

## THE PURPLE SUIT.

Whatever possessed him to wear a purple suit?

Everyone else was wearing black.

His suit was attracting *a lot* of attention...

This major blunder could get him the sack.

This was, after all, a menswear company

burying its founder, a great arbiter of taste

who had built his empire maintaining dark decorum.

A *purple* suit was a waste of space!

It wouldn't have mattered at a southern funeral.

A purple suit there, fine for funeral or wake.

But *here*, they would take a very dim view.

A purple suit was a *serious* mistake.

Their looks, disapproving, no doubt about that,

all seemed to say, '*All you need is a hat.*

*A purple hat to match your stupid suit.*'

He was certain, now. He *would* get the boot.

But after the burial, surprise! Surprise!

People *thanked* him for being so brave!

For daring to wear purple, defying the dictator.

For making the old sod turn in his grave.

