

'Twas the punk before Xmas

-Free Fall
(as performed by "Free Fall and the
Uniform G's", Xanadu's top punk band.)

by Fremont Fall (Free Fall)

'Twas the night before Christmas
And the pills were delicious
Not a punker was stirring
Not even Sid Vicious.
Black stockings were hung
With a noose and a spike
Beside the swastika
Just beyond the Third Reich

The wavers were crumpled
To a spot on the floor
"Aha," I thought, "now
is my chance to explore!"

As I stepped over bodies
In black leather jeans
I thought for a moment
I was down at Levines.

Then out in the yard
There rose such a clatter
Like beer bottles falling
Off the truck down at Satters
Away to the window
I flew like flash
Tripped over the carpet
And fell through the glass.

With blood flowing freely
From my hands to the snow
Far off in the north-west
I saw a dim glow.
Then what to my stinging
Red eyes did appear?
But an '80 Camaro
Being hauled by a deer.

With a big black gorilla
Long beard and a sack
I thought, for a moment
John Lennon was back!
The more clearly I visioned
Corn rows and green hair
And a "deer" that would give
Johnny Rotten a scare.

As the Camaro drew closer
It started to honk
And I swore I could hear
Tunes sung by the Monks
His hazards were flashin'
As it hovered above me
In whirlybird fashion.

And then in a twinkling
My roof was aglow
With a rainbow of "floods"
Like a Sex Pistol show.
Then I heard someone shuffle
With a muffled "ho-ho"
Then a belch and a fart
(Like you get from HoJo's).

Then suddenly I stopped
"Could it be?" then I paused
That car? That gorilla?
Of course, Punker Claus!
I got so excited
I could barely remember
We hadn't a hearth
For old Punker to enter.

And I heard him start shouting
"I hope they don't burn us!"
And I laughed as I heard him.
Slide straight to the furnace.
Down in the cellar
He rumbled and roared
Then snuck up the stairs
As I hid 'hind the door.

His eyes were all bloodshot
From smoking bad dope
And his face was red
As the cape of the Pope.
Then he brushed off the ashes
And reached in his cloak
Then sighed with relief
As he snorted some coke.

He took off his headphones
And his gloves made of pelt
And adjusted the Sony
He had on his belt.
His hair was all spiked
His nose like a cherry
And tucked in his coat
Was a bottle of sherry.

He took out his pipe
And thumbed in some hash
(I could tell by the smell)
That he'd spent lotsa cash!
He loosened his belt
And emitted a chuckle
As he polished the gold
On his Sex Pistol buckle.

He opened his sack
A pawed thru' the loot
Then paused for a second
To spit on his boot.
Then he spread out the goodies
(Sunglasses and whips)
(Spiked heels for the women
And chains for their hips).

He finished his presents
Enough for a week
Then hid by the tree
And had a good leak
Then he climbed out the window
And hopped on the roof.
And motioned for Bonzo
To give him a boost.

Then the car started up
And roared to the sky
With Punker and Bonzo
And Luftwaffe who tried
To keep them all happy
By handing out joints
And pouring Black Russians
(For more brownie points!)

As I crawled to the window
And peered out in the black
I noticed that Punker
Had left his big sack.
I opened it quickly
And I, filled with good cheer
"Merry Xmas," I whispered
As I broke out his beer.



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