

Holidays

'Twas the night before Christmas, and God it was neat.
The kids were both gone, and my wife was in heat.
The doors were all bolted, and the phone off the hook,
It was time for some nooky, by hook or by crook.

Momma in her teddy, and I in the nude,
Had just hit the bedroom and reached for the lube.
When out on the lawn there arose such a cry,
That I lost my boner and momma went dry.

Up to the window I sprang like an elf,
Tore back the shade while she played with herself.
The moon on the crest of the snowman we'd built,
Showed a broom up his ass, clean up to the hilt.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a rusty old sleigh and eight mangy reindeer.
With a fat little driver, half out of his sled,
A sock in his ear, and a bra on his head.

Sure as I'm speaking, he was as high as a kite
And he yelled to his team, but it didn't sound right.
Whoa Shithead, whoa Asshole, whoa Stupid, whoa Putz,
Either slow down this rig or I'll cut off your nuts.

Look out for the lamp post, and don't hit the tree,
Quit shaking the sleigh, 'cause I gotta go pee.
They cleared the old lamp post, the tree got a rub,
Just as Santa leaned out and threw up on my shrub.

And then from the roof we heard such a clatter,
As each little reindeer now emptied his bladder.
I was donning my jacket to cover my ass,
When down the chimney Santa came with a crash.

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His suit was all smelly with perfume galore,
He looked like a bum and smelled like a whore.
"That was some brothel," he said with a smile,
"The reindeer are pooped, and I'll just stay awhile."

He walked to the kitchen, for himself poured a drink,
Then whipped out his pecker and pissed in the sink.
I started to laugh, my wife smiled with glee,
The old boy was hung nearly down to his knee.

Back in the den, Santa reached in his sack,
But his toys were all gone, and some new things were packed.
The first thing he found was a pair of false tits,
The next was a handgun with a penis that spits.

A box filled with condoms was Santa's next find,
And a six pair of panties, the edible kind.
A bra without nipples, a penis extension,
And several other things that I shouldn't even mention.

A fuck ring, a G-string, and all types of oil,
And a dildo so long that it lay in a coil.
"This stuff ain't for kids, Mrs. Santa will shit,
So I'll leave 'em here, then I'll just split."

He filled every stocking and then took his leave,
With one tiny butt plug tucked under his sleeve.
He sprang to his sleigh, but his feet were like lead,
Thus he fell on his ass and broke wind instead.

In time he was seated, took the reigns of his hitch,
Saying, "Take me home, Rudolph, the night's been a bitch!"
The sleigh was near gone when we heard Santa shout,
"The best thing about pussy is that you can never wear it out!"

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Here's a neat little bit on Santa. Pass it around.

As a result of an overwhelming lack of requests, and with research help from that renown scientific journal SPY magazine (January, 1990) - I am pleased to present the annual scientific inquiry into Santa Claus.

1. No known species of reindeer can fly. BUT there are 300,000 species of living organisms yet to be classified, and while most of these are insects and germs, this does not COMPLETELY rule out flying reindeer which only Santa has ever seen.
2. There are 2 billion children (persons under 18) in the world. BUT since Santa doesn't (appear) to handle the Muslim, Hindu, Jewish and Buddhist children, that reduces the workload to 15% of the total - 378 million according to Population Reference Bureau. At an average (census) rate of 3.5 children per household, that's 91.8 million homes. One presumes there's at least one good child in each.
3. Santa has 31 hours of Christmas to work with, thanks to the different time zones and the rotation of the earth, assuming he travels east to west (which seems logical). This works out to 822.6 visits per second. This is to say that for each Christian household with good children, Santa has 1/1000th of a second to park, hop out of the sleigh, jump down the chimney, fill the stockings, distribute the remaining presents under the tree, eat whatever snacks have been left, get back up the chimney, get back into the sleigh and move on to the next house. Assuming that each of these 91.8 million stops are evenly distributed around the earth (which, of course, we know to be false but for the purposes of our calculations we will accept), we are now talking about .78 miles per household, a total trip of 75-1/2 million miles, not counting stops to do what most of us must do at least once every 31 hours, plus feeding and etc. This means that Santa's sleigh is moving at 650 miles per second, 3,000 times the speed of sound. For purposes of comparison, the fastest man-made vehicle on earth, the Ulysses space probe, moves at a poky 27.4 miles per second; a conventional reindeer can run, tops, 15 miles per hour.
4. The payload on the sleigh adds another interesting element. Assuming that each child gets nothing more than a medium-sized lego set (2 pounds), the sleigh is carrying 321,300 tons, not counting Santa, who is invariably described as overweight. On land, conventional reindeer can pull no more than 300 pounds. Even granting that "flying reindeer" (see point #1) could pull TEN TIMES the normal amount, we cannot do the job with eight, or even nine. We need 214,200 reindeer. This increases the payload - not even counting the weight of the sleigh - to 353,430 tons. Again, for comparison - this is four times the weight of the Queen Elizabeth.
5. 353,000 tons traveling at 650 miles per second creates enormous air resistance - this will heat the reindeer up in the same fashion as spacecraft re-entering the earth's atmosphere.

