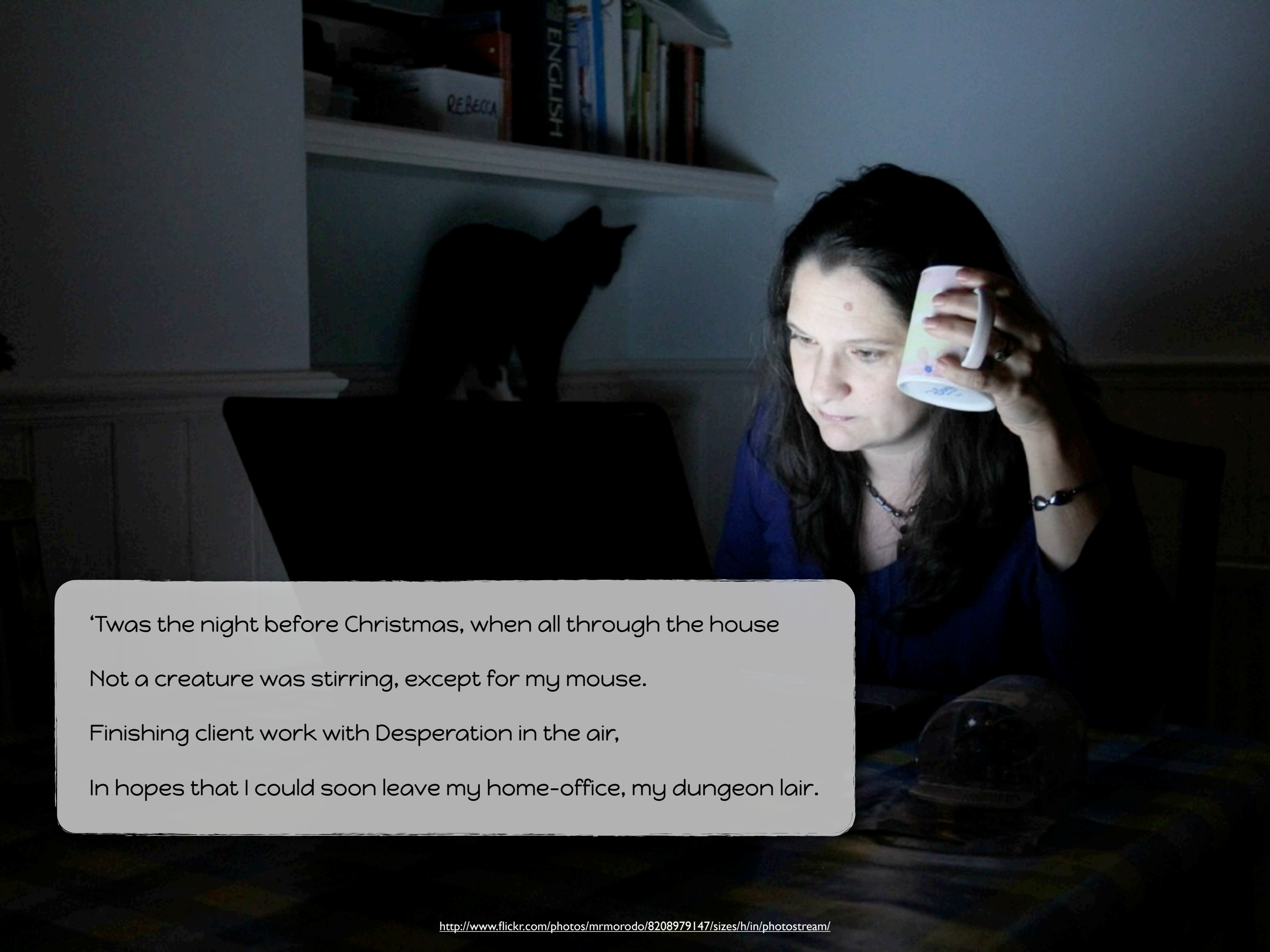


A photograph of a snowy night scene. In the foreground, there are snow-covered trees and bushes. In the background, several houses are visible, their roofs and windows illuminated by warm, yellow lights. The sky is dark and cloudy. The overall atmosphere is cozy and festive.

