

how, with lightning speed, your heart turns the tables, passes the buck, cries ‘foul play!’, and justifies itself? Even licking its wounds in self-pity.

But this little book is not only about the heart but also the tongue. The Lord Jesus taught that our speech betrays what is hidden deep within. ‘Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks’ (Matt. 12:34). If we want to gain godly control of our words, it is the heart that must change first. So, you see why in this project – birthed from a personal desperation for godly speech (*enough is enough*) – I have made full use of Holy God-breathed Scripture, as well as Jack Lewis’s more subversive satirical method.



1. Delicious

The words of a whisperer are like delicious morsels.
(Prov. 18:8)

MY DEAR SCUTTLEBUTT,

You must not be offended by my new nickname for you. Whilst it is not very flattering, I have heard far more obscene name-calling from you many times. It came to mind after today’s shameful incident with the oily-faced gentleman at the office water-cooler. *Scuttlebutt* is naval slang for the ship’s gossip. On the great galleons of old, a scuttled drum (that is, a water barrel with a hole bored through it) was always available on deck for the sailors to quench their thirst. It was here that the seamen would chinwag and curse about their superiors, blathering out whatever was churning on the ship’s rumour mill. Obviously, not much has changed. Today’s events demonstrate that the congregation of workers queuing for a drink is too convenient an opportunity for idle tongues to wag.

I was horrified when that greasy man, whom I like to call the OOT (Official Office Tattletale),

leant forward and whispered the latest dish towards our Left Ear. I saw you licking the Lips and your tastebuds were thrown into a level of delight normally reserved for scones and cream! Proving true the words from the Wisest of Books:

The words of a whisperer are like delicious morsels;
they go down into the inner parts of the body.
(Prov. 18:8; 26:22)

I have yet to ask the Stomach if the seductive slander you so enjoyed has had any adverse effects to its lining. Surely you are sensible enough to know that while these scraps of gossip might taste sweet as they hit your apex, they soon turn sour and rancid, ruining our insides. It is curious that the extraordinary sensitivity of your palate (of which you have boasted many times) failed to taste the bitterness of the OOT's words.

What is most alarming, however, is that you then chose to correct the careless man's misinformation with what only smacked of further gossip. All whilst bathing in your own virtue. What did you enjoy more? Receiving those tasty titbits, or serving them out? BLABBERMOUTH! A more astute organ, like myself, would have made time to chew over the OOT's motive, taking note of his perfidious grin and gaudy tie. You really ought to consult me before you start contorting vowels and consonants. Otherwise,

I will speak to the Lungs and command them to deprive you of air. That would silence you!

Yes, *Scuttlebutt* suits you well. Now, I know you will defend yourself by placing the blame on me. Reminding me that I fluttered at the OOT's mouth-watering jawing. If I did, I was only pumping faster to meet the demands of your excitement. I have not your taste for other people's flaws or failings. And it certainly wasn't me who urged you to serve out further intelligence on the admitted incompetence of the office management. I suppose that was the work of the insipid cloud of Grey Matter up top.

All this said, my dear Scuttlebutt, you are not entirely guilty. You and I are only body organs. We cannot be held responsible for our human's bad decisions. He should certainly know better than to socialise 'with men of falsehood' and 'consort with hypocrites'.¹ It is these worthless gossipers who speak with crooked speech, devising evil behind our back.² Their every word is a covert assassin deployed to destroy the one of whom they speak. Was this not the case for King David? He knew the whisperers were his enemies, devising his downfall and destruction. 'All who hate me whisper together about me; they

1. Psalm 26:4.

2. Proverbs 6:12-14, 18.