

SANTA W. CLAUS

BRAD W. DEIGHAN

The newly elected Santa Claus circles the room with stubble viciously protruding from his overweight face. Dead, uncaring eyes of cardboard only half-seen due to the thick heavy lids slinking down to cover the only existing signs of intelligent life. Antique white hair in disarray with brain-washed clumps holding tight to the disease infested scalp that covers the disease infected brain. Other forms of hair, somehow unmatted and clean, have quickly (“smack, smack, smack!”) and disgustedly pulled (“smack, smack, smack!”) themselves away seeking fresh air, something that has come (“smack, smack, smack!”) to an end since this man’s new rule. A great bushy not-so-white beard shoots (“smack, smack, smack!”) out from this monster’s firm jaw, caked with old, sour milk (“smack, smack, smack!”) and stinking, rotting, cookies. He must of course, live up to the standards his father, a former Santa Claus, and make daddy proud.

The neck. A neck so swollen and proud it seems to have grown itself out of existence, a meager chest made up of extra skin and long not-so-white curly hairs, the kind you see on every half-way slob. A classic wife-beater stained beyond colour, yellowed from sweat and nausea, polluted from corporate frozen foods greasy run-off, and any other shit that may come out of his mouth. As we go lower, a pair of yellow stained underwear, still wet from the repeat releasing (“smack, smack, smack!”) of thick yellow urine, highly coagulated with infection and disease, holds his shrivelled little rocks tight against the frightening weight of the rest of his body. Fat, unexorcised legs protrude from the ample body, sticky from the light spray of missile-launched semen, (“smack, smack, smack!”) which, by chance, have landed on many a rug or Afghan.

“I’mmmm dreeaaaaming of a whiiiiite christmas ... (“smack, smack, smack!”).”

“Juuuust liiike the oonnes I used to know... (“smack, smack, smack!”)

“ ... But nooooww I’m old annnnd I’m graaayyy, and I eeaaat viaaaagra everydaaaayyy! (“smack, smack, smack!”).”

As these words are launched, other Afghans are destroyed and a great golden copulation is seen falling from the sky, colliding with and blasting all with a thick blanket that will create huge responses from the general populace.

A 40oz of whisky plugs into his mouth, this will keep him warm while he’s working, and it will also make up for the loss of some of his reindeer by not only dulling his senses, but by giving him a bright shining red nose to lead the way in the dark, not to mention a good reason to lead the way himself. (Rudolph had an unfortunate accident just before lunchtime while dear old Santa was drinking). Santa then throws himself into his television throne and extends a long sickly arm to the floor, and a gnarled, twisted hand resembling some sort of evil water-slide spouting septic fluids, opens up to clasp a large round chunk of half-cooked flesh that will also help fuel his great journey.

A loud, ignorant “Ho, ho, ho!,” and a sinister and sarcastic “Merry Christmas” is heard just before a brow-beaten, dominated woman dressed completely in red and white runs into the room.

“Yes master? You called? You rang? I’m here, what do you need? Can I help you? I’ll do anything, just let me know, please, I agree with whatever you say, you’re big and strong and so I *must* agree to help you! Just tell me *please!*” she cries.

“More booze now *woman*, can’t you see I need more booze to help me... send my gifts to the Afghans, and to make my head bigger when I’m through! How can I swallow my viagra without a drink?!”

With that, and a bitch slap, Mrs. I-don’t-want-a-Claus-in-the-Canadian-version-of-the-more-power-to-authorities-bill leaves the room and brings back Santa his booze. No thank you, no acknowledgment of the help, no nothing.

“Oh well,” she thinks, “it’s just an accident, everyone makes mistakes, even Mr. Claus.”

And so she leaves and awaits for her next call.
Ho. Ho. Ho.