

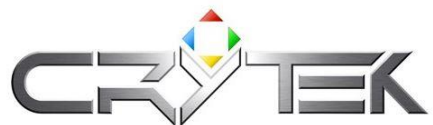
*'Twas the Night Before Christmas - or -  
Christmas Eve at the Gunslinger Ranch*

'Twas the night before Christmas, in a dusty saloon,  
Three trail - weary 'Slingers, knew St. Nick would show soon.  
Their consoles - next gen - on shelves placed with care,  
In hopes that *Star Wars: Battlefront*, soon would be there!

"McMurphy looks tired," Filofo said,  
While visions of Mario, danced in Murph's head.  
Dunkaroo gasped, then jumped to his feet,  
"It's one a.m., Christmas! Let's get to sleep!"

When just before dawn, they heard such a clatter,  
They sprang from their beds, to see what was the matter.  
First Filo, then Dunk, put ear to wood,  
McMurphy just whispered, "Man, this can't be good."

Moonlight on sand, glittered like snow,  
Lighting the Eve, with a bright yellow glow.  
Through the cracked door, an odd sight their eyes met,  
St. Nick in his sleigh, its side marked "Crytek"!



Dressed in strange armor, so light and thick,  
Gloved hands on the wheel, guided the ship.  
Fast as CoD snipers, diving for cover,  
He cried out their names; the craft in a hover.

“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 blasts from a weapon, the Ray Gun Mark II,  
When shooting undead, in Call of Duty: Black Ops 2.  
So up to the rooftop, the reindeer they flew,  
The sleigh full of games, and Armored Santa Claus, too!

As he drew in his head, turning around,  
A faint, “Maximum armor,” then Santa jumped down.  
They looked at each other, in silent agree,  
St. Nick was wearing, Nadosuit 3!

His visor - it sparkled, no weapons he carried,  
His job - most important - the presents he ferried.  
Black boots in spray paint, symbols red like bows,  
Read “Property of - Polar Weapons Depot.”

He flicked up his visor, stuck a cigar in his teeth,  
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,  
Dunk grinned at Murph, in spite of himself.  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon let them know, they had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but knelt by the tree,  
Leaving new video games, for all of them, three.  
And putting three fingers, up by his nose,  
He snuffed out his cigar, and up the chimney he rose.

He jumped to his ship, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew, like a shoulder fired missile.  
And they heard him exclaim, as he flew out of sight,  
“Happy Christmas, Gunslingers! And to all, a Good  
Night!”

-stickler4dakilz

