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## Funny twas the night before christmas poems

Given article text here The holiday season is a time for joy, laughter, and celebration. One of the most cherished traditions during this time is reading the classic poem "Twas the Night Before Christmas." However, those who enjoy a dash of mischief and humor can also appreciate naughty versions of this beloved poem that add a unique twist to the holiday spirit. These poems bring a smile to your face with their unique and beautiful take on the traditional tale. They remind us that even those considered naughty deserve a little joy and laughter during the festive season. Nothing would fit me, and even a blouse was out of the question.The cookies I'd nibbled and the eggnog I'd taste were now a distant memory.All the holiday parties had taken their toll on my waistline.When I stepped on the scales, the number that stared back at me was staggering.When I made my way to the store, it felt more like a lumbering than a walk.Remembering the marvelous meals I'd prepared - the gravies, sauces, beef nicely seasoned - brought a pang of sadness.It was hard to recall the wine and rum balls, the bread and cheese, or how I'd never say "no thank you."As I dressed in my husband's old shirt and prepared to tackle the day's cleaning, I thought to myself, "You can't spend a winter disguised as a man!"So, I vowed to banish all the indulgences that had contributed to my weight gain - the sour cream dip, fruitcake, crackers, chips, and everything else I'd grown fond of.I wouldn't even dream of having a cookie, not even a lick. Instead, I'd content myself with chewing on a long celery stick.I wouldn't indulge in hot biscuits, corn bread, or pie; my only comfort would be munching on a carrot.I felt lonesome, hungry, and life was indeed a bore - but wasn't that what January was for?Unable to giggle anymore, I'd lost my sense of joy.As the holiday season came to an end, I bid farewell to all the festive cheer. Happy New Year to everyone who could make it through the diet!- Anonymous Christmas Dog You know you've made it big when people write songs about you. Remember to accessorize your life with style and flair! But don't get too caught up in all the excitement - avoid getting into sticky situations like yellow snow or a bad sunburn. And for goodness' sake, don't forget where you're from by losing track of your own feet! It's totally cool to hang out in your front yard, enjoying the simple things in life. Just make sure to always put your best foot forward and never let anyone bring you down. Once you get going, there's no stopping you - just like when you're on a roll! Now, let's talk about some Christmas tunes with a hippie twist... 'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the pad, Not a single hip cat was swinging - that's just not bad. The stove was hung up in its stocking routine, Maybe the big man would soon make an appearance, you know? Some kids came by, fresh from making tracks on the street, I was ready for Snoresville, but they were onto something sweet. Then I heard a commotion, and I opened the window to see A slick ride with eight ponies, all wearing fancy hat racks - it was quite a sight to me! The driver was flipping his lid, telling everyone to move, And man, like they did! They sped off into the night, making time like a bat. They parked by the smokestack in bunches and clusters, Chubby slid down, coming on like gangbusters, with style and mustache fur. His threads were from Cubesville, but his Ivy league buckle was from the front, And that mop on his chin had a button-down collar - what a sight to see! He looked like a square, but who cares when he left all that loot? He laid down some jazz and peeled out of there in his rig, waving goodbye with a "Have a cool Yule, Man!" as he took off. But now, let's ask the question: can Santa be black? It happened in the kindergarten class, right at snack time, Joanie asked the question, and they all sat back, wondering why it was so hard to find. "Mr. Slater? Can Santa Claus be black?" Poor Mr. Slater didn't know what to say, Christmas vacation was only twenty days away - he had too much on his plate! He was busy with snowflakes to cut, window wreaths to hang, Christmas cards to paint, and Christmas songs to sing - he just couldn't think. What Christmas was about? In twenty more days, school would be out! Why couldn't they wait and ask their questions then, when mommies and daddies were home? "Mr. Slater? Can Santa be thin?" "Is Santa Claus always a him?" The children looked at him with curious eyes - twenty pairs of every shape and size. He ate a bit of cracker and finished his drink, thinking on the spot, "Children, I'll need some time to think." As soon as class was over, he ran down the hall. Skidded around a corner, crashed into a wall, ran up the steps to the second floor, Rapped on the window of the principal's door. "Ms. Frazer, Ms. Frazer, what can I do?" The children asked these questions that now I ask of you: 'Can Santa Claus be black?' 'Can Santa Claus be thin?' 