

## A SIDWELL CHRISTMAS

T'was the day before Christmas,  
All of Sidwell was quiet,  
No one was drinking for  
Accounting was on a diet.

The glow of Bah Humbug  
Had filled all the air,  
But our spirits were high  
Even with Mr. Bill there.

Rosie at her typewriter,  
And Sue at the keypunch,  
Were busily working on  
What to order for lunch.

For Bruce had proclaimed  
Quite loudly and clear,  
Champagne at the Tally Ho  
Will help spread good cheer.

Denise was in charge of  
Watching the clock  
To make sure we all worked  
To twelve on the dot.

Having just been promoted  
To official S.H.O.,  
She watched the door  
To ward off "The Foe."

Karen sat quietly  
Contemplating the bunch  
Of people we'd ask  
to our twelve o'clock lunch.

For that was the time  
When we'd be set free,  
For the exchanging of gifts  
And spreading of glee.

R.W.M. was crossed from the chart  
For being so pure of  
Mind and of heart.

Cudley Dudley who's always so steady and calm,  
Was mumbling the words, "I wish I were bombed."  
"This dumb old computer has no Christmas humor,  
And it's out to get me--at least that's the rumor."  
"Doesn't it know I have places to go,  
And cannot be bothered with the company payroll."

Bruce Harris was bragging of some  
Movie he'd made,  
But the grapevine had told us  
It was of the gray shade.

And yet there are others to add  
To this rhyme,  
Who were tired of Bah Humbug  
And chanting, "On with good times!"

There's Mike  
Who was wishing his coffee was spiked,  
And being in the closet with a blonde he'd have liked.

And Sifferd who is always taking it easy,  
Was reminising of summer  
And the picnic with Breezie.

Tim's mind was running it's own double feature  
Of being sexually harrassed  
By some voluptuous creature.

We called down to Nelson  
"Come join us today,"  
He raised an eyebrow  
And then said, "Ookaay."

Jerry was roaming the hallways with Ted,  
With mistletoe permanently  
Placed over their heads.

The room was all quiet-  
Just the soft hum of working,  
When a sound from the foyer  
Set the whole room a jerking.

We raced to the stairs to see  
What was the matter.  
What caused all the commotion?  
What was all that chatter?

When what to our wondering  
Eyes did we see,  
But all the employees deserting  
The Sidwell Company.

"Twelve-O-One," yelled Denise,  
"Now get off your asses.  
Pass out the gifts  
And fill up the glasses!"

Bruce then appeared,  
Our jubilation to challenge,  
To ask for his expense check  
And to note the bank balance.

But then a small twinkle  
Appeared in his eye,  
And the thought passed between us  
He's not a bad guy.----- (BULL!)

"Are all the files locked?"  
I heard someone shout,  
"Put all this stuff away  
And let's get the hell out!"

A party is waiting and a drink  
We could use.  
All these no-no's for Christmas  
Had shortened our fuse.

So we hurriedly raced  
To our cars one by one,  
To join fellow workers  
And be part of the fun.

We turned and shouted  
As we drove out of sight,  
"Meet at the Tally Ho,  
There's a party tonight!"