

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house
There were empties and butts, left around by some louse.
And the best quart I'd hid by the chimney with care
Had been swiped by some bum, who'd discovered it there.
My guests had had long since been poured in their beds
To wake in the morning with god-awful heads.
My mouth, full of cotton, hung down to my lap
Because I was dying for one more nightcap.

When through the north window there came such a smell
I sprang to my feet to see what the hell...
And what to my wondering eyes should show up
But eight bloated reindeer, hitched to a beer truck
With a little old driver who looked like a hick
But I saw it was Santa, as tight as a tick.
Staggering onward, those eight reindeer came,
While he hiccoughed and belched as he called them by name:

"On Schenley! On Seagram! We ain't got all night,
You too, Haig and Haig, and you too, Black and White"
"Scram up on this roof, get the hell off this wall,
Get going you dummies, we've got a long haul."
So up on the roof went the reindeer and truck
But a tree branch hit Santa before he could duck,
And then in a twinkling I heard from above
A hee! of a noise that was no cooing dove.

So I pulled in my head and cocked a sharp ear,
Down the chimney he plunged, landing smack on his rear.
He was dressed up in furs, no cuffs on his pants
And the way the guy squirmed, well, I guess he had ants.
He had pints and quarts in the sack on his back
And a breath that'd blow a freight train right off the track.
He was chubby and plump and he tried to stand right
But he didn't fool me, he was high as a kite.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to work
And missed half the stockings, the plastered old jerk.
Then putting five fingers to the end of his nose,
He gave me the bird... up the chimney he rose,
He sprang for his truck at so hasty a pace
That he tripped on a gable and slid on his face.
But I heard him burp back when he passed out of sight,
"Merry Christmas, you rum-dums, now really get tight!"

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Only Arnie (the) Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, N.Y. At least
that is the scene of this ~~crime~~ particular fanatic!