



'Twas the night before Christmas  
And all through Nationwide  
Not a fan was stirring  
'Cause no one was inside

The jerseys were hung  
In the locker with care  
In hopes that  
A winning team soon would be there

The players were nestled  
All snug in their beds  
While visions of .500  
Danced in the heads

And Howson in his suit  
And Arniel in his cap  
Had just settled down  
To discuss the standings gap

When out on the rink

Arose such a clatter  
Both men sprung up  
To see what was the matter

Away to the window  
They flew like a flash  
Praying that nothing happened  
To Captain Rick Nash

The arena lights beamed  
On the rink of frozen snow  
Giving the luster of a season  
With an outcome they did not know

When, what to their wondering eyes should appear  
A [phallic cannon mascot](#) and a negative fiscal year

With a little zamboni driver  
So lively and quick  
They knew in a moment  
It must be St. Nick

And he whistled and shouted  
And called them by name  
Now Garon, now Tyutin, now Moreau, now Nash  
On Umberger, on Klesla, on Mason, on Brass

To the top of the Central,  
To the top of the West  
Now dash away, dash away all  
Before this franchise gets completely repossessed

So there's my Christmas wish for this team. Success. Without a doubt, the Blue Jackets are in dire financial straits and need to start putting together a winning product and getting the fans back. That would be a present to us all.

Merry Christmas to Rich Swerbinsky, the man who made TCF possible, to my fellow writers, and to all you readers and your families out there.