



# The Ballad of Lana and the Bat



Listen, my friends, and I'll sing you a song!  
A wide-sweeping epic of courage—gone wrong.  
A tale for the ages! Of battle and war  
Between **CREATURES OF DARKNESS** and one ... Lana Barr.

It happened one morning that could not have been better:  
Lana opened the office and turned on her computer.  
She sat down, got comfy, and adjusted the glare,  
Then heard a slight "*squeak*," and it wasn't her chair.

Into the hallway she flew in alarm,  
Running and screaming and flailing her arms!  
We rushed from our office to come out and see  
What on Earth could cause **MIGHTY LANA** to flee.

A fire? A robber? Another email from Nat?  
Not quite. Truth be told—'twas a goldfish-sized bat.  
That's right. A small mammal circling high overhead  
Was the **BLOODSUCKING MONSTER** that filled Lana with dread.

To the rescue came Johan, umbrella in hand;  
And with Zorro-like moves, he told a bold stand.  
Wielding umbrella as shield, with sword-like precision  
He cornered the bat in the mail room extension.

Upon further discussion, 'twas decided by all  
That a specialist in bats would need to be called.  
So armed with gloves and a jar, Mike Wolfe came;  
And "the rest of the story" is, well ... anticlimactically tame:

The bat was released; we returned to our space;  
And Lana crawled out from her wee hiding place.  
Thus, I'll finish my saga (before you get bored)  
And present Lana, and her bat, the Headless Hatchet Award!