

## "Twas the night before Christmas" (ONE VERSION)

Tis the month before Christmas, we're all going nuts;  
With so much to do, there's no ifs, ands or buts.

Buy presents, hang tree lights, pop cards in the mail,  
Send gift packs, thread popcorn, find turkeys on sale.

Decorations need stringing up all through the house.  
And you haven't a clue what to buy for your spouse.

School concerts, receptions, open houses with friends,  
Long lineups, short tempers, tying up the loose ends.

With all our mad dashing, we're reeling from shock;  
Let's stop for a minute and really take stock.

It's crassly commercial, the cynical say;  
If that's true, that our fault--it's us and not they.

Take time for yourself--though hard as that seems--  
Enjoy your kids' laughter, excitement and dreams.

Take a moment out now, don't get overly riled,  
Instead make an angel in snow with your child.

The shortbread can wait, and so can the tree;  
What's important to feel is a child's sense of glee.

The holidays aren't about push, rush and shove;  
They're for friendship and sharing and family love.

Hear the bells, feel the warmth, light up with the glow  
Of a message first sent to us so long ago:

Peace, love and goodwill, and hope burning bright.  
Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

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### **A POLITICALLY CORRECT CHRISTMAS WISH**

Please accept with no obligation, implied or implicit our best wishes for an environmentally conscious, socially responsible, low stress, non-addictive, gender-neutral, celebration of the winter solstice holiday, practiced within the most enjoyable traditions of the religious persuasion of your choice, or secular practices of your choice, with respect for the religious/secular persuasions and/or traditions of others, or their choice not to practice religious or secular traditions at all . . .

*a n d* a fiscally successful, personally fulfilling, and medically uncomplicated recognition of the onset of the generally accepted calendar year 1999, but not without due respect for the calendars of choice of other cultures whose contributions to society have helped make

America great, (not to imply that America is necessarily greater than any other country or is the only "AMERICA" in the western hemisphere), and without regard to the race, creed, color, age, physical ability, religious faith, choice of computer platform, or sexual preference of the wishee.

**By accepting this greeting, you're accepting these terms. This greeting is subject to clarification or withdrawal. It's freely transferable with no alteration to the original greeting. It implies no promise by the wisher to actually implement any of the wishes for her/himself or others, is void where prohibited by law and revocable at the sole discretion of the wisher. This wish is warranted to perform as expected within the usual application of good tidings for 1 year, or until the issuance of a subsequent holiday greeting, whichever comes first. Warranty is limited to replacement of this wish or issuance of a new wish at the sole discretion of the wisher.**

[John Sterling, Law Student]

### **Christmas Carols for the Psychiatrically Challenged**

**SCHIZOPHRENIA:**

Do you Hear What I Hear?

**MULTIPLE PERSONALITY DISORDER:**

We Three Queens Disoriented Are

**DEMENTIA:**

I Think I'll Be Home for Christmas

**NARCISSISTIC:**

Hark the Herald Angels Sing About Me

**MANIC:**

Deck the Halls and Walls and House and Lawn and Streets and Stores and Office and Town and Cars and Busses and Trucks and Trees and Fire Hydrants and...

**PARANOID:**

Santa Claus is Coming to Get Me.

**PERSONALITY DISORDER:**

You Better Watch Out, I'm Gonna Cry, I'm Gonna Pout, Maybe I'll tell you Why.

**DEPRESSION:**

Silent Anhedonia, Holy Anhedonia, All is Flat, All is Lonely.

**OBSESSIVE-COMPULSIVE DISORDER**

Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock,  
Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock,  
Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock,  
Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Rock  
..... (better start again!)

**PASSIVE-AGGRESSIVE PERSONALITY**

On the 1st Day of Christmas My True Love Gave to Me ... (and then took it all

away).

## BORDERLINE PERSONALITY DISORDER

### Thoughts of Roasting on an Open Fire.

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### **Twelve days of Crissmus in de bayou**

Day 1: Dear Boudreaux, Thanks for de bird in de Pear tree. I fix it las'night with dirty rice. I doan tink de pear tree will grow in de swamp, so I swap it for a Satsuma.

Day 2: Dear Boudreaux, You letter say you sent two turtle doves, but all I got was 2 scrawny pigeons. Anyway, I mixed dem with andouille an made some gumbo out of dem.

