

The Week Before Christmas

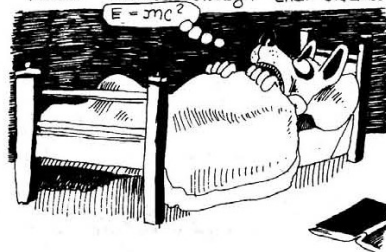
It was the week before Christmas and all through the dorms. All of the children were in rare form.



The suitcases were packed with a special care. Along with the appropriate bus fare



The children were all smuggled in in their beds. While visions of finals rumbled through their heads.



Chip, in his scivies and I in my cap. We'd just settled down after I'd taken a crap.



When up on the roof there arose such a clatter I sprang up to the roof ladder.



But before I could tug open the door, A man came down and fell on the floor.



As he stood up it was clear he was boozed. Probably from drinking warm milk that was juiced.



Not speaking to us and in great form. Santa was heading towards the girls dorm.



He blew us a kiss and gave us a wink As he paused for a short drink.



He gave a laugh and went through the door, and we figured we wouldn't see him anymore.



We turned and were about to go when a security guard came through the snout.



Santa was on the dorm after it was time to close. So the guard was dragging him out by the nose.



But as they were dragging him away Santa hit the guard and jumped in his sleigh.



He yelled like a rumble as he rose out of sight. 'If I went to your school I'd get up-tight.'



Well, chicky sweets so begins the holiday season!



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