Date: Friday, December 12, 2008

From: Derek Sonderfan

To: William Hickey

Subject: I brake for Jessica Alba

'Twas the weeks before Christmas and all throughout Reno,

The people were eager while sipping their vino.

The stockings were hung IN the chimney in haste,

The fire turned their glittery names into paste.

The child he was tucked up all snug like a druid,

With visions of nothing but amniotic fluid;

And mamma gave her 'kerchief to 'kerchiefless beggars,

While uncomfortably napping because she was preggers.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen crest,

Tee hee, titter titter, I just wrote down 'breast.'

I saw in my inbox that something was the matter,

Because from Mr. Hickey arose no such clatter -

Away to Windows Vista I saw what it was about,

That Will had a Theme-mail-less 17 month drought.

My feelings of this offense I won’t belabor,

Instead let us turn our attention to labor.

When what to my eyes should suddenly appear,

But signs that the baby is imminently near.

With cramping, fatigue and insomnia too,

And sixty-two thousand more trips to the loo;

The once-foretold date, that of January 13

Seems late, we think he’ll pop out somewhere between.

But back to the lawn, and outside there’s that ruckus,

I saw in the dim light a fat jolly tuckus,

He standing so tall so the better to view us,

I knew from his arches it must be St. Louis.

He travelled by seahorses, eighty in all,

He bellowed their names in a noisy roll-call.

“On Jethro, on Pickles, on Lemmy, on Druthers,

On Dancer, on Stripper, on Naked Schlong Brothers,

On Poophouse, on Cancer, on Uecker, on Strimed,

It’s such a convenience that all their names rhymed;

On Lars and on Sheeppeeler, Buttcheecks, Credenza,

On Beeflick on Sodhump on Mild Influenza,

On Jefferson Airplane, En Garde, on Ikea,

On Horshack, on Beebop, you get the idea…

To the top of the houses, to the top of the wall,

Now move however seahorses move, move that way all!”

As five million fidgety flounders set baking

And the gesticulations that they would be making,

So flolloped the seahorses with all of their might,

And somehow defied physics and took off in flight.

When all of the sudden, up there on the shingles,

I heard, like a shatter of ten cans of Pringles,

The cracking of bones of St. Louis’ seahorses,

As the fat man had landed on his flight resources.

I drew back my hand and drew forth my derringer,

In case it was a thief or, worse yet, Tom Berringer.

But to my surprise plopped St. Louiston himself,

With traces of whisky I smelled – top shelf.

Half man, half myth, half arch, half fraction,

I near soiled myself as I leapt into action.

I gave him my list which was admittedly sparse:

A healthy new child, please no pre-labor farce.

And also some CDs as money is tight,

While Ashley is having to put up a fight

Against her school district about keeping her job,

She’s dealing with her principal, who is a nob.

Her district enacted a hiring freeze,

So after her [possibly shortened] maternity leave,

Her job may be gone, the Fates they must hate her:

So much is uncertain; we’ll deal with it later.

St. Louis he jumped, duly filling the stockings,

Despite that we left him diet pills as a mocking.

He filled up my stocking, obtrusive and tacky,

And even gave booties and Quaaludes to Smacky.

But since we’ve no tree (none grow in our escarpment,

And not enough room in our new two-bedroom apartment,)

He doled out our gifts, tossing them on the ground,

Amidst all the baby stuff littered around;

It seems overwhelming, but now in summation,

You can’t have enough of helpful preparation.

Now Louis laid finger on the side of his nose,

I think as a clue that he scored me some blow.

He glanced up the chimney, and said “This is moronic,”

And, leaving the front door, disappeared like the Bubonic.

He sprang to his sleigh and surveyed all the chaos;

The sight was more chilling than twenty Scott Baios.

He shrugged as he lifted his sleigh in the air,

While pointing out westward, he said “Over there,

The snowfall is coming, the first of the year,

A White Christmas could happen!” and let out a cheer.

He took off; immediately he crashed and burned,

I had hoped after two DUI’s, his lesson had been learned.

I donned some new sweatpants and Ash donned her cap,

At least we still got all our gifts first and crap.

I whispered to Ash as I held her hands steady,

“There’s not much time left, you think that we’re ready?

We’ve taken the classes, we’ve read all the books,

We’ll soon see what happens when you merge both our looks.

I love you today as much as I can ever recall,

I’m about to be a father, God help us all!”