Day 3: Dear Boudreaux, Why doan you sent some crawfish? I'm tired of eating dem darn birds. I gave two of dose prissy French chickens to Marie Trahan over at Grans Bayou an fed the tird one to my dog Phideaux. Marie needed some sparing partners for her fighting rooster.

Day 4: Dear Boudreaux, Mon Dieux! I tol you no more friggin birds. Deez four, what you call dem "calling birds" were so noisy you could hear dem all de way to Napoleonville. I used dere necks for my crab traps, an fed de rest of dem to de gators.

Day 5: Dear Boudreaux, You finally sen' somethin useful. I like dem golden rings. I hocked dem at da pawn shop in Thibodeaux and got enuf money to fix da shaft on my shrimp boat an buy a round for da boys at de Raisin' Cane Lounge. Merci Beaucoup!

Day 6: Dear Boudreaux, Couchon! Back to da birds, you coonass turkey! Poor egg- suckin' Phideaux is scared to death at dem six gaeases. He tried to eat dems eggs and dey peck de heck out ah his snout. Dey good at eating cockroaches, though. I may stuff one of dem wit erster dressing on Christmas day.

Day 7: Dear Boudreaux, I'm gonna wring your fool neck next time I see you. Thibeau, da mailman, is ready to kill ya. The merde from all dem birds is stinkin' up his mailboat. He afraid someone will slip on dat stuff and sue him good. I let those seven swans loose to swim on de bayou and some duck hunters from Mississippi blasted dem out of de water. Talk to you tomorrow.

Day 8: Dear Boudreaux, poor ole Thibeau, he had to make tree trips on his mailboat to deliver dem 8 maids a milkin and their cows. One of dem cows got spooked by da alligators and almost tipped over da boat. I doan like dem shiftless maids, me no. I tolt dem to get to work guttin fish and sweepinq the shack but dey say it wasn't in dair contract. Dey probably think dey too good ta skin nutrias I caught las night.

Day 9: Dear Boudreaux, What you trying to do huh? Thibeau had to borrow the Lutchter ferry to carry dem jumpin twits you call Lords-a-Leaping across the bayou. As soon as dey gots here dey wanted a tea break with crumpets. I doan know what dat means but I says, "Well La Di Da. You get Chicory coffee or nuttin." Mon Dieu, Emile. What I'm gonna feed all dese bozos? Dey too snooty for fried nutria, and de cows done eat my turnip greens.

Day 10: Dear Boudreaux, You got to be out of your mind! If the mailman don't kill you, I will for sure. Today he deliver 10 half niked floozies from Bourbon Street. Dey said dey be "Ladies Dancin" but dey doan act like ladies in front of dose Limey twits. Dey left after one of dem got bit by a water moccasin over by da out-house. I had to butcher 2 cows to feed toute le monde an had to get toilet paper; The Sears catalog wasn't good enuf fer dose hoity toity Lords' royal behin.

Day 11: Dear Boudreaux, where y'at? Cheerio an pip pip. Your 11 pipers piping arrives today from the House of Blues, second lining as dey got off de boat. We fixed snuffed goose and beef jambalaya, finished da whiskey and we having a fais-do-do. Da new mailman he drink a bottle of Jack Daniel an he having a good time yeah dancing with de floozies. Thibeau he jump off de Sunshine Bridge yesterday, screaming your name. If you get a mysterious, ticking package in de mail, doan open it.

Day 12: Dear Boudreaux, I sorry to tell ya but I not your true love anymore, no. After da fais-do-do, I spent de night with Jacque, de head piper. We decide to open a restaurant and gentleman's club on de bayou. The floozies, pardon me, Ladies dancing can make \$20 for a table dance, and de Lords can be waiters an valet park de boats. Since de maids doan have no more cows ta milk, I trained dem ta set my crab traps, watch my trotlines, an run my shrimping business. We will probably gross a million clams nex year.

Santa was upset. It was Christmas Eve and nothing was going right. Mrs. Claus had burned all the Christmas cookies. The Elves were complaining about not getting paid for the overtime they had while making toys. And the reindeer had been drinking all afternoon and were dead drunk. They had taken his sleigh out for a spin earlier in the day and crashed it into a tree, breaking off one of the runners.

