

Father Christmas

or, the Old Man's Presents and How He Makes 'Em

also known by the title: Yes Virginia, There Is a Sanity Clause

by **Eryq**

with apologies to Lewis Carroll
(who also stole *his* version, by the way)
(not that there's anything wrong with that)

“You are old, Father Christmas,” the young girl said
“And of toys you've an ample supply
Yet the world population has upwardly sped —
By what means is production kept high?”

“In my youth,” father Nicholas said to the tyke
“I had thousands of elves at the gears
But the wages were low and they called for a strike —
Now I order from Macy's and Sears.”

“You are old, Mister Claus, as I've mentioned to you
And your body's uncommonly fat,
Yet you enter each cottage by way of the flue
What deviltry fits you through *that*?”

“In my youth,” said the Kringle, “the chimneys were wide
But to-day hardly any remain!
So I carry these lockpicks to get me inside
And I find they're much less of a pain.”

“You are kind,” said the lass, “With so many to please,
That your sled must weigh nearly a ton,
Yet you fly through the air with the greatest of ease —
By what manner of charm is this done?”

“In my youth,” said the Elf, “I concocted a brew
That my reindeer were frequently fed
But the Animal Lobby all threatened to sue —
Now I fly on United instead.”

“You are old,” said the girl, “and I hasten to say
That you don't seem remarkably quick
Yet I've seen you on seventy sidewalks today
How do you explain it, Saint Nick?”

“Enough of your questions! I'll answer but three,”
Said the Santa, “No more can I hear!
When your mom takes the picture, just get off my knee
And be gone — or no present this year!”