

A WRITER I WAS MEANT TO BE

(A parody of 'A Pirate I was Meant to be' from 'The Curse of Monkey Island', no copyright infringement intended)

Ignatius) We're a band of eager writers,
Felicity) It's all that we can be,
Sandra) When you read our finished novels,
Ignatius) You'll soil yourselves with glee.

Matthias) This seems counterproductive.

Matthias) Okay guys, we've got editing to do.
Sandra) Sure but first another episode or two.

Sandra) We're a pack of verbose authors,
Ignatius) Full of majesty's our prose,
Felicity) You will never guess our plot twists,
Sandra) Till they bite you on the nose.

A writer I was meant to be,
I'll get to work eventually.

Matthias) We've got drafts to finish, let's get to it.
Felicity) In the morning once I get up then I swear I'll get straight on it.

Felicity) We're sardonic cavaliers,
Ignatius) Such characters we craft,
Sandra) You'll fall in love and then they'll die
Felicity) And at your tears we'll laugh.

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I'll get to work eventually.

Matthias) Alright team, it's time to work.
Ignatius) I need to purge some followers, there's far too many berks.

Ignatius) We'll plan out every detail,
Sandra) We'll draw a huge timeline,
Felicity) And maybe use a fifth of it
Matthias) Before we change our minds.

Felicity) So what did your beta reader say about your heroine's backstory?

Matthias) Shut up. That's what.

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Matthias) Less slighting, more writing!
Sandra) Another day or two and then the muse will come a-biting.

Sandra) If your nonsense tries us
Felicity) We'll expose your pillockry!
Ignatius) If you piss us off enough then
Sandra) We'll kill you in chapter three!

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Mathias) We've plot holes to fix, no time to lose!
Felicity) I'll get started in a minute I just want to check the news.

Felicity) We're exemplary world-builders,
Ignatius) Such wondrous sights you'll see,
Sandra) Our minds stay there as oft as not
Felicity) Because f*** reality.

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Mathias) This is getting passed the joke you lazy cretins.
Ignatius) Just another week and inspiration should set in.

Ignatius) Your feelings won't be spared,
Sandra) Your feedback we'll ignore,
Felicity) You'll think the worst is over
Ignatius) Then be weeping on the floor.

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Mathias) Cease, stop, enough!
Sandra) Do you think seven thousand words for a blurb will be enough?

Mathias) You say you're master writers,
Ever-clever epic makers?
You lazy twits are no such thing,
You're literary flakers.

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Mathias) We'll be less prone to distraction if we all use the toilet.

Ignatius) And...

Ignatius) Um...

Sandra) Well...

Felicity) Err...

Sandra) Owlet?

Felicity) No, no...

Sandra) Guess the song's over then.

Ignatius) Guess so.

Felicity) Okay, back to work.

Matthias) Well gee, I feel a little guilty now.