Things Santa Gets Away With

By

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Part I: The Christmas Eve Robber

When the bells are ringing
And the choir is singing
It’s a very merry time of year
But, there is a problem very clear:
Santa ate my cookies this year.
That man's already out of shape.
It's about time that Santa lose some weight!
He has a big belt to hold up his britches,
Since he is so fat, his pants have stitches.
No wonder he needs eight reindeer, I say,
To keep him aloft
On his jolly old sleigh.
It's about time that Santa lose some weight
Since world hunger is now a fate.
I don't eat my veggies, peas, or my chicken;
I only eat cookies,
And Santa's now took them!
Every year he makes elves do all his work
And all he does is drink milk with a slurp.
I know he’s been nice and given me toys
But, without cookies, there is no joy.
Santa lands on my roof
With a noisy loud clatter,
But I always wake up to see what’s the matter.
When I wake up to see what he’s taken
I see nothing but crumbs and the milk that he’s drunken.
And then I go on
Without milk or cookies
It’s worse than when I
Get ten hundred noogies!
Santa’s a bad one,
A bad one I say,
Let’s make him give back
What he’s taken away.
He chuckled with glee over all he had looted
Then went to the bathroom
And there Santa tooted.
He took all the cookies, and laughed, “He he he!”
Santa chuckled over his grand robbery.
And now I am starving and begging for food
All because of that Santa’s who is both fat and crude.
Part II: Santa's Diet

Santa was under the weather one day
He said, "I know, I'll go to Dr. McGray!"
But when he arrived, his doc said, "You are fat!"
And Santa's reply was, "Oh drat!
I know you think I'm out of shape,
But I'm so skinny I could fit in a crate!"
But Doc said, "But Santa, it's true, and you've caused quite a riot
What we need for you, is an old fashioned diet."
So Santa went home feeling kind of chubby,
Upset the doctor had called him a tubby.
When he got home, he figured he’d try it,
He’d exercise day and night and go on a diet.
So Santa woke up, and he said, “So long!”
And like body builders, did chin-ups till dawn
And when he was done, his diet you see,
Was no more cookies
Just pears and ice tea.
But bad for poor Santa,
His BMI reads eight thousand, seven hundred, plus fifty-three.
That Santa’s a fat one, a fat one I say,
So Jolly Old Nicholas tried pulling his sleigh.
When that didn’t work,
He gave up his way,
And now I must tell you,
He’s still fat today.