Santa was beside himself with anger. "I can't believe it! I've got to deliver millions of presents all over the world in just a few hours from now and all my reindeer are drunk and my Elves are on strike. I don't even have a Christmas tree! I sent that stupid Little Angel out hours ago to find a tree and he isn't even back yet! What am I going to do?"

Just then, the Little Angel opened the front door and stepped in from the cold snowy night, dragging a Christmas tree. He says: "Yo, fat man! Where do you want me to stick the Christmas tree this year?"

And thus the tradition of angels atop the Christmas tree came to pass."

## **Twas the Night Before Chanukah**

Twas the night before Chanukah, boychiks and maidels,  
Not a sound could be heard, not even the dreidels.  
The menorah was set on the chimney, just right,  
In the kitchen my Bubbe hut gechapt a bite.

Salami, pastrami, a glessala tay  
and zayerah pickles with bagels, oy vay!  
Gezunt and geschmacht, the kindelech felt,  
while dreaming of tegelach and Chanukah gelt.

The clock on the mantle it sure was a tickin,  
and Bubbe was serving a schtickala chicken.

A tumult arose like a thousand bruchas,  
Santa had fallen and broken his tuchas.

I put on my slippers, eins, tsvey, drei,  
while Bubba was now on the herring and rye.  
I grabbed my robe and buttoned my gotkes,  
While Bubbe was so busy, devouring those latkes.

To the window I ran and to my surprise,  
A little red yamulke greeted my eyes.  
When he got to the door and saw our menorah,  
"Yiddishe kinder," he said, "Kenehora.

I thought I was in a goyisha hoise,  
but as long as I am here, I'll leave a few toys."

With much geshray, I asked, "Du bist a yid?"  
"Avada, mein numen is Schloimey Claus, kid."  
"Come into the kitchen, I'll get you a dish,  
A guppell, a schtickla fish."

With smacks of delight, he started his fressen,  
Chopped liver, knaidlech and kreplach gegessen.  
Along with his meal, he had a bissle schnapps,  
For when it came to eating, this boy was the tops!

He asked for some knishes with pepper and salt,  
but they were so hot, he yelled, "Oy gevalt!"  
Unbuttoning his haizen, he rose from the tisch,  
and said, "Your kosher essen is simply delish."

As he went to the door, he said "See you later.  
I'll be back next Pesach, in time for the seder."

More rapid than eagles his prancers they came, as he whistled and shouted  
and called them by name:

"Now Izzy, now Morris, now Yitzchak, now Sammy,  
now Irving and Maxie and Moishe and Manny."

He gave a geshray as he drove out of sight,  
"A gutten yomtov to all, and to all a good night."

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### THE MONTH AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the month after Christmas, and all through the house  
Nothing would fit me, not even a blouse.  
The cookies I'd nibbled, the eggnog I'd taste  
All the holiday parties had gone to my waist.  
When I got on the scales there arose such a number!

When I walked to the store (less a walk than a lumber).  
I'd remember the marvelous meals I'd prepared;  
The gravies and sauces and beef nicely rared,  
The wine and the rum balls, the bread and the cheese  
And the way I'd never said, "No thank you, please."  
As I dressed myself in my husband's old shirt  
And prepared once again to do battle with dirt-  
I said to myself, as I only can "You can't spend a winter disguised as a man!"

So, away with the last of the sour cream dip,  
Get rid of the fruitcake, every cracker and chip  
Every last bit of food that I like must be banished  
'Till all the additional ounces have vanished.  
I'll want only to chew on a long celery stick.  
I won't have hot biscuits, or corn bread, or pie,  
I'll munch on a carrot and quietly cry.  
I'm hungry, I'm lonesome, and life is a bore---  
But isn't that what January is for?  
Unable to giggle, no longer a riot.  
Happy New Year to all and to all a good diet!

### CHRISTMAS BILLS

'Twas the day after Christmas, and all through the house, every creature was hurting even the mouse. The toys were all broken, their batteries dead; Santa passed out, with some ice on his head. Wrapping and ribbons just covered the floor, while upstairs the family continued to snore. And I in my T-shirt, new Reeboks and jeans, into the kitchen I went, and started to clean. When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the sink to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the curtains, and threw up the sash. When what to my wondering eyes should appear, but a little white truck, with an oversized mirror.