'Does Santa always have to be a him?'" "Mr. Slater, it's a difficult task to find answers to the questions you ask, I think with these I'll need some assistance - but I'll get you the answers with a little persistence," Ms. Frazer said. She picked up the phone and dialed Mr. Dare, the head of the P.T.A., a meeting was called for the very next day - it was time to get down to business! "Thank you for coming," Mr. Dare began with a greeting. "I'd like to get right to the point of this meeting. Mr. Slater, in charge of the kindergarten class, Needs the answers to some questions - and he needs them now. It's time to get to the bottom of these Christmas conundrums once and for all!" Santa Claus is an iconic figure with a traditional image of a jolly old man in red. However, recent questions have been raised about the physical appearance of Santa, such as whether he can be black or thin. The parents were unsure of how to respond to these inquiries, as they had limited time before Christmas vacation began. With nineteen days left until the holiday, there was too much to do, including baking cookies, stringing lights, and wrapping gifts. The question of what Christmas is truly about seemed to take a backseat, as school would soon be out. Someone suggested that Santa should be asked directly, but it wasn't clear who knew best what Christmas was all about. That's when the idea struck: let's ask Santa himself! A letter was sent to Santa on the first day of winter break, and a response arrived quickly, addressed to Mr. Slater and the kindergarten class. Dear Parents, I used to be like everyone else, but over time I realized that my appearance changes every year, so it makes sense that children wonder about me. As people's thoughts and views become clearer throughout the year, I take on the shape of a Christmas spirit. I can fit through tiny openings, such as keyholes and windows, and I can even enter apartments, hospitals, tents, and trailer lots without being seen. In the past, I have taken the form of a wheelchair instead of my traditional sleigh, and I have been blind, relying on touch to navigate. My skin has been various colors, including black, white, yellow, red, and brown, and sometimes I have been a woman. These physical transformations are a part of who I am. It's okay if you don't believe all of this is true; it's just something that makes me happy, and the most important thing is that you believe in yourselves. Sincerely, Santa Claus I was the last turkey left in the compound; now I'm a pet, sitting on the farmer's wife's lap, feeling carefree and content. She held me while she sewed and hummed, smiling at me as she said, "Christmas is coming." The Gift It was around midnight when I heard a clatter. Not concerned what it was, I fluffed my pillow and reassured Ma, "Go back to sleep, Santa's here." Down the chimney, he quickly took care of business like a sonic boom. Then I heard a "Ho, Ho, Ho" and knew he'd left. However, all of a sudden, I heard a thump-thump-thump, perhaps Santa's sleigh on my roof did bump. So I decided to take a look. I climbed the ladder and found a 'special' gift from a reindeer - an earthly miniature sewer, about the size of a bowling ball, with the smell of chocolate chip coming out of it. Over the side of my roof lay an awful drip. Ma woke up to see the terrible sight: not too smart; she knew that brown is not the color of snow! I took a garbage bag and shovel to clean up the mess. As I watered it down, I heard Santa's sleigh passing by with reindeer collars jingling. He waved at me, but when he said "Goodnight to All," I responded with a sarcastic "Hey Santa - next year come without the sleigh." I'm convinced that Santa is real; the evidence left behind is proof. The 'gift' was from Rudolph's poop! (Written by Roy Harper) Merry Christmas To My Female Friends If I were old Santa, I'd do things differently. Instead of silly gifts, I'd deliver something just inside your front door - lost treasures you once treasured before. I'd bring back your youthful vigor and a neat, tiny figure to restore the color in your hair. I'd smooth down your figure, removing wrinkles, soles on your feet would disappear, and you'd no longer hear ringing bells or experience dizzy spells. You'd never have headaches, sore muscles, or visit doctors who think you're old and nervous. But alas, I'm not Santa - just me, the matron of matrons you ever did see. But I'm about to head out for an estrogen shot with my doctor. Even though we've grown older, this sentiment remains sincere - Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. A Politically Correct Christmas Story begins: 'Twas the night before Christmas and Santa's in a state of distress... How to navigate a world that's so politically correct? The elves no longer answer to their traditional name; instead, they call themselves "vertically challenged." Labour conditions at the North Pole are being contested by the union, claiming they stifle workers' souls. Four reindeer have vanished, released into the wilds by the Humane Society, and in compliance with equal employment laws, Santa's been forced to replace them with pigs - an absurd sight! The runners on his sleigh have been removed due to E.P.A. regulations, and people are calling for police