



Two Christmas Manipulations

'Tis the season. In the December 2002 column, using web-based software, I translated some Christmas songs from English to French, then from French to German, and finally from German back into English. In December 2004, I did the same thing with a few Christmas songs Lou and I had written. This year, I decided I'd try to paraphrase a couple of Christmas texts using my own lame noggin instead of a web translator.

The first one is good old **Jingle Bells**. I have the feeling I have heard this kind of rewriting done as a comedy routine but for the life of me I can't remember who is known for it. The second example is **Twas the Night Before Christmas**.

Clinking Chimes

Hurling mid the slush
In lone steed unroofed sleds
Through the sward we rush
Giggling off our heads

Clangs on docked hair bong
Causing moods to spark
Such glee it gives to trot with song
While sledging after dark

Clinking chimes, clinking chimes,
Clinking straight ahead
What a gas to go careen
In a lone steed open sled

Twas the Dusk Pre the Yuletide

Twas the dusk pre the yuletide, as 'round the pad whole,
Not a varmint was twitching, including the vole
The tubesocks were dangled by hearth quite secure
Assuming that Santa would pop in for sure

The rug rats were hunkered deep down in their bunks
While dreaming of rhumbaing sugar in chunks
And spouse in bandanna, and moi in chapeau
Were out like a light for an hour or so

When way past the deck there was made such a boom
I shot from the sheet with a vision of doom
And off to the mullions I roared like a train
Unfastened the curtains and flipped up the pane

The lunar enrichment gave shape to the slush
And painted the scene with a luminous brush
Where soon to my peepers it came into view
A subcompact sled and a few caribou

With a wee wizened teamster, so facile and fast
I had a good hunch it was Santa at last
His caribou hustled like squirrels on the run
And Santa he hooted and yelled to each one

"Now Runner! Now Waltzer! now, Stepper and Harpy!
On, Meteor! Eros! on, on Putter and Sharpy!
Go on past the landing! Up over the eave!
Now zoom along! Zip along! Quick take your leave!"

As toupees that flip off the head in the blow
When met with a dumpster, straight upward they go
Thus onto the shingles the animals fled
With iPods and Barbies and Santa and sled

And it wasn't long that I needed to wait
To hear mighty thumping of feet on the slate
Plus right after that as I twirled from the sash
Kabang in the fireplace Santa did crash

All swaddled in skins from his boots to his hat
And his jacket was ragged and filthy at that
A hugeness of trinkets was stuffed in his pouch
And he seemed like a hobo transporting a couch

His peepers were bloodshot; his jaws wiggled so
His face was a biscuit, his schnoz was aglow
His miniscule lips were hitched up in a smile
His whiskers had not had a trim for a while

A used up cigar he clamped tight in his gums
And the second hand smog was as thick as it comes
He was way out of shape with a basketball gut
That would bounce when he giggled and so did his butt

He was flabby and short, and as round as can be
And I would have laughed hard but he looked just like me
A shrug of his shoulders had made it quite clear
That despite his odd togs we had nothing to fear

He made not a peep and unloaded some stuff
And filled up our socks until they'd had enough
Then plunging his pinkie up into his snoot
He zoomed up the fireplace leaving the loot

He flopped in the sled and a signal he gave
And off they ascended like bats from a cave
I swear that he hollered, I'm going for beer
Then back to the pole where I'll sleep for a year

Happy midwinter, everybody!