



Big Santa

by Jerry Todd



'Twas the night before Christmas,
 when all through the gym
 Not a member was stirring,
 to lift or to swim;
 The weights they were nestled
 all snug in their racks,
 Enjoying a respite
 from muscular backs;
 The gymbags were hung
 in the weightroom with care,
 In hopes that St. Nicholas
 soon would be there;
 And Jan in her tanktop,
 and I in my tights,
 Had just settled down
 for a nice Texas night;
 When out in the street
 there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from the steambath
 to see what was the matter.
 Away to the window
 I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters
 and threw up the sash.
 The moon on the waves
 of the incoming tide
 Gave the luster of midday
 to objects outside,
 When, what to my wondering
 eyes should appear,
 But a humongous sleigh,
 and eight monstrous reindeer,
 With a muscular driver,
 so tall and so thick,
 That I had to look twice
 to see 'twas St. Nick.
 More rapid than eagles
 his coursers they came,
 And he whistled, and shouted,
 and called them by name;
 "Now Bosworth! Ben Johnson!
 Now, Big Mac and Hogan!
 On Coan! Kurlovich!
 On Wheeler and Gogan!
 To the top of the porch!

To the top of the wall!
 Now dash away! Dash away!
 Dash away all!"
 As leaves that before
 the wild hurricane fly,
 When they meet with an obstacle,
 mount to the sky;
 So up to the rooftop
 the coursers they flew,
 With a sleigh full of 'roids,
 and St. Nicholas too.
 And then in a twinkling,
 I heard on the roof,
 The tramping and stamping
 of each massive hoof—
 As I drew in my head,
 and was turning around,
 Down the chimney St. Nicholas
 came with a bound.
 He was dressed all in spandex
 from his head to his foot,
 And his gear was all tarnished
 with ashes and soot;
 A sackful of steroids
 he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a dealer
 just opening his pack.
 His eyes—they were bloodshot!
 And dark was his stare,
 And I saw, when he nodded,
 he was losing his hair!
 His prognathous jaw
 and his overhung brow,
 Both loomed from his face
 like the nose of a scow;
 The breadth of his shoulders
 was frightening to see,
 And he tapered right down,
 he was shaped like a "V."
 He had a hard face
 and a flat, wash-board belly,
 All rippling and ridged,
 not a vestige of jelly.
 He was hostile and cold,
 a most daunting old elf,
 And I quaked when I saw him,

in spite of myself,
 A flash from his eyes
 and a shake of his head
 Soon gave me to know
 I had plenty to dread;
 He spoke not a word,
 but went straight to his deed,
 And filled all the gymbags
 with steroids and speed;
 And in a great basso
 profundo, he said,
 "I'm always behind now,
 I'm never ahead;
 In past days, all I
 would carry were toys,
 But now it's these steroids
 for all of the boys;
 And my pack got so heavy
 with bottles of pills
 My eight tiny deer
 couldn't handle the hills;
 And to carry the bundles,
 I took 'roids myself,
 And in only a twinkling
 I was not the same elf!
 And then I decided
 to inject the whole team
 With Anadrol -50,
 how different they seem."
 Then he picked up a barbell
 and did a few curls,
 And said with a wink,
 "Hey, I might meet some girls!"
 He continued to lift
 'til his arms were all pumped,
 Then he sprang to the chimney,
 and up it he jumped;
 He leapt to his sleigh,
 to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew,
 all thunder and gristle.
 And I heard him exclaim,
 'ere he drove out of sight,
 "Let's go to a strip club,
 and then pick a fight!"