

ARPAWOCKY

Twas brillig, and the Protocols  
    Did USER-SERVER in the wabe.  
All mimsey was the FTP,  
    And the RJE outgrabe,  
  
Beware the ARPANET, my son;  
    The bits that byte, the heads that scratch;  
Beware the NCP, and shun  
    the frumious system patch,  
  
He took his coding pad in hand;  
    Long time the Echo-plex he sought.  
When his HOST-to-IMP began to limp  
    he stood a while in thought,  
  
And while he stood, in uffish thought,  
    The ARPANET, with IMPish bent,  
Sent packets through conditioned lines,  
    And checked them as they went,  
  
One-two, one-two, and through and through  
    The IMP-to-IMP went ACK and NACK,  
When the RFNM came, he said "I'm game",  
    And sent the answer back,  
  
Then hast thou joined the ARPANET?  
    Oh come to me, my bankrupt boy!  
Quick, call the NIC! Send RFCs!  
    He chortled in his joy.  
  
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