The driver was smiling, so lively and grand; the patch on his jacket said "U S POSTMAN." With a handful of bills, he grinned like a fox, then quickly he stuffed them into our mailbox. Bill after bill, after bill, they still came. Whistling and shouting he called them by name: "Now Dillard's, now Visa, now Penny's and Sears; Here's Foleys, Talbots, Target and Mervyn's, the dears. To the tip of your limit, every store, every mall, Now charge away -- charge away -- charge away all!" He whooped and he whistled as he finished his work. He filled up the box, and then turned with a jerk. He sprang to his truck and he drove down the road, Driving much faster with just half a load. Then I heard him exclaim with great holiday cheer:

"ENJOY WHAT YOU GOT - YOU'LL BE PAYING ALL YEAR!"

He laid her on the table,  
So white, clean and bare.  
His forehead wet with beads of sweat, He rubbed her here and there.  
He touched her neck and then her breast, And then, drooling, felt her thigh.

The slit was wet and all was set, He gave a joyous cry.  
The hole was wide...he looked inside, All was dark and murky.

He rubbed his hands and stretched out his arms,

And then he stuffed the turkey.

May I be the first to wish you Happy Holidays!

*If you had impure thoughts, please see your local priest for help at this troubling time.*

### **A CHRISTMAS TOAST**

May your stuffing be tasty;  
May your turkey be plump;  
May your potatoes and gravy  
Have "nary" a lump.  
May your yams be delicious;  
May your pies take the prize;  
May your Christmas dinner  
Stay off of your thighs.

"Merry Christmas!"

### **A College Version of 'Twas the Night Before Christmas**

Twas the night before finals,  
And all through the college,  
The students were praying  
For last minute knowledge.

Most were quite sleepy,  
But none touched their beds,  
While visions of essays  
danced in their heads.

Out in the taverns,  
A few were still drinking,  
And hoping that liquor  
would loosen their thinking.

In my own apartment,  
I had been pacing,  
And dreading exams  
I soon would be facing.

My roommate was speechless,  
His nose in his books,  
And my comments to him  
Drew unfriendly looks.

I drained all the coffee,  
And brewed a new pot,

No longer caring  
that my nerves were shot.

I stared at my notes,  
But my thoughts were muddy,  
My eyes went abluur,  
I just couldn't study.

"Some pizza might help,"  
I said with a shiver,  
But each place I called  
Refused to deliver.

I'd nearly concluded  
That life was too cruel,  
With futures depending  
On grades had in school.

When all of a sudden,  
Our door opened wide,  
And Patron Saint Put It Off  
Ambled inside.

Her spirit was careless,  
Her manner was mellow,  
She started to bellow:  
"What kind of student  
Would make such a fuss,  
To toss back at teachers  
What they tossed at us?"

"On Cliff Notes! On Crib Notes!  
On Last Year's Exams!  
On Wingit and Slingit,  
And Last Minute Crams!"

Her message delivered,  
She vanished from sight,  
But we heard her laughing  
Outside in the night.

"Your teachers have pegged you,  
So just do your best.  
Happy Finals to All,  
And to All, a good test."

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A 4-year-old boy was asked to return thanks before Christmas dinner. The family members bowed their heads in expectation. He began his prayer, thanking God for all his

friends, naming them one by one. Then he thanked God for Mommy, Daddy, brother, sister, Grandma, Grandpa and all his aunts and uncles. Next, he began to thank God for the food. He gave thanks for the turkey, the dressing, the fruit salad, the cranberry sauce, the pies, cakes and even the Cool Whip.

Then he paused, and everyone waited - and waited. After a long silence, the young fellow looked up at his mother and asked, "If I thank God for the broccoli, won't he know that I'm lying?"

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**HALLOWEEN JOKES**

Q: What is Frankenstein's favorite waterway?

A: The Eerie Canal.

Q: What is a ghosts favorite ride at the midway?

A: A roller ghoaster!!

Q: Why does the Mummy keep his Band-aids in the refrigerator?

A: He wants to use them later for cold cuts!! --Johnny B. age 10, Clarksdale MS

Q: What is Dracula's favorite coffee?

