

The Elle-Lab Theatre Company Presents:  
**The Night Before Christmas, FSM Version**  
(by E. Fairhurst, E. Jones, B. Kennedy, R. Mayberry, and N. Tunbridge)

*N* : In response to the increasing discussion of Intelligent Design in the news, the Elle-Lab Theatre Company proudly presents: The Night Before Christmas, Flying Spaghetti Monster Version. For those of you not in the know, FSM has been proposed as an alternate theory of Intelligent Design by those upset that ID may now form part of Kansas science-class discussions on the origin of life. Followers of FSM believe that the world was created by a Flying Spaghetti Monster, and insist that their theory of ID is equally valid as that being promoted in Kansas. In his noodly greatness, the FSM requires that his followers don full pirate regalia, so if you'll excuse me a moment... ( , ).

*N* : 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the White House  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In the hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

George Dubya was nestled all snug in his bed,  
While visions of Intelligent Design danced in his head.  
And Cheney in his kerchief, and Dubya in his cap,  
Had just settled their "brains" for another terms' nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
George sprang from his bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window he flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutter, and threw out his stash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below,  
When, what to his wondering eyes should appear,  
But a Flying Spaghetti Monster and three buccaneers.

With delicious looking meatballs George wanted to eat so quick,  
He knew in a moment it wasn't St. Nick.  
More rapid than eagles, her theories they came,  
And she whistled and shouted and called them by name:

*FSM:* Oh pirates, oh pirates  
There now are so few!  
George Bush, global warming  
Has been caused by you!  
Rising temperatures scorch!  
Cause the ice shelves to fall!  
The end of the pirates?  
The end of us all!"

*N* : As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,



