Twas’ the night before Christmas

Twas’ the night before Christmas, and all through the house, you could hear my dad yelling, and tearing mom’s blouse. There were 5 stockings hung, as there where every year, but this time they’d been flung, and they weren’t filled with cheer. We knew better than to hope for St. Nick to arrive; for Santa never came to men who beat their wives.

And sugarplums didn’t dance in our little heads, for mamma was squashed between dad and the bed. He would go down when the whiskey wore off, and mom would set out the few presents she got. “You spend too much money on those sorry rats”, “She doesn’t need chocolate, she’s already fat!” We waited, like always, for dad to lay rest, we longed to stop him, but silence was best.

But when out from above arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter. Away to the stairs I flew like a flash, - I made it to their room in just a quick dash. The moon on the breast of the darling white snow lit softly the side of my paternal foe. When what to my wondering eyes did appear? My mother’s head bloodied by a bottle of beer. My shock was not at her thick scarlet blood, but the puddle of amber – the rest of the bud. Who knew the selfish man would waste but a sip – if even to cut my mom’s precious lips?

More rapid than eagles his curses they came; he gave me the finger, then called me a name. “Out filthy!”, “Move ugly!”, “Idiot” too, “On fat-ass!” “Leave shithead” were just a short few.

He ran to the door, which he slammed in my face, then shouted once more “Get out of my place!”

As dry leaves in autumn winds fly, they gather their courage and mount to the sky. I take a step forward and stand in his sight, ‘fore his fists meet my cheek, first left and then right. And when I fell to the floor, quite shocked from the blow, my eyes met three presents, each tied with a bow. As I smiled quite slightly and turned myself round, down came his foot on my back with a bound. He was barefoot, and shirtless, but he wore unzipped jeans, and when my gaze caught mom’s blouse well, I knew of this scene. The bottoms of his pants were covered in dirt, and stains of bright red were not from his work.

His belly was round, and his fingers were swelled, his eyebrows were furrowed, and his breath – oh it smelled! His face, how it twisted, his eyes how they glared. His hands, they were blistered, his mouth, how it snared!

The squeak from my mom and the crash on the bed, soon gave me to know I had much to dread. I crawled from the room and crouched out by the door, as I listened dad’s hands fell on mother once more. A call to the cops would not soon do the trick – for the lights were already out with a flick. Soon dad was snoring, and mom stayed quite still, as each snowflake danced on the cold windowsill. But I heard him exclaim ere he ended the night “Merry Christmas baby my sweet, lovely wife”