

IT VAS ZE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

A Parody

Author unknown - revised by Robert Fitt

It vus ze night before Christmas unt ull tru ze place vere ve vas stayink, zere vusn't anypody makink no noises - not efen some mouses - (excepting mine brudder-in-law., and he vas a snot!

Ze stockings vere hanging puy ze shimney kinda careful, because dot feller mit ze red knickers vas supposed to get zere.

Ze cute liddle stinkers vus ull cuddled up in zere beds so snoog, vile zey had some dumb dreams ... about suger, and plums, unt nutcrackers ... ull tippy-toeing around in zere liddle noggins.

Unt mama in her coolers, unt me in my long shons, had shust vashed our feet, unt our hands, unt our bodies ull ofer - unt I vas shust pickink ze lint from mine belly-button - hven oud on ze lown zere arose a heck off a noise! I shumped to the door to see if it vas ze boys! Avay to ze vindow I flew like a ... crash ... (I coulda made it kvicker, but I schtepped on mine shoe laces!)

Ze full moon vas makink light of ze new snow hvat had shust come down ... unt it vas kinda shinink like it vasn't night ... hven hvat to mine vondering eyes should appear, but a teeny liddle sleigh, unt eight great big rein-horses!!

Zere vas a teeny liddle drifer, so lifely, so kvick, I could tell right avay in my nightshirt zat it vas dot sholly feller mit ze red knickers.

More faster zan eagles his horses zey came. unt he hvistled unt 'hollered unt called 'em bad names: "On, dang-it, schnap to it! On dummer dan stupid - on! punchit! On cosmetics ... On Visconsin. To ze top of ze Porsche, to ze top of ze vall. Now pass avay, pass avay, pass avay all ... (but as far as I could see zey shust wouldn't die.)

Unt zen in two shakes of a donkeys tail I heart on the roof zose animals a monkeyink around mit zere feet. As I sucked in mine head unt tripped ofer ze cat, down ze shimney came Sanda Clowz, lickety splat!

He vas fat! A right jolly olt codger. Unt mit his beard unt his bald-spot, he looked a whole lot like Roger. But zen hven I noticed his shirt was too small, I thought to myself, that's a lot more like Paul.

I vas getting confused, there were more to remind me, the names of mine cousins continued to find me.

For instance, a cousin who hails from the lowlands, one more mit the looks of a Santa, is Rowland. - Or when Santa Claus keeps a straight face and looks smug, I am tempted to say, looks a bit more like Doug. - Or when Santa's red trousers are shiny mit laurel, his sparkeling eyes remind me of Carl. - Or if I should think of 8 reindeer to feed, I'd not fail to think of our less-rowdy Reed.

Vell, Hveneffe Santa vinked unt twisted off his head he soon gafe me to know I didn't haf nossing to vorry about.

Hvut vas left off his pipe, he held tight in his mitt. Then he said: "Hvat ze heck, it's a goot time to kvit!"

He vas kvite broad in places, unt he had a rount belly that viggled ven he giggled like the dogfood sandvich that Shirley unt Virginia fed to Bob hven he vas shust a liddle schtinker.

His eyes dey vus glassy, His suit was ze berries; His sheeks vus like roses, unt his nose a strawberry. His droll liddle mout vus drown up like a bow, unt ze beard on his shin vas as hvite as ze snow except hvere all dot messy black soot got all splotchy on, hven he fell like a shot goose down the shimney!.

He didn't say nossing, but vent right to his vork, unt put lot's o' nifty schtuff in ze hosiery.

Unt zen he turned mit a squirt, unt putting his finger up-inside his nose, he said: "I've gotta go!! Unt holy smokes, he vas gone!

He shumped into his big open schleigh, unt to his team a big hvistle, unt zey schumped up and run like zeyd been schtuck by a thistle! Unt I heard him complain as he travelled along: "Merry Christmas to all Vait, I'll zing you a zong!