A: De'coffin'ated!

Q: What is a baby ghost's favorite game?

A: Peek-a-boo! --Michael R. age 9 Hanford,CA

Q: How does a werewolf like his eggs for breakfast?

A: Terrorfried! --Johnny B. age 10, Clarksdale,MS

Q: What is a Mummies' favorite type of music?

A: Wrap! --James H. age 9, Austin,TX

Q: Why didn't the skeleton dance at the party?

A: He had no body to dance with. --Henrietta J. from the Bronx

Q: Why didn't the skeleton dance at the party?

A: Fangsgiving.  
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**Why Pumpkins are better than Men**

1. Every year you get a brand new crop to choose from.
  2. No matter what your mood is, pumpkins are always ready to greet you with smile.
  3. They usually make better pies.
  4. They are always on the doorstep there waiting for you!
  5. If you don't like the way he looks, you just carve up another face.
  6. If he starts smelling up your place, you can just throw him out.
  7. From the start you know a pumpkin has an empty, mush-filled head to begin with.
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## CHRISTMAS HAS BEEN CANCELED

WARNING!!! Christmas has been canceled! And it's all your fault!

Because someone told Santa you were good this year!

And he died Laughing!

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### Santa's Letters

Dear Santa, I have been a good girl all year, and the only thing I ask for is peace and joy in the world for everybody! Love, Sarah

Dear Sarah, Your parents smoked pot when they had you, didn't they? Santa

Dear Santa, I've written you for three years now asking for a fire truck. Please, I really really want a fire truck this year! Love, Joey

Dear Joey, Let me make it up to you. While you sleep, I'm gonna torch your house. You'll have more fire trucks than you'll know what to do with. Santa

Dear Santa, I don't know if you can do this, but for Christmas, I'd like for my mommy and daddy to get back together. Please see what you can do. Love, Teddy

Dear Teddy, What-and ruin that hot affair your dad's still having with the babysitter? Let me get you some nice Legos instead. Santa

Dear Santa, I left milk and cookies for you under the tree, and I left carrots for your reindeer outside the backdoor. Love, Susan

Dear Susan, Milk gives me the shits and carrots make the deer fart in my face. Leave me a glass of Chivas Regal and some Toblerone, instead. Santa

Dear Santa, What do you do the other 364 days of the year? Are you making toys?

Your friend, Thomas

Dear Thomas, All toys get made in China. I have a condo in Vegas, where I spend most my time playing around, and losing all my cash at the craps table. Hey, YOU wanted to know!

Santa

Dear Santa, Do you see us when we're sleeping, do you really know when we're awake, like in the song? Love, Jessica

Dear Jessica, Are you that gullible? Good luck in whatever you do, I'm skipping your house. Santa

Dear Santa, I really really want a puppy this year. Please please please please PLEASE could I have one? Love, Timmy

Timmy, That whiney begging shit may work with your folks, but that crap don't work with me. You're getting a sweater again. Santa

Dearest Santa, We don't have a chimney in our house, how do you get into our home?

Love, Marky

Mark, First, stop calling yourself "Marky," that's why you're getting your ass whipped at school. Secondly, you don't live in a house, that's a low-rent apartment complex you're living

in. Thirdly, I get inside your pad just like all the burglars do, through your bedroom window.  
Sweet Dreams! Santa

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### **Signs you went Nuts on Thanksgiving**

- Paramedics bring in the Jaws of Life to pry you out of the EZ-Boy.
- Your after dinner moans are loud enough to signal Dr. Kevorkian.
- The "Gravy Boat" your wife set out was a real 12' boat!
- You get grass stains on your behind after a walk, but never sat down.
- Your "Big Elvis Super-Belt" won't even go around your waist.
- You receive a Sumo Wrestler application in your e-mail.
- You set off 3 earthquake seismographs on your morning jog Friday.
- Pricking your finger for cholesterol screening only yielded gravy.
- You have 5 TV sets side-by-side to catch all the football games.
- That rash on your stomach turns out to be steering wheel burn.
- Representatives from the Butterball Hall of Fame called twice.
- You consider gluttony as your patriotic duty.
- It looks like the left-overs are gonna last until Christmas.
- Your arms are too short to reach the keyboard & delete this.