The Night Before Christmas

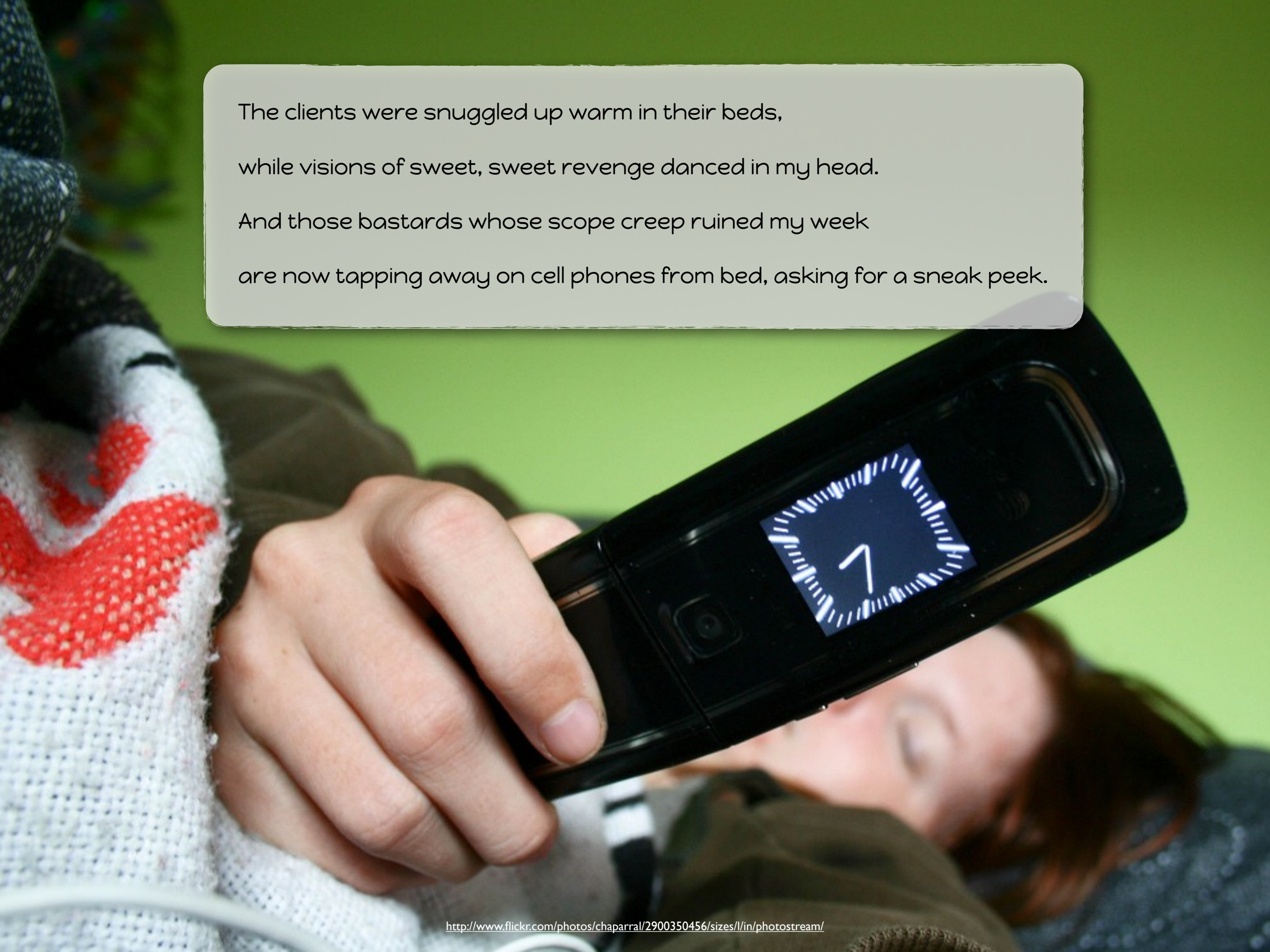
THE ENTREPRENEUR VERSION

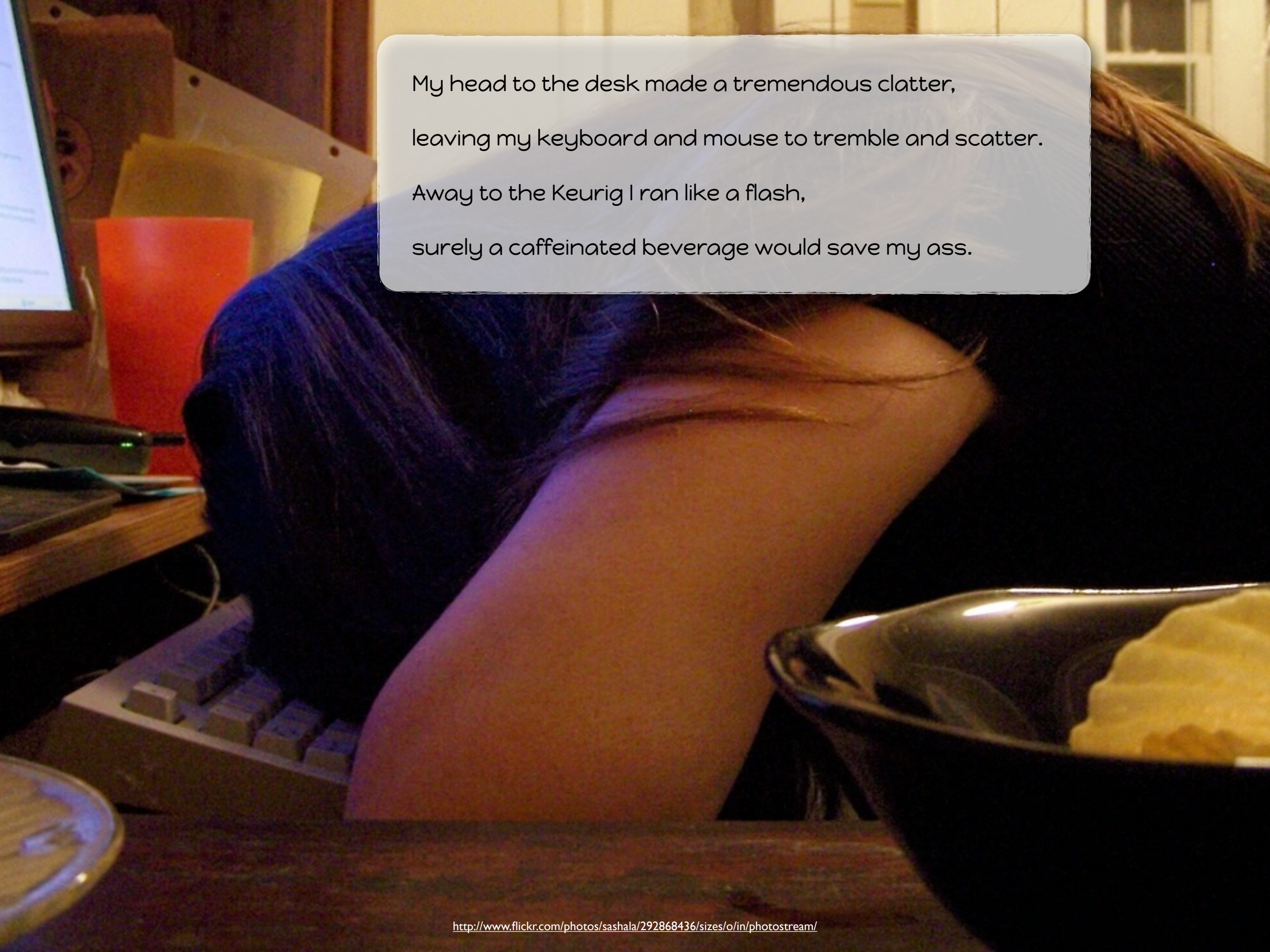
By Nick Armstrong of WTF Marketing



'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, except for my mouse.
Finishing client work with Desperation in the air,
In hopes that I could soon leave my home-office, my dungeon lair.

The clients were snuggled up warm in their beds,
while visions of sweet, sweet revenge danced in my head.
And those bastards whose scope creep ruined my week
are now tapping away on cell phones from bed, asking for a sneak peek.

