

***The BALLAD of PADDY McFLAHERTY***  
**(The Late Unlamented Animatronic Leprechaun)**

There was a time in the early 1980's when the town of Falmouth MA had two Irish pubs. The most recently-opened of the two was authentic, in a crazy but lovable way, while the older pub was little more than a tourist trap of the "Kiss Me I'm Irish!" variety. This place obtained, from Heaven only knows where, an animatronic leprechaun that they christened "Paddy McFlaherty". It was much loved by the pub's owners, a couple who I believe were childless, but roundly hated by everyone else, including the performers who had to share the stage with it.

This piece is a bit of fantasy depicting what might have happened if some of the lads had been able to get their hands on young Paddy. (By the way, the pub that was Paddy's home was sold for non-Irish purposes in the 1990's, and no one seems too sure where the robot wound up - on a scrap heap somewhere, one hopes, or at least working in Vegas somewhere.)

(1)

YOU MAY TALK ABOUT COMPUTERS, WITH YOUR BITS AND BYTES AND SUCH  
AND TO THE AVERAGE PERSON, WELL, IT'S ALL A LITTLE MUCH  
BUT RIGHT HERE IN OLD FALMOUTH IS A WOND'ROUS SIGHT TO SEE:  
A WEE COMPUTERIZED LEPRECHAUN NAMED PADDY MCFLAHERTY!  
IF YOUR VCR IS BROKEN, AND YOU'VE NOWHERE ELSE TO GO  
YOU MIGHT DROP IN TO WATCH THIS THING GO THROUGH ITS LITTLE SHOW-  
HIS LITTLE TIE, HIS LITTLE VEST, HIS EMERALD CAP AND SCARF  
THE BLASTED THING'S SO IRISH THAT IT MAKES YOU WANT TO BARF

(2)

HIS SMILE IS ALMOST PERMANENT, HE SINGS LIKE DENNIS DAY  
IT'S ALL THOSE FOREIGN MICROCHIPS THAT MAKE HIM ACT THAT WAY  
AND IF SOME NIGHT HIS VOICE IS WEAK, OR HIS ROGUSH SMILE IS GONE  
THEY CAN GET ANOTHER HEAD FOR HIM FROM SOMEPLACE IN TAIWAN  
AND THE SET-UP IN HIS LITTLE GUTS IS REALLY QUITE UNIQUE  
FOR HIS KIDNEY'S MADE IN TURKEY, WHILE HIS PANCREAS IN GREEK  
BUT HE'S GOT REAL IRISH FASTENERS IN HIS LITTLE ARMS AND LEGS  
FOR HIS SCREWS ARE MADE IN DUBLIN AND HIS NUTS IN KILLYBEGS

(3)

NOW I'LL TELL YOU OF AN INCIDENT - ONE EVENING WARM AND DAMP  
OUR ROBOT HAD SOME VISITORS FROM A NEARBY ENEMY CAMP  
AND HEARING "MACNAMARA'S BAND" AND THE ENDLESS HO-HO-HO  
THE DECISION SOON WAS TAKEN THAT POOR PADDY HAD TO GO  
AND ONE WHO BRAVELY VOLUNTEERED TO ACT AS RE-PROGRAMMER  
WENT OUT TO GET HIS TOOL KIT - A CHISEL AND A HAMMER  
AND TILL THE PUB WAS CLOSED AND DARK, IN THE SHADOWS HE DID LURK  
BUT FINALLY HE TOOK HIS TOOLS AND SOON BEGAN TO WORK

***The BALLAD of PADDY McFLAHERTY***  
**(The Late Unlamented Animatronic Leprechaun)**

**(4)**

**NOW I'M REALLY NO TECHNICIAN - I CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT WAS DONE  
BUT NEXT NIGHT WE PAID THE COVER CHARGE TO SIT AND WATCH THE FUN  
ON STAGE THE CURTAIN OPENED, AND WE SAW THE ROBOT SMILE  
"BE PATIENT, LADS," OUR HERO SAYS, "IT WILL TAKE A LITTLE WHILE...  
"BUT OUR PADDY'S REALLY IRISH NOW" - AND A SMILE PLAYED ROUND HIS LIPS  
" ' CAUSE I Poured A BOTTLE OF VINEGAR ALL OVER PADDY'S CHIPS  
AND TO MAKE HIM A REAL MUSICIAN, LIKE THE ONES OF BONE AND FLESH  
I STUCK MY CHISEL IN HIS EAR TO MAKE SURE HIS GEARS DON'T MESH!"**

**(5)**

**SO PADDY'S OUT ON STAGE NOW AS THE CLOCK IS STRIKING TEN  
- IF HIS OWNERS BUT SUSPECTED HE'D NE'ER BE THE SAME AGAIN!  
THE CROWD'S APPLAUDING HEARTILY AS HE TAKES HIS LITTLE BOW  
BUT WAIT A BIT - THAT'S NOT "DANNY BOY" THAT THE ROBOT'S SINGING NOW!  
TO THE AUDIENCE HE TURNS HIS BACK AND HUMS A SPRIGHTLY TUNE  
THEN YANKING DOWN HIS WEE GREEN PANTS, HE SHOWS HIS METAL MOON  
AND INSPIRED BY THAT MOVIE ABOUT YOUNG WOLFGANG MOZART  
FROM DEEP IN PADDY'S CIRCUITRY COMES A LONG AND JUICY FART**

**(6)**

**THE PANTS GO UP; HE TURNS AND GRINS; THE AUDIENCE IS IN SHOCK  
HE'S GIVING THEM THE FINGER, AND IT'S NOT THE SIGN OF SPOCK  
AND MUMBLING OBSCENITIES, PADDY CALLS OUT FOR A JAR:  
"IT BETTER BE STOUT, NOT \$#@# OIL - I'M NOT A \$%#@ CAR!!"  
THE WAITRESS WHO BRINGS PADDY'S PINT IS A SWEET AND COMELY KIND  
SO NEWLY PROGRAMMED PADDY NATURALLY PINCHES HER BEHIND  
AND AS THE GIRL RUNS SCREAMING, THE HORRIFIED OWNERS WATCH  
AS THEIR PRIDE AND JOY LETS OUT A BELCH AND STARTS TO SCRATCH HIS  
CROTCH**

**(7)**

**WELL, THE NEXT HALF HOUR'S HISTORY, AND THE END OF PADDY'S TALE  
FOR SIX OF FALMOUTH'S FINEST CAME TO BRING HIM DOWN TO JAIL  
AND AS THEY CARRIED PADDY KICKING, SCREAMING FOR MORE BOOZE  
HE BEGAN TO VOMIT MICROCHIPS THEN BLEW HIS MASTER FUSE  
HE WAS BOOKED FOR PUBLIC DRUNKENNESS AND BEHAVIOR MOST LEWD  
THAT MODEL OF DEPARTMENT TURNED DISGUSTING, LOUD, AND RUDE  
HIS DAYS ON STAGE ARE FINISHED - IT'S THE END OF HIS CAREER -  
LET'S GIVE THE LADS RESPONSIBLE A GLORIOUS ROUSING CHEER!**

***The BALLAD of PADDY McFLAHERTY***  
**(The Late Unlamented Animatronic Leprechaun)**

- o 0 o -