The lead pair of reindeer will absorb 14.3 QUINTILLION joules of energy. Per second. Each. In short, they will burst into flame almost instantaneously, exposing the reindeer behind them, and create deafening sonic booms in their wake. The entire reindeer team will be vaporized within 4.26 thousandths of a second. Santa, meanwhile, will be subjected to centrifugal forces 17,500.06 times greater than gravity. A 250-pound Santa (which seems ludicrously slim) would be pinned to the back of his sleigh by 4,315,015 pounds of force.

In conclusion - If Santa ever DID deliver presents on Christmas Eve, he's dead now.

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NJ Winter Diary

August 12 Moved to our new home in New Jersey. It is so beautiful here. The mountains are so majestic. Can hardly wait to see snow covering them.

October 14 New Jersey is the most beautiful place on earth. The leaves are turned all the colors and shades of red and orange. Went for a ride through the beautiful mountains and saw some deer. They are so graceful. Certainly they are the most wonderful animals on earth. This must be paradise. I love it here.

November 11 Deer season will start soon. I can't imagine anyone wanting to kill such a gorgeous creature. Hope it will snow soon. I love it here.

December 2 It snowed last night. Woke up to find everything blanketed with white. It looks like a postcard. We went outside and cleaned the snow off the steps and shoveled the driveway. We had a snow ball fight (I won), and when the snow-plow came by, we had to shovel the driveway again. What a beautiful place. I love New Jersey.

December 12 More snow last night. I love it. The snow-plow did his trick again to the driveway. I love it here.

December 19 More snow last night. Couldn't get out of the driveway to get to work. I am exhausted from shoveling. Fucking snow-plow!

December 22 More of that white shit fell last night. I've got blisters on my hands from shoveling. I think the snow-plow hides around the curve and waits until I'm shoveling the driveway. Asshole!

December 25 Merry Fucking Christmas! More frigten snow! If I ever get my hands on that son-of-a-bitch who drives the snow-plow I swear I'll kill the bastard! Don't know why they don't use more salt on the roads to melt the fucking ice!

December 27 More white shit last night. Been inside for three days except for shoveling out the driveway after that snow-plow goes through every time. Can't go anywhere - car's stuck in a mountain of white shit. The weatherman says to expect another 10 " of the shit again tonight. Do you know how many shovels full of snow 10 " is?

December 28 The fucking weatherman was wrong. We got 34 " of that white shit this time. At this rate it won't melt before the summer. The snow- plow got stuck in the road and that bastard came to the door and asked to borrow my shovel. After I told him I had broken six shovels already after shoveling all the shit he pushed into the driveway, I broke my last one over his fucking head.

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January 4 Finally got out of the house today. Went to the store to get food. On the way back a damned deer ran in front of the car and I hit it. Did about \$3000 damage to the car. Those fucking beasts should be killed. Wish the hunters had killed them all last November.

May 3 Took the car to the garage in town. Would you believe the thing is rusting out from that fucking salt they put all over the roads?

May 10 Moved to Florida. I can't imagine why anyone in their right mind would ever live in that God-forsaken state of New Jersey.