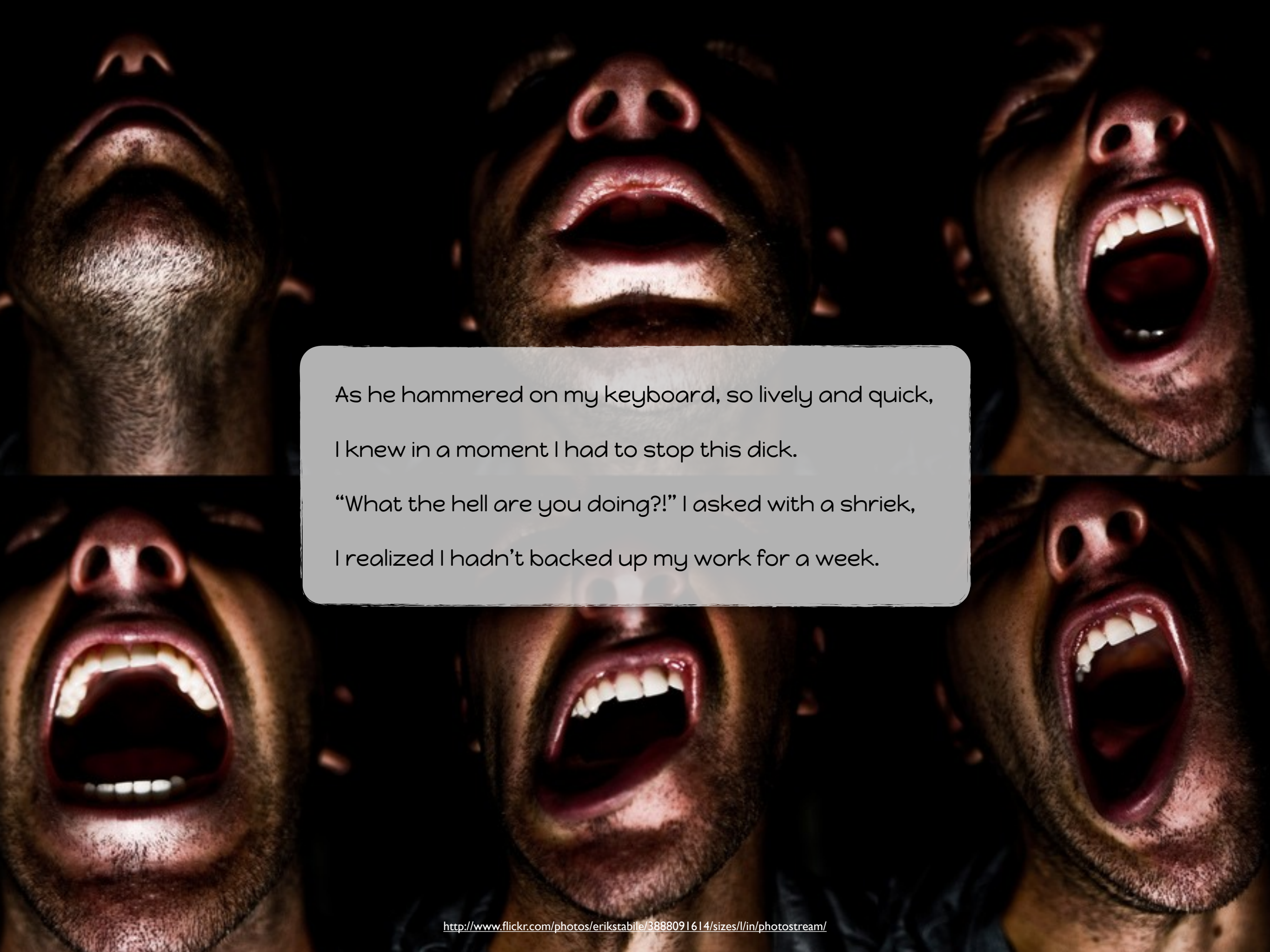




My head to the desk made a tremendous clatter,
leaving my keyboard and mouse to tremble and scatter.
Away to the Keurig I ran like a flash,
surely a caffeinated beverage would save my ass.



