

Christmas is...

the Gateway

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1981

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Tom McDonald

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse

Mom and I, that's my wife Katrina, we just finish doing the chores. You know, milking the cows and everything.

We just put the kids to bed, because they making noise all night and during the day they were by the barn and the chicken coop playing hide-and-go-look.

So I said, "Kids, get to bed. You have to make it to school tomorrow, you know, catch the school bus."

So Mom and I just had a cup of coffee there sitting having lunch. Then all of a sudden we said, "Let's look on the news."

So we open the T.V. and I looked on the news, and I heard in the distance some kind of noise, a rustling.

I thought, "Son of a gun, must be Hallowynchuk." No, can't be Hallowynchuk because it's Christmas, but it just goes to show.

And Katrina says, "I think there's somebody there outside," and I said, "No sирee bob, I don't think so."

She said, "Well Metro, open up the light outside. You know, that shines up on the barn and the chicken coop where we keep the ducks in there."

So I opened the light and there standing by my Massey '44 Cockshot Special Diesel, next to my half ton pick-me-up-one, is standing this some kind guy, with a red suit on.

But I never look on his face, but I knew I knew it from some place. You know, I know his face, but I couldn't make him.

So I grab my '23. You know, just in case somebody wants to steal my two and a half two year old.

Three years ago, last summer, one guy come and make the connection, danger. Like he was some kind of high shot.

This guy, I walk up to him and say, "Diboysha, hows everything?"

He says, "Ya, something like that, 60-

40, must for sure 200 per cent."

And I look on his face and he was this big beard. He looks like a hippy.

A hippy, you know. That's a guy who looks like a Jill and smells like a John.

But I look close and he's got a red uniform, so I think he's from the Fire department, but he's not because he's got some kind of animals there, you know.

And I say, "How's everything going?" He says, "Oh, pretty good. It's pretty busy tonight."

I say, "Where are you going with those funny animals there, pulling that uh that uh, lice a sleigh? You know, got the fire on the inside to keep your foots warm so they don't frozed."

He says, "I'm going to Sullivunchuk's. Could you give me directions?"

I said, "No problem. Now from here you go to the main road, you go past the 53rd correction light. You go 11 miles south. No, pardon me, chekai, chekai. You go four miles south then turn right four miles. No that's not right."

Then he said, "Metro, Metro, other directions. You go four miles east then seven miles south."

"No sирee bob, I don't think so." I finally look at him and I said, "You know, you can't get there from here."

He say, "Well, I try my luck." He say, "I want to feed my reindeers."

"Reindeers? Ah, come on, your pulling my leg," I said.

"That couldn't be reindeers."

I say, "The only guy who's got this reindeers is Kris Kringalovich, Santa Claus."

"Sure," he said, "Well, that's I am."

I said, "Come on. Your making danger to my health. You're pulling a joke, you little devil."

No, but he drops from his what you call sleigh, and he shouts out things like "Mary. Metro. Olga. Nick. Walter...."

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