

*Christmas Eve at the Gunslinger Saloon – or ~*

*'Twas the Night Before Christmas*

'Twas the night before Christmas, at the 'Slinger Saloon,

Three bleary – eyed 'Slingers, stared up at the moon.

Controllers and games, had been tossed aside,

The three weary Gunslingers, sat peering outside.

"Fed, keep low!", McMurphy said,

Wiki chimed in, "We should all be in bed!"

Murph added, "Guys . . . our best plan is laid,"

"We'll see Santa, with this CoD Threat Grenade!"



They awoke to the sound, of a rumble so deep,

Murph nudged Wiki, "Man, we fell asleep!"

Fed inched up, explosive in hand,

Hoping they'd find, that Jolly Fat Man.

Moonlight on sand, glittered like snow,

A blast of hot air, next ~ a faint red glow.

Then, up on the roof, of the saloon proper,

Santa touched down, in a black stealth Chopper!





The spry old elf, jumped down on light boot,

His landing aided, by his new Exo suit!

Quick as a Quad Bike, from Battlefield 4,

He boost – jumped the roof, and got on with his chore.

Santa slid down the chimney, evading the three,

Stealth mode engaged, he stashed gifts by the tree.

Hearing a sound, Fed threw the grenade,

They looked on astonished, the charge was delayed!

Santa paused in his work, peering around,

Not seeing the ‘Slings, who’d just ducked back down.

With helmet and visor, no weapons he carried,

His job – most important – the presents he ferried.

Black boots he wore, with symbol red as a bow,

That read, “Property of - Polar Weapons Depot”.

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,

Fed missed it all, silently cursing himself!

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,

Let the other two know, they had nothing to dread.

He reached in his bag, and filled stockings three,

With shining copies, of the new *Assassin's Creed*

And putting three fingers, up by his nose,

He snuffed out his cigar, up the chimney he rose.

He climbed in the 'Copter, and slammed the door closed,

Blinking nav. lights, red as Rudolph's nose!

And they heard him exclaim, as he flew out of sight,

"Happy Christmas, Gunslingers! And to all, a Good Night!"

stickler4dakitz



Merry Christmas