to bed with a "come home soon, please."
 And when Donna-Rep went to sleep with a yawn,
 HE went to the budget and chopped until dawn!

Then the *last* thing he cut
 Was the fund for their pensions!
 Then he logged off the system, drunk with pretensions:
 In their bills he left nothing but honorable mentions.

And the one speck of funds
 That he left in the place
 Was not even enough for them to save face.

Then
 He did the same thing
 To the Courts and the Senate

Leaving funds
 Much too small
 For their leaders to spend it!

It was quarter past dawn...
 All the Reps, still a-bed,
 All the Reps, still a-snooze
 When he copied the files,
 Copied all their old budgets! Their dollars! Their pennies!
 Their perks! And their pensions! Their staffers! Their bennies!

One hundred feet up! To the top of Hill Beacon,
 He ran disk-in-hand with his Mitt-loafers squeakin'!
 "Pooh-Pooh to the Reps!" he was Mittishly humming.
 "They're finding out now that no budget is coming!
 "They're just calling roll! I know *just* what they'll do!
 "Their mouths will hang open a minute or two
 "Then the Reps down in Boston will all cry "BOO-HOO!
 "That's a whine," grinned the Mitt,
 "That I simply **MUST** hear!"
 So he paused. And the Mitt put his hand to his ear.
 And he *did* hear a sound rising up from below,
 It started in low. Then it started to grow...

But the sound wasn't *sad*! Why, this sound sounded *cheery*!
 It *couldn't* be so! But it **WAS** cheery! "Hear ye!"

He stared down at Boston! The Mitt popped his eyes!
 Then he shook! What he heard was a series of "Ayes!"
 Every Rep down in Boston, the tall and the small,
 Was voting! Without any money at all!
 He hadn't stopped the budget from coming!
 IT CAME!
 Somehow or other, it came just the same!

And the Mitt, with his Mitt-brain stunned by the blow,
 Stood puzzling and puzzling: "How *could* it be so?
 "It came without pensions! It came without frills!
 "It came without toll-booths, taxes, or bills!"
 And he puzzled three hours till his puzzler was sore.
 Then the Mitt thought of something he hadn't before!
 "Maybe budgets," he thought, "*aren't* bad to the core.
 "Maybe budgets... perhaps... mean some help for the poor!"

And what happened *then*...? Well, in Boston they say
 That the Mitt's small brain grew three sizes that day!
 And the minute his head didn't feel quite so dim,
 He climbed from the dome, brought the disk down with him
 And he brought back the funds! And a knife and a fork!
 And he... HE HIMSELF...!
 The Mitt... *carved up the pork!*



Hark! The Herald's Serpents Write

Hark! the Herald's serpents write,
Listing every small town fight!
Quotes ignored and truth reviled,
Fact and fiction reconciled.
Spiteful are their stories, lies;
Is it Melrose they despise?
Columns dripping with disdain,
City Briefs that dredge up pain!
Hark! the Herald's serpents write,
Glory in our city's plight!

Dan's quite right – he always is
'Cause the final word is his;
Brigid writes to his deadline,
Turning wisdom into whine.
Veil' d in text, their viewpoint wins;
All our virtues turned to sins:
Sleazed, repulsed, their fibs we read,
Free Press. it's our demon seed!

Happy Holidays from the Melrose Merry Pranksters, publishers of the Greed Press. This and previous issues are available for download from <http://www.angelfire.com/comics/greedpress>

The Greed Press staff prefer to remain anonymous. We can be reached only via email at the following address: MelroseGreed@ziplip.com

The ability to laugh at oneself is the hallmark of an advanced being.

So Long Fells

Slashing through the trees,
With a buzz saw every day,
Headless of our pleas;
Stoneham wants its pay!
Boats on Spot Pond sailed,
Hikers took a hike,
How sad it is to know we failed;
Here comes the Fellsway Pike!

Oh, so long Fells so long Fells
Stoneham wants its way,
The S.E.C. is coming
The logjam's here to stay.
So long Fells so long Fells
Stoneham wants its way,
The traffic cuts through Melrose
So Stoneham says "Okay!"

So long Fells so long Fells
Stoneham wants its way
The traffic cuts through Melrose
So Stoneham says "Okay!"

They want to build a road,
Six lanes in either way,
They want to add ten lights,
And stopped you're gonna stay.
Your car will overheat,
While you just sit and wait,
At least you have a front row seat
To Fellsway's final fate!
Oh, so long Fells so long Fells
Stoneham wants its way,
The S.E.C. is coming
The logjam's here to stay.

Sullivan is Going to Court

Oh! You better watch out,
You better not build,
You better not doubt,
Your project is killed...

Sullivan is going to court!

He's filing a writ,
Serving it twice,
He's gonna put all
Construction on ice:

Sullivan is going to court!

He sues you when you're building,
He knows when you appeal.
Developers both bad and good,
Come to hate his legal zeal!

So... You better watch out,
You better not build,
You better not doubt,
Your project is killed...

Sullivan is going to court!

Little sly tricks
And subtle slick ploys,
Give him his kicks
For him they're like toys.

Sullivan is going to court!

Legal experts,
Little tort laws.
He'll always find
An overlooked clause:

Sullivan is going to court!

The clerks who help the judges
Will have a busy year.
They'll earn a lot of overtime
While builders live in fear.

Oh! You better watch out,
You better not build,
You better not doubt,
Your project is killed...

Sullivan is goin'... Sullivan is goin'...
Sullivan is goin'... To court!

Silent Gail

*Silent Gail, snoozing Gail
Hears nothing – no detail
Round yon table Aldermen drone
Gail keeps quiet no sigh or groan
Sleep in Heavey-ly peace
Sleep in Heavey-ly peace*

*Silent Gail, snoozing Gail
Neighbors rage as you quail
Taking cues from Mayor Dolan
Guarantees his agenda's rollin'
Gail you've sold out your ward
Gail you've sold out your ward*

*Silent Gail, snoozing Gail
Wake up now, heed our hail
Gail Infurna hear our clear voice
Or next year we'll make a new choice
Gail, your job's on the line
Gail, your job's on the line
Gail, your job's on the line*