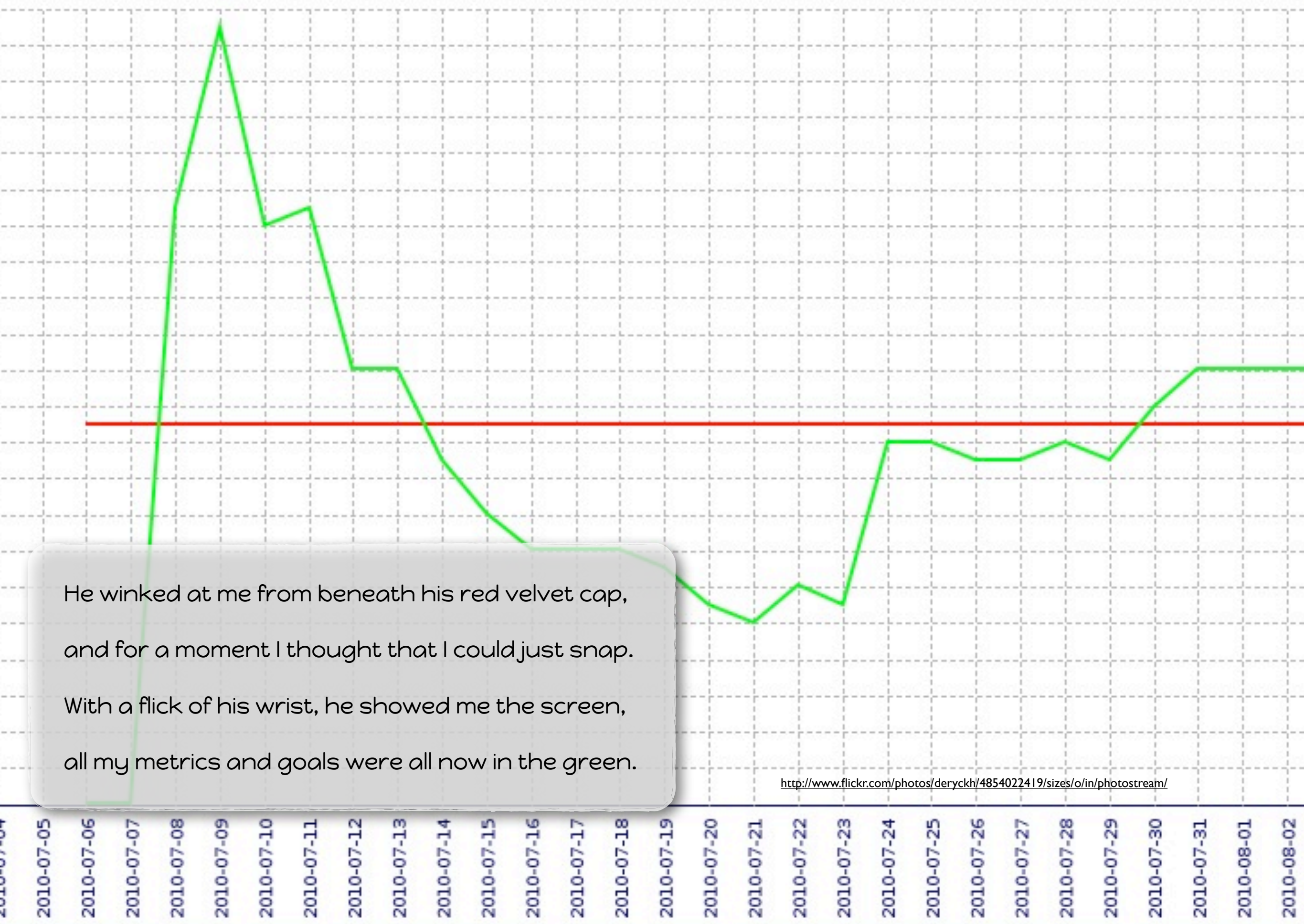
My laptop casting a snowy-white glow,
I avoid the clock - I just don't want to know.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a strange Red-Coated Fatass sitting in my chair.



As he hammered on my keyboard, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment I had to stop this dick.

“What the hell are you doing?!” I asked with a shriek,
I realized I hadn’t backed up my work for a week.

