

SANTA GIVES UP

(an imaginary tale)

Christmas travel just isn't the same anymore
In the past Santa's sleigh has been mistaken
For a UFO or an ICBM
They'd scramble fighter jets over my flight path;
Once those hot shots eyeballed Jolly Old St. Nick,
His Sleigh full of toys, and the eight tiny reindeer
They'd put it all together with Christmas Eve
And let me go about my business

----NO MORE----

They know who I am --still
You would think I was an
Al Quaeda terrorist bomber
The way they constantly put me
Through mandatory security checkpoints
Everywhere I go there's comprehensive screening procedures
What with all the metal
In the sleigh, the toys, and my jingle bells
Those detectors are going off constantly
Its damn near impossible
To get my route done by morning
CHANGES HAVE GOT TO BE MADE
Only one answer works
No More Personal Gift Delivery

This year Santa's gonna cozy up to Mrs. Claus
We've got the big screen plasma TV
A killer Blu Ray H.D. DVD player and
The remastered edition of "It's a Wonderful Life"
Christmas Eve will be all about ME!!!!
Not to worry -----the toys and goodies-----
We'll still be puttin'em out
And the LIST --- is sacred
It must be kept.
There will be NO disappointments
All my gifts have been shipped
UPS or FedEx
I scored a fabulous volume discount
Their both reliable and they respect the packages
Something I could not say about
The United States Post Office

NOW -- NOT everyone up here at the N.P.

Agrees with Santa

There has been a lot of dissention

From

THE ELVES

They just

Will not

Support me

On this one.

They have tried gentle persuasion,

Formal written demands,

A work slowdown

Was followed

By a huge Protest March

Last Week

The entire Work Force paraded

With Banners and Placards

Chanting Slogans and Singing Protest Songs

It was just such a passé '60s thing

I ignored those little so and sos

Cranked up my IPOD and reviewed ornament designs

Lastly, a fairly potent bribe came my way.

All to no avail

I used their money

To ship out the last of my presents

YESTERDAY

I don't see this situation as a permanent thing

BUT for now

My rear end is planted

On a comfy leather couch

The Mrs. is getting our mugs of hot chocolate

And the TV is up and running

This scenario looks

Pretty Good

to Santa

Happy Christmas to All

And to all A Good Night