

Santa Gets Topsy

by great greasy git

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Chapter 1 of 1

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'Twas Christmas Eve and Santa was tired.

He thought that perhaps it was time he retired.

Delivering presents is all well and good.

He had done it far longer than most people would.

For decades and decades he'd loaded his sleigh,

Harnessed his reindeer and galloped away.

He'd had just enough of this stagnant career.

This year, he avowed, would be his last year.

He stopped and he grinned, a sly little smirk.

This year he would really enjoy his work.

He'd do as he wanted, he'd do as he pleased,

Carpe diem and all for THIS day must be seized.

With a bounce in his step, and a mischievous snicker,

He strode to the cabinet where he kept the liquor.

"Why not?" he thought as the lock deftly sprang,

"It's my very last year, I'll go out with a Bang!"

In a mood one could only describe as, well, frisky,

Santa poured himself a double shot of whisky.
Then another he drank and one more after that,
Then he stumbled and staggered and nearly fell flat.
Somehow he blundered his way to the sleigh,
Fell onto the seat, and ordered "Away!
On prasher and mancer and lancer and fixin'
On vomit and stupid and conner and ditzzen."
The reindeer all whinnied with blatant dismay,
But at the crack of his whip they galloped away.
The crowds sat stunned, no elvish applause,
As the sleigh lurched away with a drunk Santa Claus.
Across the night sky he wobbled and swerved,
His driving was tipsy, the sleigh's path was curved.
He tossed out the presents with reckless abandon,
Uncaring exactly whom they could land on.
The gifts were all scattered, and heaven forbid,
Presents were delivered to all the wrong kids.
Power tools for young Suzy, a dolly for Jim.
Grandma got pills to help her get slim.
Some children got nothing and started to weep
For their presents had dropped in a field full of sheep.
Some naughty children got what they desired,
Some good boys and girls, no presents acquired.
The busy night over, back home Santa flew,
Quite ready to sleep for a whole day or two.
But no nap awaited -- what he saw gave him pause;
The solemn, stern face of an irate Ms. Claus.
"Oh hubby of mine, what a fool you have been!
The reporters cannot find a positive spin
To explain all the chaos and mayhem you've made.
Millions of children feel hurt and betrayed"
Saint Nick hung his head, sober and shamed.
On no-one else could this turmoil be blamed.
He could not retire from the Yuletide stress.
For a hundred more years he must sort out this mess.
To get back the good reputation he'd earned,
To help all the children he'd carelessly spurned.
One glance around showed why his wife was pissed...
HIS name was emblazoned on the "naughty" list!