

“Christmas Eve at the Gunslinger’s Place”

‘Twas the night before Christmas, at the Gunslinger’s place;
Concern was etched deeply, on Murph’s anxious face.

Balki said, “Man, this plan is clean—”
“What better way to catch Santa, than on a Twitch livestream?”

Merky Water was sure, Balki’s plan was foolproof,
Flashing thumbs up he smiled, “Soon as hooves hit the roof!”

Murph reassured, He rose from his chair;
“Gunslingers, we’ll see Santa this year, I swear!”

Murph checked the camera, Merky, the feed;
Balki hit the chat typing, “Time for the deed!”

Dry desert winds, started to howl;
Like Nightmares in Dying Light, on nightly prowl.

Then, sounds of chopper blades, soon met their ears;
Alerted them Santa, surely was near!

Up on the rooftop, they heard a loud sound;
Balki entered in chat, “Santa — inbound!”



Next, “clang” sounds; One. Two. Three.

Twitch stream crashing, Murph mouthed - astonished, “EMP. . .”

Santa slid down the chimney, Stealth Boy engaged;
While the three frantic ‘Slings, vexed looks exchanged.

He slid down the chimney, evading the three;
Stealth mode engaged, he stashed gifts by the tree.

On T-45 armor, painted red as a bow;
A symbol that read, “Property of: Polar Weapons Depot.”

He was chubby and plump, that jolly fat man;
Santa filled stockings, foiling the Gunslinger plan!

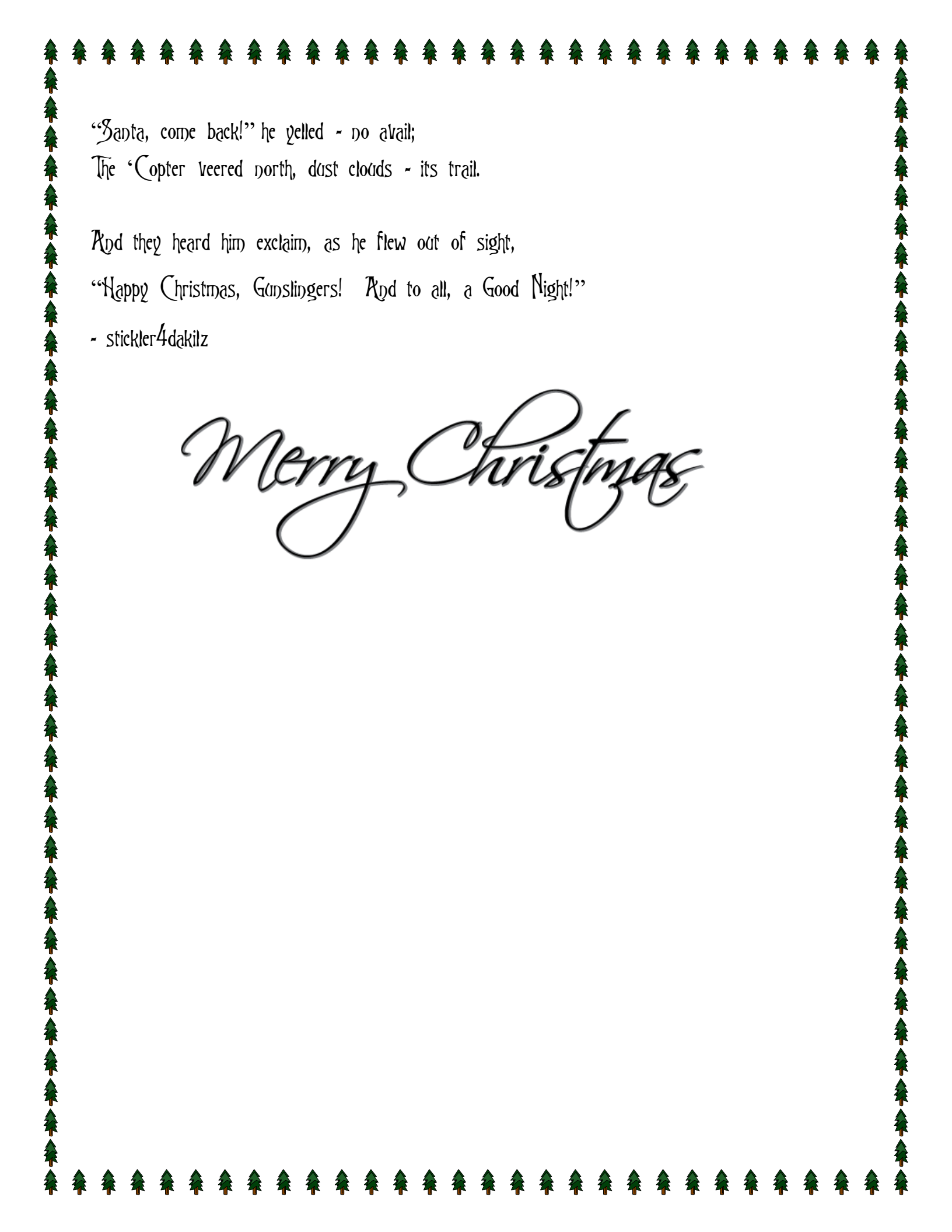
With practiced movements, so nimble and quick;
He finished his task, not missing a trick.

Adjusting his helmet, up the chimney he rose;
He climbed in his ‘Copter, and slammed the door closed.

Their livestream forgotten, ‘Slings burst through the door;
When, once outside, their ears met a roar!

A Chopper took off, the pilot — an elf;
McMurphy yelled out, in spite of himself.





“Santa, come back!” he yelled - no avail;
The ‘Copter veered north, dust clouds - its trail.

And they heard him exclaim, as he flew out of sight,
“Happy Christmas, Gunslingers! And to all, a Good Night!”
- stickler4dakitz

Merry Christmas