

GOLDBRICKING

Young network guy sits at his desk
Playing solitaire, pong- what a pest!
Steps away for a cig
Then is sent to the brig
For his boss saw no work- only rest!

Seasoned maven of web surely works
Eighty hours or more with no perks
Takes a nap, so discreet
But then jumps to her feet
Cold hard busted by co-worker jerks.

CT soldiers seem hard-working souls
Desktops full up of rigor-ma-rolls
But the truth is they lie
And no wiser the spy
For the **BZ-B Desktop** is GOLD!