

Bodie's Christmas Dream
by The Hag
with illustrations by The Simhag

I dreamed I sat on Santa's lap
(Yeah, all right. Too much booze)
And feared to voice my dearest wish,
The one thing that I'd choose.



I muttered: "All I really want
"Is Doyle to love me true."
But Santa said, "Then chance your arm,
"Tell *him* -- it's up to you."

I woke and took another swig,
Then dreamed (you'll laugh, I know)
Of Doyle upon a unicorn
Amidst the falling snow.



"Now look," snapped Doyle, "no virgin, me,
"As cruds go, you are dumb!
"Just dream me off this @\$%^^^ thing
"Before I freeze me bum."



I dreamed him to a bearskin rug
Beside a roaring fire.
"Now that's more like it," Raymond said,
Relinquishing his ire.

I dreamed him into nudity --
At least, his clothes were gone,
But somehow his damned socks and shoes
Remained securely on.



Confusion quickly covered up,
Doyle hummed a Christmas song,
Then said, "Me naked, you still dressed,
"Oi, sunshine, that seems wrong."

"You've still got trainers on," I groused.
Said Doyle, "You will discover
"I only show my naked feet
"When I'm with my true lover."

I snarled, "So what's this lover's name?"
Said Doyle, "What's that to you?"
I pleaded, "Can I have the job?"
He grinned. "All right, you'll do."

"But listen, mate, you can't resign,
"The deal's a lifelong stint,
"So better first read every word
"That's there in the fine print."

"Agreed," I said, "I'm yours alone
"While we are both alive,
"Which may not be so very long
"Since we're in CI5."



And on the rug we sealed our vows...

By climax I was woken,
My sheets were cold, and somewhat wet,
My heart was bloody broken.

I grabbed the phone and rang him up.
"I love you, Ray," I said.
He answered, "You've no bearskin rug,
"Just wait for me in bed."

Our Real Life dreams may yet come true
But seldom fast and thick,
And that of course is why we need
Our sappy Christmas fic.