

T'Was the Night Before...Seafood?

By Cthatya

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A new twist on the old classic, "T'was the Night Before Christmas"

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1 - Lobster

T'was the night before [insert holiday], and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

But this is no ordinary story of holiday discovery,
T'was when I made a miraculous and unnerving recovery

Of a story thought long gone. See, we had it all wrong.
There is no [insert holiday symbol]. It's really been a red lobster all along.

Our [insert yet another holiday symbol] by the chimney with care,
And on the sacrificial table is an ounce of blond hair.

(Don't worry, I harvested it from my own living head.
The Lobster commands all. Otherwise, we'd be dead.)

Anyways, the children were nestled all snug in their beds,
With visions of Wii, PS3 and XBOX360 causing seizures in their heads.

Papa in my lingerie, and I in my thong,
Getting ready to well, truly get in on.

We just settled down, put down the whips and chains,
When I stubbed my toe, calling out quite a few names.

And all of a sudden there arose such a clatter!
I sprang out of bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash.
But I wasn't wearing clothes, and outside a car crashed.

I called 9-11 and the man was taken away.
The earlier noise was all but away.

Until I crawled back in bed with my loved one,
And I told him, "I love you, Juan."

(Picked him up in the Carribean as a pool boy sort.
Big, handsome, muscles, a jolly good sport!)

"The Lobster comes tonight," he said, his face stone.
I frowned at him, puzzled, by his serious tone.

"But we're done for tonight," I told him, my love.
"And a seafood nickname? What are you thinking of?"

"From my country, there is a macabre tradition.
Starting back when there was made an expedition..."

"T'was the night before the full moon, and all through the jungle..."
"Save it, Juan, I don't want to hear about this trouble..."

I pulled up the covers, tuning out my husband's story,
But details and tidbits flowed out, terrible and gory.

Apparently, there's a great lobster, huge with red claws
And he command the islands, and they obey because

Who wants a gigantic pinching lobster mad at you?
A crazy person, like Grant, that's who.

He comes round during the winter to make sure you obey
I'd advise you to heed my words, think of them this holiday.

I heard the noise again, this time louder and clearer.
I clutched at Juan, feeling in my heart much fear...er...

The Lobster peered in through our uncurtained window,
A mean, lean, crustacean who was less than low.

No less than nine inches in length, including tail,
He measured three inches high, able to prevail

Over any foe he decides to oppose.
Those deadly-looking pinchers could take off my nose!

So he left peacefully, his presence a warning.
But as we discovered the next day, the neighbors, in mourning.

The cat got in the way on his trip back to the sea.
I didn't want him to be messing with me.

Juan and I took cautious measures, to appease the red beast.
A dead seagull on the doorstep, a clock towards the east

On the west side of the room and the table, of course.
[Insert holiday] wasn't coming this year, naught could be worse

To my children. Juan shared his tale and the kids understood.
So now we worship the Lobster in our little neighborhood.

Toss aside the commercialized and overused days
Used to celebrate purposes (which are fine, by the way)

But I was reading Tim Burton, feeling random and rhymish.
I had to choose that word to end my line...ish...

Happy Holidays to all, and to all a late night.
Don't stay up too late playing EVE, it's not right.

Even though I don't know who will be reading,
My descriptions and thoughts may be misleading.

To all my friends, I love you all so very much.
Obey the Lobster and you won't be lunch...

I've given my warning, now I'm going away.
To all a wonderful year. Yours truly, Thay.