when they hear sleigh noises on their rooftops. Second-hand smoke from his pipe is frightening his workers, and his fur-trimmed red suit has been labelled "unenlightened." Rudolf's suing over unauthorized use of his nose and appeared on Geraldo demanding millions in compensation. Half the reindeer are gone, and Santa's wife has left him, joining a self-help group and demanding to be called Ms. As for gifts, nothing with leather or fur is acceptable; no toys that might pollute; nothing too loud or warlike. Candy and sweets are out due to dental health concerns, and fairy tales have become taboo as they're seen as non-ecological. Sports equipment is off-limits to avoid injuries, and dolls are sexist. Santa's sack is empty, with nothing fully acceptable left. A special gift was needed - something that would offend no one, every ethnicity, or religion. That gift is the pricelessness of peace on Earth; may you and your loved ones enjoy it this season. Goodwill To Men - Give Us Your Money!t was Christmas Eve, and the shops were bustling with cheer... They got stuffed, Christmas cakes were marzipanned, and puddings steamed. Mothers were desperate, and tired kiddies screamed. Hundredweight's of Christmas cards went flying through the post with first-class postage stamps on them - you had to flatter most to get these sent. In a million kitchens, mince pies were being made, and on everyone's radio, "White Christmas" was played. Men crept around in the frozen countryside hacking off holly that other folks had grown. Mistletoe on willow trees was wrenched clear so someone could kiss their neighbor's wife they'd fancied all year. On the hillside where Christmas trees once stood, everything was barren except for little stumps of wood. The little trees that flourished throughout the year were gone, but in a million houses, needles dropped on the floor. Little bikes and kids' trikes were secretly taken from every nook and cranny, with yards of wrapping paper rustled around them. Rolled up in Christmas paper, Action Men were tense, ready for their morning battle when they'd commence fighting life with tommy guns and daggers all clustered round about. The figures seemed to shout, "Peace on Earth - Goodwill to Men." The church was empty, but the pub was packed. A yell went out, "Noel, Noel!" And glasses got cracked. From above the fireplace, Christmas cards started falling and trodden on the floor said, "Merry Christmas to you all." The night before Christmas, and all through my house, were Fannie May candies scattered on every place. The freezer was stocked with fudge brownies in care, in hopes that my thighs would forget they were there. Mama wore her girdle, and I wore my chin straps tight. Just settled down to sugar naps when there arose a clatter in the pantry. Sprang from my bed like a flash, tore open the icebox, and threw up the sash. The marshmallow snow outside made me think of a binge, but what did I see? A marzipan Santa with eight chocolate reindeer, so luscious and slick, I knew I'd end up sick. Given text: paraphrase this text: gave a quick nod toward the bedroom I turned. I eased into bed, to the heavens I cry If temptation's removed I'll get thin by and by.And I mumbled again as I turned for the night In the morning I'll starve... 'til I take that first bite!No one's hangin' stockings up, No one's bakin' pies; No one's lookin' up to see A new star in the sky.No one's talkin' brotherhood, No one's givin' gifts; And no one loves a Christmas tree On March the 25th. There once was an elf named Fred Whose house was of gingerbread. Though tasty, these walls dissolved in snowfalls And also made crumbs in Fred's bed.I made myself a snowball. As perfect as could be, I thought I'd keep it as a pet. And let it sleep with me.I made it some pajamas. And a pillow for its head. Then last night it ran away. But first - it wet the bed!(Written by Shel Silverstein) "'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house" — this familiar opening line of classic Christmas poetry sparks joy and anticipation in the hearts of many. But what if we sprinkled a little humor into this beloved holiday tradition? Funny Night Before Christmas poems offer a delightful twist on the original, adding laughter and merriment to the festive spirit. In this article, we'll explore the charm of these witty adaptations and showcase some hilarious examples for your reading pleasure. paraphrase: This text discusses funny versions of traditional Christmas poetry called "Night Before Christmas" poems. They take familiar characters and themes from classic holiday poetry and give them a humorous twist. These poems add a lighthearted touch to the festive spirit, making them suitable for all ages. The article showcases some examples of these humorous adaptations, including ones that focus on dogs and vegan diets, and explores their appeal and creativity. Twas the night before 5G, whn ll thrgh th clud, Nt a bt wws stiring, nt evn allwd; Th scrns wr ll strming, wth pxls s brght, N hps tht fst intrnt sn wd alight; Th gmerz wr nstld ll snug n thir lairs, Wl vsns f no lg dncd wtht crs; nd mmn n hr Wr-Fi, nd I n my VR cp, Hd jst stld dwn fr a ngt f onln ch.