

Hell's Engineer

An engineer arrived at Heaven's Gates. His hopes were high.
He felt quite sure he'd enter soon that castle in the sky.
Alas, his hopes were dashed. St. Peter gravely shook his head:
"No place for you, my friend. You'll have to go downstairs instead."

The engineer did not like Hell. For starters, it was hot.
He also tired of sitting down each morning on a pot.
He thought, "Well, I'm an engineer. It's time I took control.
It's time to trade self-pity for a more proactive role."

Well, soon the joint was jumping. The atmosphere turned sweet
When his vast, extensive sewage plumbing works were all complete;
No need to grimly wade through Hades, ankle deep in slush,
As passive pots were tossed aside for toilets that would flush.

He thought about the climate next. It made him pant and sweat.
Surely he could fix it so the temperature was set
At a constant twenty two degrees, or maybe twenty three?
He faced the problem calmly, but quite scientifically.

Again, it didn't take him long. It all was soon in place.
No matter where you walked, you felt a breeze upon your face.
Hell was air-conditioned - he had shed another fetter,
And all agreed, it was as nice as Heaven - maybe better!

All-seeing and all-knowing God soon heard about this bloke
Who was turning Hell to Heaven. It must cease. It was no joke!
She spoke to Satan sternly: "You have toilets now that flush,
And air-conditioned comfort. Hell today is very plush!

"I hear you have an engineer. I want him up here, fast.
I want his colours nailed securely to sweet Heaven's mast.
You cannot keep him there with you. You know the thing's all wrong.
Hades should be very hot, and have a dreadful pong."

"Go to Hell!" cried Satan. "I am not afraid of you!
You can shove it up your jumper!" God replied: "All right. I'll sue."
Satan gave an evil laugh. "You are your own destroyer.
Heaven's such a lovely place, you'll never find a lawyer!"