

# The UFO Incident Before Christmas

*The following is with deepest apologies to Clement Moore, Gerry & Sylvia Anderson, Ed Straker, most of the members of the UFO Mailing list, and anyone else who reads this poem!*

by Dave Walsh

'Twas the night before Christmas, and out in deep space,  
Not a creature was stirring on SHADO Moonbase;  
The spacesuits were hung in the lockers, so cute  
In case they'd be needed for a jump in the chute.  
The pilots were nestled all snug in their cots,  
While visions of UFO's spun in their thoughts.  
And Paul in his Nehru, and Gay in her skirt  
Were sitting on watch, and starting to flirt  
When from SID's connection there came such a clamor  
Like the sound of a bell sharply struck by a hammer!  
Away to the monitor they flew like a flash,  
(Hoping the girls weren't writing more slash!)  
The lights of the monitor gave off a glow  
Just as an Intruder had started to show  
Before they could ask about its speed rate,  
SID had announced, "Velocity, SOL 8".  
When suddenly all of their thoughts gave a glimmer  
To the same notion, "It must be a Spinner!"  
With a driver so vile, wearing a red suit  
To kidnap some humans, the evil galoot!  
More rapid than light, his agents they came,  
And he telepathically called them by name:  
"Now Croxley, now Collins, now Turner, now Craig and  
On Roper, on Turner, on Fraser and Regan!  
To the Dalotek base, then flashing by SID,  
Get us to Earth, and truly well-hid!"  
As a bat out of hell, his UFO flew,  
While out of their crater the Interceptors spew;  
They took their positions, their missiles they fired,  
Each one had missed, (They must have been tired!),  
The UFO sailed on straight to the Earth,  
While the Interceptors returned, without proving their worth.  
SHADO Command called Sky 1 in flight  
And told Captain Carlin to set everything right.  
He lined up the UFO for a well-placed shot,  
But he also missed (He was as drunk as a sot!),  
So out came the Mobiles, the minivan-tanks,  
But the UFO just sailed over their ranks!  
In Straker's back yard the UFO landed,  
(It was a bad grounding, they just might be stranded!)

When out of the craft, just who should appear,  
But an alien in red, covered with silver gear!  
He entered the house, his intent still unknown,  
But when he searched it, no one was home;  
So he waited for Straker to return to his place  
(In order to grab him and take him to space?)  
When Straker returned to his home, which was locked,  
He had Alec Freeman with him (Who was crocked!);  
Also accompanying was Virginia Lake  
Who saw the UFO and cried, "It's a fake!"  
But Straker knew at once it was real,  
And realized 'twas he that they'd come to steal;  
So drawing his pistol, and kicking the door,  
(Poor Colonel Freeman passed out on the floor!)  
Ed leapt through the door and fired a shot--  
But did he hit him? (I'm afraid not!)  
The alien had in his hands a small gift  
Just to give Straker's poor spirits a lift;  
An alien fruitcake, their highest reward;  
(Which here on Earth is largely deplored!)  
But Ed was not in a gift-giving mood,  
(Especially with such a God-awful food!)  
So he shot him again, right straight in the chest,  
Sending the alien to his final rest.  
Ed's final words to the green fluid-sucker?  
He shouted out, "Merry Christmas, Mother\*\*\*\*\*!"  
(So Straker's words don't cause any friction,  
He just watched a video of the film Pulp Fiction!)  
A SHADO cleanup crew was hastily called,  
and back to the base the ET was hauled;  
His space craft was strapped tightly down to a truck,  
But before they could leave, it dissolved into muck;  
But hung-over Alec, still full of good cheer,  
Mumbled, "Happy Christmas to all, and a Happy New Year!"  
The End  
The author: Dave Walsh