

Christmas, Karma, and Psychotic Toys

Written by A Yeargin

On a dark night, in a quiet house,
Not a soul stirred, not even a louse.
A jolly old man with a lovely (ab-fab) red coat,
Peered at the list of toys a young child wrote.
There were Legos, guns, and a slip n' slide.
"He asks for this in winter?" old Santa sighed.
He looked to his book and realized,
That all these crazy things the boy was denied,
For he checked the list twice,
And found his name there, printed all nice.
Feeling assured, he bothered not to check it thrice.
So Santa left a present more fitting than coal,
And then away into the night dear Santa stole.
The young child stirred after hearing a sound.
He rushed to the living room, and that is where he found,
The most frightful scene a boy could see.
There was a creature, so terrible and furry.
It shouted with glee, "Ah-aah! Ah-aah! Feed me, feed me!!"