

The Nemesis of Grog

Twenty thousand years ago, it doesn't matter where,
Dwelt a stone age caveman named *Grog, of the tangled hair*.
Six foot four with blood shot eyes, and a belly stoked with beer
Of all his fellow warriors, Grog spread the greatest fear.

And dwelling in the meanest cave, the smallest of them all,
Was fair young Angst, a brilliant lad, who wasn't very tall.
He couldn't hunt, he couldn't fight, he'd never killed a man,
Yet Lib loved Angst for what we he was: the brightest of the clan.

Now Lib was young and she was fair and by and large quite striking,
With straw-like, yellow curly hair and lips that were inviting.
But Grog had lusted long for Lib with lecherous obsession,
And one day stole her nubile form, intent on its possession.

Angst saw this foul abduction for atop a nearby crag,
Gazing down through teeming rain, at Grog's vile bully-rag.
He stamped the ground and beat his chest; he shook his staff on high!
As thunder crashed and lightning flashed, firing up the sky.

The tribe looked up and so did Grog, and saw a fearsome sight:
Angst stood tall, now twice his size in the angry, flashing night.
Then lightning struck, the crag gave way, there came a fearsome roar,
As mud and rock came crashing down toward the valley floor.

Lib broke free and ran from Grog, her tender heart a-pounding,
As all the tribe raced close behind, a-leaping and a-bounding;
But Grog stood still with terror filled, his body all a quiver,
As the crag came tumbling forward like a muddy, rock-filled river.

The dark and evil landside rolled on with fearsome haste,
Perched atop was wide-eyed Angst, mud splattered o'er his face.
His battered staff waved high above, his voice was full of fear,
As he pleaded with the gods above, beseeching them to hear.

The trembling earth soon began to ease; the ground no longer shook.
And the fearful tribe, along with Lib, trudged slowly back to look.
They there found Grog, 'neath rock and mud, in deathly-still repose,
The only sign of where he fell, a wart pocked bulbous nose.

His anxious eyes blinked open wide, pupils orbbed with fright,
As each one fell in horror on this specter of the night:
A mud-faced apparition; its staff flailing at the sky,
A heavy rod that, should it strike, must surely make him die.

Once again the lightning flashed; again a clap of thunder.
Angst shook with fear but found his feet, his world now torn asunder.
Then he saw those fear-filled eyes and knew that Grog was frightened.
And on the staff his grip grew strong, very quickly tightened.

“Leave her be, the others too!” Angst screeched and shook his weapon,
“Or else I’ll bring the mountain down, and with it Armageddon!
The god of lightning struck here once, giving you fair warning!
Mend your ways while still you may, or you’ll not see the morning.”

Angst then turned, his head awhirl, his belly now grown queasy;
Grog’s vengeance soon would surely fall; it couldn’t be this easy!
But the tribe still stood in silence, their eyes on Grog in scorn,
Then one by one to Angst they knelt, a new allegiance born.

And that was how it happened in those far off distant years,
To a loathsome nasty bully, and a man who saw his fears.
There was no blare of heavenly horn, no ringing angels’ chorus,
Simple human nature set the world’s first priest before us!