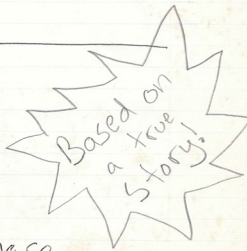


The Adventures
of
Vinny
in
Wonderland
Book III

MIXED
BREED

in

John's Nightmare
Before Christmas
an illustrated poem



The Cast:



John



Vinny



Jeff



Chris



Scott



Andy



Matt



Frank



Eddie



Denise



Steph



Michele



John
Gabriel



Alicia



Manny

T'was the night before Christmas,
and all through the band,
Ran visions of recording contracts,
glorious and grand,

For a new demo was cut,
with the greatest of care,
But still Jeff's attitude was:

Eh! Who cares?



You'll be signed soon!



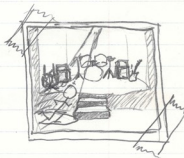
Scott, the manager said,
While visions of dollar signs,
danced through his head.

So Vinny with his Ibanez,
 and John with his bass,
 Readied another Christmas gig,
 at the traditional place,



When up by the stage,
 there arose such a chatter,
 John sprang from his seat,
 to see what was the matter.

Up to the stage,
 he flew like a flash,
 Just minutes before,
 the start of the bash.



Lime lights hit John,
from up high and down low,
To illuminate the stage,
and the fans down below,



When, what to his
Wondering eyes should appear,
But Frank with a coffee,
and Eddie a beer



He called up the band,
and when ready to go,
He gave a short intro,
and started the show.

Editor's Note:

I know the line's
corny, but it was
in the original
story



More rapid than eagles,
the guitar riffs came,
And after some songs,
they thanked fans by name.

Thanks Manny, and Steph,
and John Gabriel,
Alicia, and Matt,
Denise and Michele



To the top of the charts,
we shouted they'd go,

Now quit all your yapping,
and get on with the show!



So again they started playing,
and I heard the notes fly,
And after more songs,
John claimed "Be back in five!"



So after an hour,
they'd finally resume,
As Vinny played acoustic,
and started to croon.



Vinny!!! we all screamed,
at the top of our lungs,
But as we waved lighters,
disaster struck by the drums,



For John lost his ballance,
While turning around,
And tripped over the drum set,
With a tremendous sound.

He was covered with drums,
and stands made of metal,
And his face ended up,
by Chris' kick drum pedal.

Some cymbals that fell,
were strewn across his back,
And though he tried to look cool,
he looked like a quack.



Chris started to chuckle,
his laugh was so merry,
While John's cheeks were like roses,
blushed red as a cherry.

His droll little mouth,
was drawn up in a smile,
As he laid prone,
under the drums for a while.

Jeff stood indifferently,
a cigarette clenched in his teeth,
His shrugged shoulders encircled,
by smoke like a wreath,



And Vinny looked on,
On John's other side,
Laughing so hysterically,
he nearly cried.



I was laughing so hard,
with everyone else,
I fell over my chair,
and was laughed at myself.



John finally got up,
with some help from the others,
And started repairs,
as he slowly recovered.

He spoke not a word,
but went strait to his work,
And when he was done,
he turned with a smirk.

Jeff's only comment:

Oh well, that's how it goes.

While with sides still aching,
I finally arose.



Without further incidence,
they finished the show,
And with a word of thanks,
they turned to go,

But I heard them exclaim,
ere they stepped out of sight:

Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good night!

