**The Malfeasance by Alan Bold**

It was a dark, dank, dreadful night

And while millions were abed

The Malfeasance bestirred itself

And raised its ugly head.

The leaves dropped quietly in the night,

In the sky Orion shone;

The Malfeasance bestirred itself

Then crawled around till dawn.

Taller than a chimney stack,

More massive than a church,

It slithered to the city

With a purpose and lurch.

Squelch, squelch, the scaly feet

Flapped along the roads;

Nothing like it had been seen

Since the recent fall of the toads.

Bullets bounced off the beast,

Aircraft made it grin,

Its open mouth made an eerie sound

Uglier than sin.

Still it floundered towards,

Still the city reeled;

There was panic on the pavements,

Even policemen squealed.

Then suddenly someone suggested

(As the beast had done no harm)

It would be kinder to show it kindness

Better to stop the alarm.

When they offered it refreshment

The creature stopped in its track;

When they waved a greeting to it

Steam rose from its back.

As the friendliness grew firmer

The problem was quietly solved:

Terror turned to triumph and

The Malfeasance dissolved.

And where it stood there hung a mist,

And in its wake a shining trail,

And the people found each other

And thereby hangs a tail.