

'Twas the night before Wumpmas, all the house filled with dread,
All the creatures were hiding, those that didn't were dead;
The evening was filled with fear and despair,
Woe! For the Wumpmeister soon would be there;
The roommates were cowering b'neath their soft beds;
As visions of doomsdays flashed by in their heads;
I was alone, save for Bingley, my cat,
We were hid in the closet, armed with baseball bat.
When out in the lawn was a frightful, strange sound,
It roared like a lion, it bayed like a hound, I went to the window, a picture of stealth,
Surely, just a peek shan't be bad for my health.
The fresh fallen snow was stained with tar and oil,
So grisly a sight, I just had to recoil,
When in the corner of my eye, the source of all fears,
The monstrous Wumpmeister's fell posse appeared,
The devil himself was not yet in sight,
But I knew he would pay me a visit tonight.
The posse all schemed, with manifestos they came,
But the Wumpmeister quieted them all down by name:
"Belcastro! Now, Pesach! now Yousef and Metesky!
On, Chambliss! on, Hofmann! Calm down, Ted Kaczynski!
They know that we're coming, they're all hidden from sight,
In hope that they'll survive the Wumpmeister tonight!"
They came to the windows, the chimney, the door,
The bombers broke in, creeping across the floor;
They went through the bedrooms, the kitchen, the halls,
Searching each crevice, each corner, the walls—
To my dismay, at the window it clawed,
The Wumpmeister approached me, all oily and broad,
I dared not make a sound, stepped away from the sill,
The creature would not find so easy a kill!
He tore through the window, spilling his tar,
And I could only watch from afar;
He was monstrously tall, and covered in shag,
And tied to his back was his cursed Wumpmas Bag,
His eyes—burning coals! A harsh glowing red!
His fur black as pitch! Like the oil he spread!
His mouth was a snarl, with rows full of teeth,
As he reached for his bag for a gift to bequeath—
And his claws, how they spindled! Like legs of a spider,
And his breath reeked! He needed to lay off the cider!
He had a long snout that was covered in gore,
From those unlucky Wumplings that had come before,
Wretched and vile, a beast straight out of Hell,

And his laugh sounded like a personal death knell;
He looked my way as he sniffed at the air—
I had to act fast, so I grabbed the Steel Chair,
He spoke not a word as I brandished my club,
But he pulled out a tome about Fresh Wumpmas Grub,
He lobbed it at me, and with a dull hiss,
The Wumpmeister, most foul, spoke to me this;
“I bequeath unto you your dearest Wumpmas Wish,
To learn something new, make a hot Wumpmas Dish.”
And I heard him call out as he faded from sight,
“Merry Wumpmas to all, and to all a good night!”