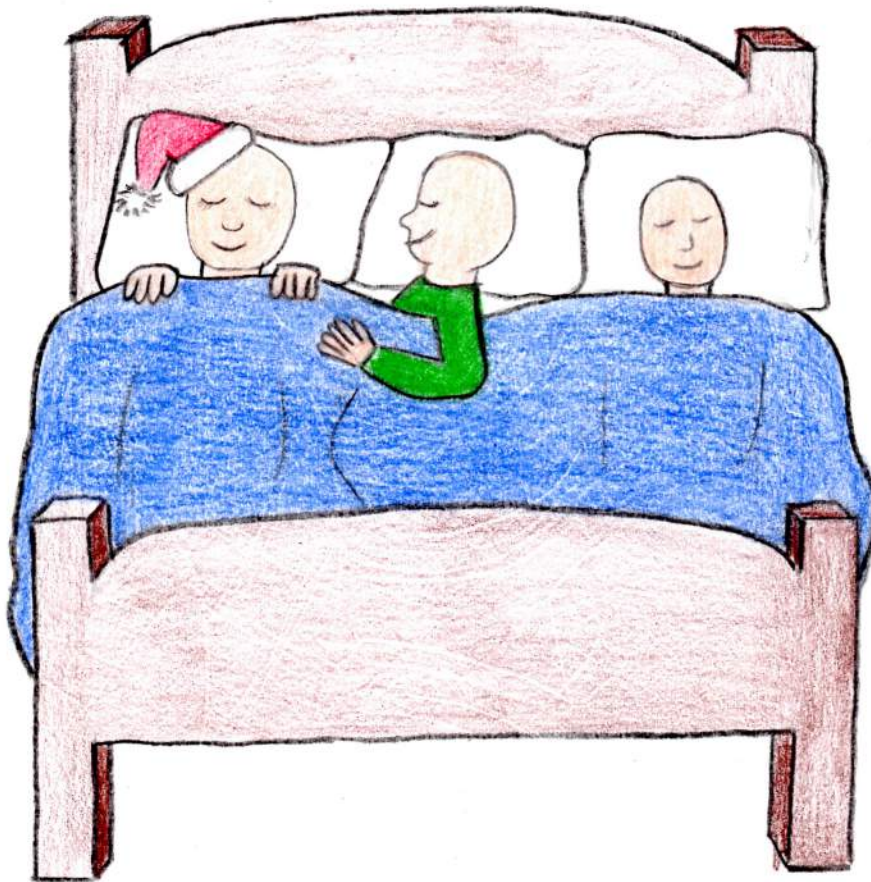


Twas the Night Before Trickstmas

Twas the night before Trickstmas, and all through the house
I'd pranked everybody, right down to the mouse.
Trick stockings were hung up with impish delight,
The tops would not open, I'd sewn them up tight.



The children were snuggled up, deep in their beds;
Unaware that just now I had shaved all their heads.
And Ma in her kerchief was settling down for a nap,
Oblivious to the “Kick Me” sign taped to her back.



When out on the lawn, I heard a faint noise;
But I knew in an instant it was just a decoy.
There was only one man who would plan such a shtick;
The father of Trickstmas, Jolly old Saint Trick!



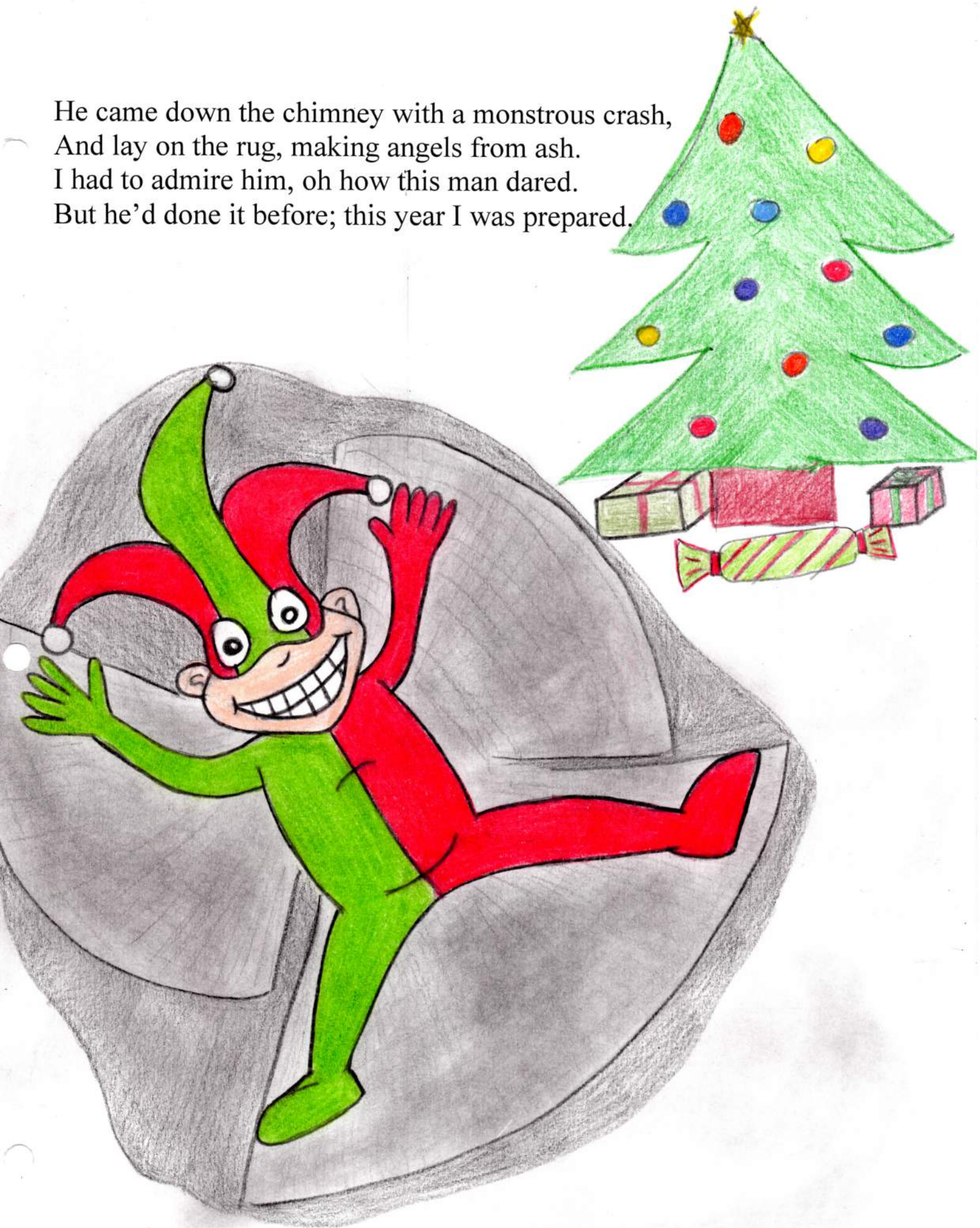
He was dressed all in motley, and rode in a sleigh
Which was pulled by eight reindeer, whom he called by name:
“On Trickster, on Prankster, on Fool and Rascalion;
On Fumbler, on Tumbler, on Joker and Hellion.”



