

From Your Action News Reporter

by Keith West

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*This is your action news reporter, with all the news that is news, on the scene in the Neighborhood. There seems to have been some disturbance here.*

*Pardon me, sir. Did you see what happened?*

Yeah, I did.

I was standin' out on my porch just admiring the Grizzwold's Christmas lights when I saw sumthin' up on the Stevens' house. It was a big guy wakin' on the ridge, a-headin' for the chimney. He had this big sack on his back, and his cheeks and nose wuz red. I figgured he'd been hitting the eggnog, ya know what I mean?

Just as he was about to crawl down the chimney, the guy across the street, Rogers his name his, came out with a twelve guage an' took aim, screamin' about always being watched.

I hollered over at Grizzwold, I said, "Don't look, Clark!"

It was too late. Rogers let go with both barrels just as the guy went down the chimney.

*Are you saying Mr. Rogers shot Santa Claus?*

Naw, he only Nick'd him.

-With apologies to Ray Stevens, Chevy Chase, Bob Rivers Twisted Christmas, and Fred

Rogers