

The Typo

The typographical error
Is a slippery thing and sly;
You can hunt 'til you are dizzy,
But it somehow will get by.
'Til the forms are off the presses
'Tis strange how still it sleeps;
It shrinks down in a corner,
And never stirs nor peeps.
That typographical error
Is too small for human eyes;
'Til the ink is on the paper,
When it grows to mountain size.

The boss just stares with horror,
Then he grabs his hair and groans;
The copy reader drops his head
Upon his hands and moans.
The remainder of the issue
May be clean as clean can be,
But the typographical error
Is the only thing they'll see.
Anonymous

This poem came to me by fax from an anonymous contributor. Thanks, whoever you are.

The Lighter View consists of short articles, cartoons, quotations, or any other type of humorous material about the editing life. We invite you to make suggestions and contribute material that you find humorous. Send ideas to Barbara Cox, MedEdit Associates, 5429 SW 80 Street, Gainesville FL 32608. Telephone (9 AM to 4 PM EST, Monday through Friday) 352-376-3071; fax 352-336-8377.