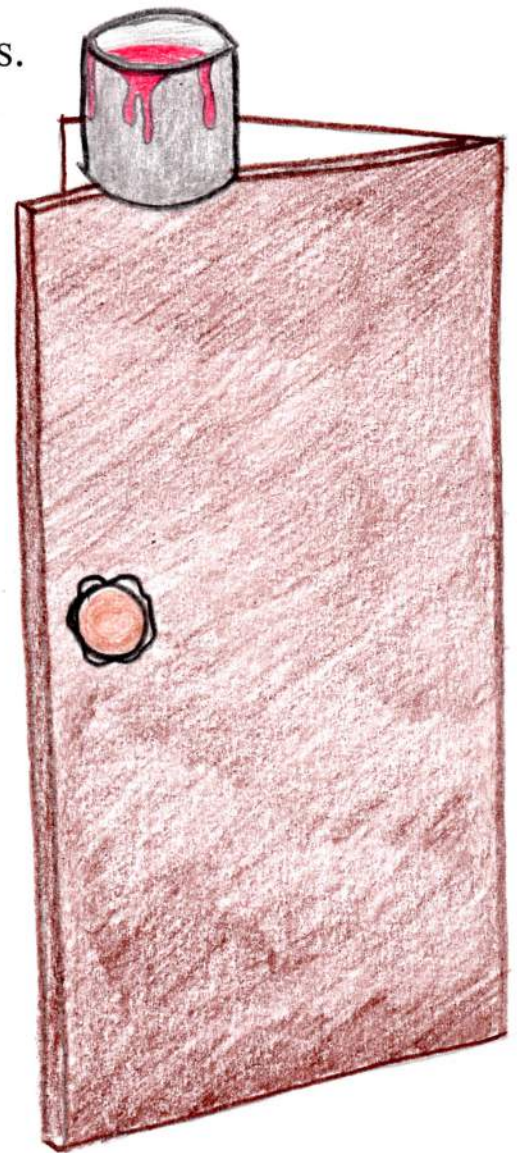
He flew by the window, as quick as a fox
And stopped at the front door to put gum in our locks.
Then with the most subtle slight flick of the reins,
He flew to the roof and TPed our weather vane.



He came down the chimney with a monstrous crash,
And lay on the rug, making angels from ash.
I had to admire him, oh how this man dared.
But he'd done it before; this year I was prepared.



There was glue on the doorknobs, thumb tacks on the floor,
And a bucket of paint perched on the frame of the door.
But the wiley old man, he was on to my ruse.
He had put on a poncho, and steel-soled shoes.



I listened from the kitchen as he approached the tree;
And I almost laughed out when he said "What's this? For ME?!"
For under the tree there was one great big gift,
Which read "To Saint Trickolas: Let's patch up this rift."



As he bent over, opening the present from me
I snuck up to give him a great big wedgie.
But he must have heard something, or knew anyway,
For as he opened the box, he pointed it my way.



The spring-loaded pie hurtled straight through the air,
And ended up in my face – eyes, nose, and hair.
And as I stood sputtering and cursing his name,
He snuck up behind ME, and played his own wedgie game!



And between the laughter, he gloated and jeered:

“I’m the father of Trickstmas, I’ve been doing this for years!
You think you could trick me with a pie in the face?
I wrote the book on that one, kid – learn your place!”

“Tricks are for true jesters, and your pranks won’t fly,”
He said as he reached for another cream pie.
But the old fool was too busy in his monologue,
To notice this year that we had bought a dog.



'The Landshark', we called him, for his penchant to bite.
He knew just one trick, but he knew it quite right.
He crept up behind St. Trick, and sat at his knees
And gave me my queue, by pretending to sneeze.

For barely a second, the old rogue was distracted,
But I knew my part, and quickly I acted.
I gave him a shove, with all the strength I could find;
He tripped over the shark, landing on his behind.



“You TRICKED me!” he said, “I fell like a fool!
I’ll get you for this, and that shark of yours too!”
He raged and he snorted, stamped all over the place,
While a deep shade of red spread across his face.



Then back up the chimney, and into the night;
I watched from the window, as he raced out of sight.
And as he zoomed off, he shouted loud and clear:
“Merry Trickstmas to all, and I’ll prank you next year!”

