

Vor Lord Ivan

Words: Gary McGath, Copyright 2013
Music: Andy Breckman, "Railroad Bill"

Vor Lord Ivan was a high ranking man.
He used to take his women two at a time.
Everyone agreed he was the handsomest one
Since the start of the Vorpatril line.

His name was known as a noble name
And on Barrayar he was thrivin',
And Miles Vorkosigan, when he needed some help,
Would call on his cousin Ivan.

One day Ivan was on Cetaganda
And he saw a kitten stuck to a tree.
When he heard it mewling there he stepped up
without a care
To set that kitty-cat free.

And I said, "No, you aren't going to do it,
I'm not going to let you try.
You're a stupid, stupid man and if you do,
That kitty is certain to die."

He said, "Wait a minute, Gary, you can't argue with
me.
It's Bujold who made me up.
I've got a plot to follow, I'm going up in that tree,
I want that cat unstuck."

I said, "No, that's a cat tree.
That kitten's not ripe to be picked."
I said, "Why don't you go and save some beautiful
girl
Who Lord X has tried to trick?"

He said, "Maybe I'll do that in the eighth or ninth
chapter
But right now I'm going after that tree.
It's Bujold who commands, I follow all her
demands,
I have no responsibility."

He said, "I promise, I'll feel real bad
When I learn that the kitten is dead.
This is just my style, to look dumb next to Miles,
And I tell you that I'm forging ahead."

But I said to Ivan, "You're in my song now,
In a filk I can do as I please."
So a bomb went off, and it shook the whole room
And it brought Ivan down to his knees.

And then an ImpSec guard grabbed Ivan by the arm
And started to haul him away,
And the Cetagandan Emperor himself
Told Ivan that he couldn't stay.

I'm a writer of filks. I can change what I want,
And I want that cat to survive,
Get away from that tree, or I swear that you aren't
Gonna get out of my filksong alive.

He said, "You can't kill me.
I'm featured in six more books.
If you hurt me I'll tell all Lois's fans
And they'll all give you dirty looks."

But a subtle poison paralyzed his tongue
And he could not make a sound.
Then he shot me with fast-penta and...
[in a monotone] I made this all up. None of it ever
happened.

[Shaking it off, then speaking excitedly]
Then he started to post to dendarii dot com
And he wrote about unauthorized filk
But just then a wormhole opened outa nowhere
And swallowed him up instantly.

Well, the kitten grew up to a healthy cat,
Found a home with lots of warm milk.
Ivan is survived by his cousin Miles.
Oh Ghu, I love to filk.