

"Twas the Night Before Christmas" - or -
Christmas Eve at McMurphy's House"

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a spouse;
Controllers were stacked by the console with care,
In hopes that *Assassin's Creed*, soon would be there!

McMurphy was sleeping, passed out in his bed,
While visions of Master Chief, danced in his head.
His muscles were stiff, a gaming 'mishap',
He'd gone to bed early, how crazy is that?!

When just before dawn, he heard such a clatter,
He sprang from his bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window, he flew like a flash,
He thought he heard voices and yelled, "Guard the cash!"

The moon lit his lawn and the new - fallen snow,
And glowed like red barrels, ready to blow.
When, what to his wondering eyes should appear,
But good ole' St. Nick, dressed like a COG Gear!



All dressed in armor, but lively and quick,
He steered his huge sleigh, his wrist gave a flick.
More rapid than passes on Madden '13,
He yelled out their names and flew the machine.

"Now, Rya! Now, 'Dizzy'! Now Marcus and Damon!
On, Minh! On, Adam! On Tai and Clayton!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

Like bolts from Xbows, across the battlefield they fly,
When fired from a skyscraper, mount to the sky.
So up to the rooftop, the reindeer they flew,
The sleigh full of toys, and Armored Santa Claus, too!

And then, in a twinkling, he heard on the roof,
The scratching and pawing of each little hoof.
As he drew in his head, turning around,
Strapped to a jet pack, Armored Santa touched down.

Dressed in COG armor, from his head to his feet,
Spray - painted red symbols, made the outfit complete.
The bundle of toys that filled his rucksack,
Gave him the look of a "COG Gear Hunchback".

His visor - it sparkled, no weapons he carried,
His job - most important - the presents he ferried.

Symbols on armor, red like a bow,
Read "Property of - Polar Weapons Depot."



He flipped up his visor, cigar stump in his teeth,
And the smoke from it circled his head like a
wreath.

He had a stern face and a little round belly,
His long beard, from cigars a bit smelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And Murph laughed when he saw him, in spite of himself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon let him know he had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, and with near - perfect aim,
He filled all the stockings, with new XBox games.
And putting his finger, up high on his nose,
He lowered his visor, on his jet pack he rose.



He jumped in his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew, like a Sidewinder missile.
Murph heard him exclaim, as he flew out of sight,
"Happy Christmas - McMurphy! And to all Gunslingers, good - night!"
- stickler4dakilz



Merry Christmas