

My Freakish Christmas Poem

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a weirdo poem i wrote b/cuz i could. a messed of version of the night before x-mas. HAPPY HOLIDAYS!!!

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It was the eve before Christmas

And all through the house

Not a sound could be heard

Not even a mouse

And all were asleep

In their warm little beds

With thoughts of presents and elves

Running through their heads

All but small little Billy

Who was up and awake

Waking up just minutes from midnight

To prove old Saint Nick was a fake

He was sick of the tales

Of miracles and cheer

So he would prove once and for all

There was no jolly red man, nor reindeer

It was all a story

Each word a lie

When he told this to his little sister

He had made her cry

But she needed to know

That none of it was real

Sugar plums and fairies, with presents and magic

What was everyone's deal?

So he snuck out of bed at a quarter to twelve

Smiling to himself

He would make everyone see

There was no Santa, not even an elf

He hid behind the corner

Looking at the tree

Waiting for something to sound

Something he could see

After waiting a short while

The old clock did chime

As he patiently waited

I can't think of a good rhyme

It was a minute past twelve

And looking around

The cookies lay uneaten

Not a thing making a sound

No presents under the tree

No reindeer to be seen

He had seen no Santa

No man had been

In the house that night

He smiled a smirk

Thinking he was right

His plan had worked

When all of the sudden

Out of the blue

Came a sparkling gust of wind

And in he flew

A man with a curly white beard

And a cherry red nose

Dressed in big black boots

And bright red cloths

Billy stared in amazement

Could this be him?

Old Saint Nick

He had to tell Kim!

But wait one second

This couldn't be true

The man was a lie

He and his elf and reindeer crew

It must be a robber

He thought in fear
Come to rob him of his goods
To ruin the Christmas cheer
The man ate the cookies
And drank all the milk
He picking up a package
And stroked it as if it were silk
He grabbed his large bag
And the toys flew out
Had that really happened?
Billy thought in doubt
The man let out a jolly laugh
He turned to leave
But Billy threw a present at his head
With one great heave
The man turned around
Showing no fear
In fact as strange as it was
He smiled from ear to ear
“What are you doing here?”
Billy had asked
The man gave no answer
Just stood there and laughed

He chucked another gift
But the man caught it
Billy stared in amazement
But he still hadn't bought it
This man was not real
All the stories were fake
But the man just standing there in front of him
This just took the cake
With another gust of wind
Up the chimney he went
Billy tried to stop him
And like air in a vent
Out the door he ran
To catch the fraud
To stop that man
But when he was out there
With the cold winter wind
It just wasn't fair
The man did not show
He was no where in sight
He didn't come off the roof
With his many reindeer and take flight
He turned back around
And went back to his room

Where he crawled back into bed

With the impending sense of doom

When out of no where he heard a sound

And opened his window

Looking around

There was the man

Flying through the sky

Up above the ground

So very high

He chuckled his merry laugh

And rode off into the night

With the nose of Rudolf

Giving off a small red light

He went into his sister's room

And tucked her into bed

But before he left the room

This is what he said

“You were right all along

There was a Saint Nick

I saw him tonight

And it made me sick

He breaks into homes

And pretends to be nice

By giving you cruddy presents

But actually has a knife.

So Merry Christmas to all

And to all a good night

Next year fat boy

You won't take flight.”