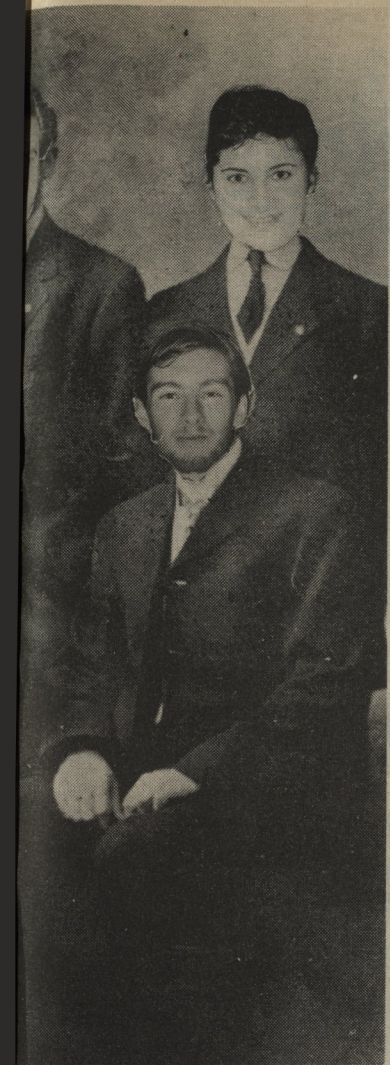


# Twas the night before Christmas dammit

Twass the night before Christmas  
when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,...because they had a Sunbeam 12-speed Mixmaster!  
(Har,Har,Har)  
The tripwire was set by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that a burglar soon would be there.  
The children were hiding under their beds,  
I just used a frying pan to beat on their heads.  
When outside the door there rose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see What The Hell Was Going On!  
And what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But some guy on the lawn clutching a beer.  
More rapid than eagles his curses they came,  
And he whistled and shouted and called me a name:  
"You jizzbag, you honkey, your smell tends to linger!"  
Then he dropped his pants and gave me the figure.  
From the top of the porch to the wall he drained his system of that cursed alcohol.  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
He spit at my house and threw up in the snow.  
The stub of a joint he held tight in his teeth,  
As Lysol fumes encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad bum that was quite smelly  
And shook as he mooned like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump, a crusty old bum,  
and I laughed when I saw him as I pointed my gun.  
A wink of my eye and a twist of my head,  
Soon gave me to know I had shot him dead.  
He squealed not a word and fell straight to the ground,  
Then I put him in the freezer where he would not be found.  
I placed him on a sleigh and took off like a whistle,  
And dumped the body in a pile of thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim as I drove out of sight: "Haffy Crizzmas to all  
and to all a Bud Light!"

DAVID Bellefleur



The Gem, 1989

one here at The Gem.  
enjoyable holiday!  
11, so don't forget to

meetings

the Student Union

idays