

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a gambler was stirring, there were no bets to espouse;
AIDA just hummed by the great pane windows with care,
In hopes that the Player soon would be there;

Cassandra was nestled all snug in her bed,
With visions of code dancing around in her head;
Mr. Johnson was dressed in silks and a cap,
He'd just settled down for a long winter's nap,

When out in the office there arose such a clatter,
Johnson sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
To the hi-def displays, he flew like a flash,
A new bet was in play and piling up cash.

The odds came in heavy, like a blizzard of snow,
No one was sure if Kane could save the show,
Mr. Johnson grinned then, as an image appeared,
Of a sturdy old sleigh pulled by eight mighty reindeer.

The driver, plus one, who dressed in a red leather layer,
It was Saint Nick at the lines, joined by Alex, the Player.
More agile than Porsches, the coursers proved game,
Alex whistled as Santa Claus called them by name.

"Now, Showtime! Now, Hulu! Now Starz and TNT!
On, Cinemax! On, Netflix! On, USA, and AMC!
To the top of the ratings! to the top of them all!
Ignore all the drama and answer my call!"

The gamblers watched on without worry or pity,
Hoping these two could sweeten the kitty!
The bet on the board was could Saint Nick survive,
And make one final stop and come out alive.

Crashing the window, with old Claus on his back,
The Player delivered Santa and the old man's pack.
Among the glass shards, which glittered in drifts,
Santa laid out the final delivery of goodies and gifts.

The Player, ready for action, from his head to his toes,
Stood guard against peril and all unseen foes.
As Santa went digging, rummaging through his large pack,
Alex stood guard, watching Old Claus' back.

His eyes were pale blue, his countenance so honest,
His chin and his jaw, granite and strong as any Adonis.
Alex secured the perimeter from all enemy positions,
Giving old Santa time to bring the bet to fruition.

A helicopter darkened the windows with soot,
Alex aimed and fired, spinning around on one foot.
Santa jumped at the explosion, scratching his head,
Alex told the old man, there was nothing to dread.

As the chopper went down in a black halo of mist,
Santa crossed several names off of next year's list.
He nodded to Alex and gave him a new clip for his gun,
Time to go home, the work was complete, the bet won.

With a smile, Saint Nick went back to the window ledge,
Snapping his fingers, he stepped from the edge.
Alex sprang to the window, fearing the old man was dead,
But just one floor below, Santa landed safely into his sled.

He gathered his lines and gave them a quick snap,
All eight reindeer jumped against their harness and straps.
Alex heard Santa exclaim, as he sped out of sight,
"Never mind the odds, Alex, when what you're doing is right!"

Overnight, NBC HQ laid, a destroyed ruin in a hole,
Buried beneath several tons of rocks and black coal.
A note at the scene, signed by Santa, brought fear...
"If you want on my list, renew The Player next year!"