

College 'Twas the Night
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'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the campus
All the students were dressed-up like beer-drinking Santas.
Their beer cans were placed in a pyramid, wilting
While most of the students stood flimsily, tilting.

With everyone up, with exception of lovers
Filled-up with eggnog and under the covers
They celebrate holiday cheer with a party
Instead of champagne, it's a shot of Bacardi

The light-weights were nestled all snug on their couches
Or sitting in chairs, with a case of the slouches
The rest were awake, as if nothing was wrong
With visions of winning next round of beer pong

When all of a sudden, there was such a knock
Did campus security hear down the block?
The music turned down, the peephole gets used
A fright was dispersed among those who had boozed

And who should appear at this alcohol frenzy?
What would you could call him? Well, that all depends; he
Wears a red coat and has boots all in black
And he carries around quite a sizeable sack

The party continued; why bother with this?
There's no need to worry, it only was Chris
With red winter jacket and backpack all stuffed
Tonight, there's no worry of who will get cuffed

And then, out of nowhere, a fireplace showed
Where once wall had been, a Yule log now glowed
And down came a man who had jumped from the roof
Came down through the chimney, some positive proof

And everyone froze, the man then stood up
A freshman then managed a drunken, "Wassup?"
He paid no attention to the dumb college rookie
But then found a plate and upon it, a cookie

He swallowed the cookie and went for a cup
As soon as drank it, it came right back up

“This isn’t milk!” he declared with a cough
It was, mixed with vodka to top it all off

He took from his bag some presents for all
This wasn’t a simple toy train or a ball
With thought and concern, these gifts lacked expense
But made it all up with their making of sense

And then, without glancing at me or at you
He waddled on over, and went up the floo
And then he was gone, how quick did he go
To none did he look at and say, “ho, ho, ho”

The party began to distribute their presents
With hearts full of joy and a night full of lessons
Like giving is what this whole season’s about
And Captain tastes bad when it’s coming back out

With thought in these gifts, the whole crowd grew glad
These presents were better than what most had had
And all would be busy from now to October
Time quickly passed, and all became sober

Much to dismay, these things lost their splendor
And all got quite mad at the jolly offender
He gave us false hope with the promise of thought
But really it’s junk, is all that we got

And then came a note, it slid under the door
It read “Merry Christmas, to one and to more
Teasing you drunkards went off with no hitch
Have fun back at school. Most sincerely, The Grinch”

The morning came slowly, and on came the news
It mentioned a bust that made cops all confused
They stumbled upon a green Santa fraud
He seemed not to come from a man or a god

‘Twas the day being Christmas and all in my thought
It was quite the nice blessing, of what the Grinch got
(It made me quite happy to be here and living):
A fat DUI, in the spirit of giving