Percentage of invalid/opinion bugs with status flap (2010-07-03 - 2010-08-02)

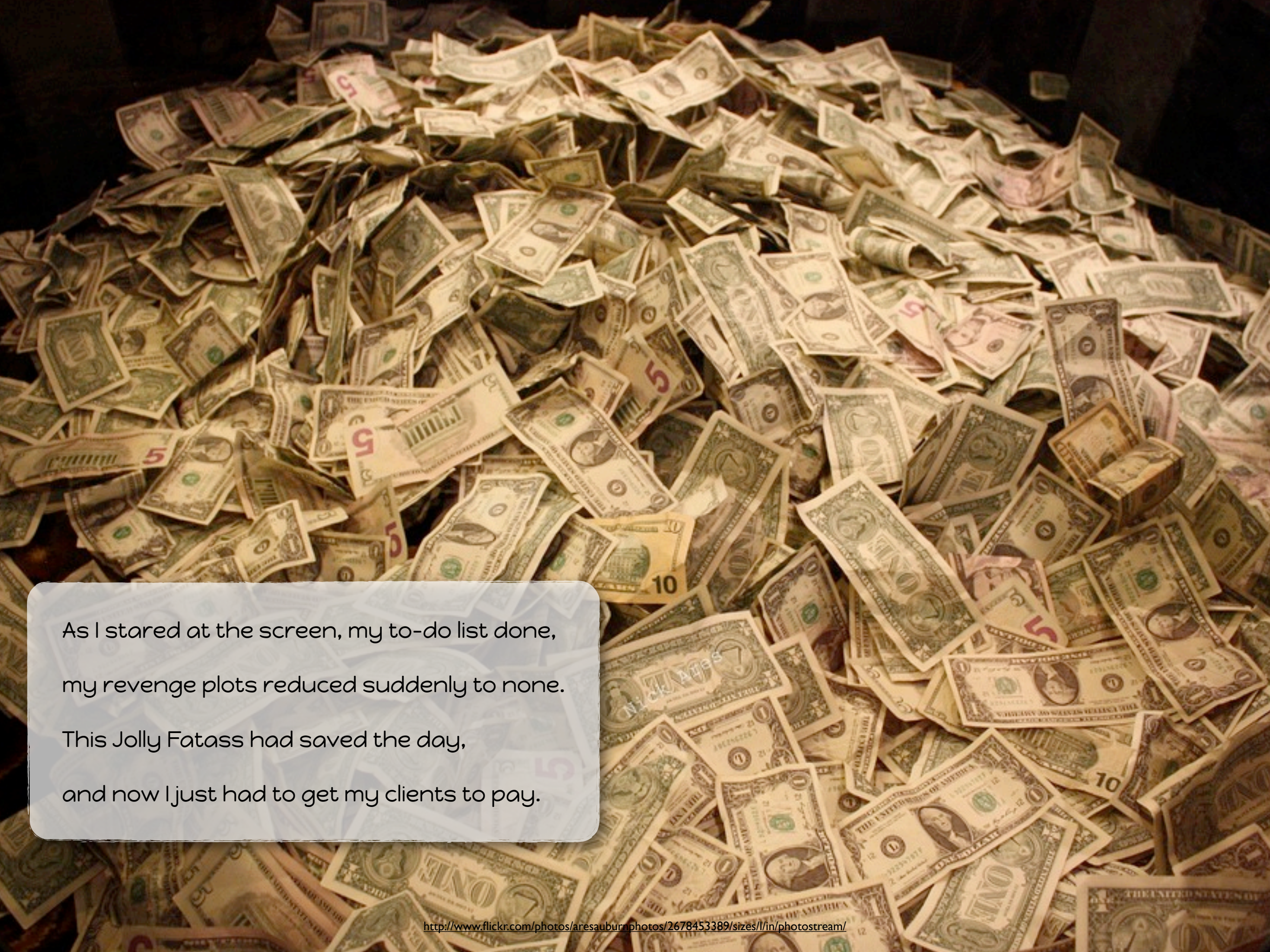


He winked at me from beneath his red velvet cap,
and for a moment I thought that I could just snap.
With a flick of his wrist, he showed me the screen,
all my metrics and goals were all now in the green.


<http://www.flickr.com/photos/deryckh/4854022419/sizes/o/in/photostream/>

“Now that your project is done, I’ll go tell Vixen.
I’ll hurry off quick - you might still get some sex in,”
The Jolly Old Man laughed like a creeper,
“Good thing your spouse is a heavy sleeper!”





As I stared at the screen, my to-do list done,
my revenge plots reduced suddenly to none.
This Jolly Fatass had saved the day,
and now I just had to get my clients to pay.



“Come Along Comet, Donder, and Cupid!

Before the clients ask for anything more stupid.

But don't worry, from their computers I deleted comic sans,”

We both laughed, high-fived, and did a happy dance.


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EVERY TIME YOU USE **COMIC SANS**

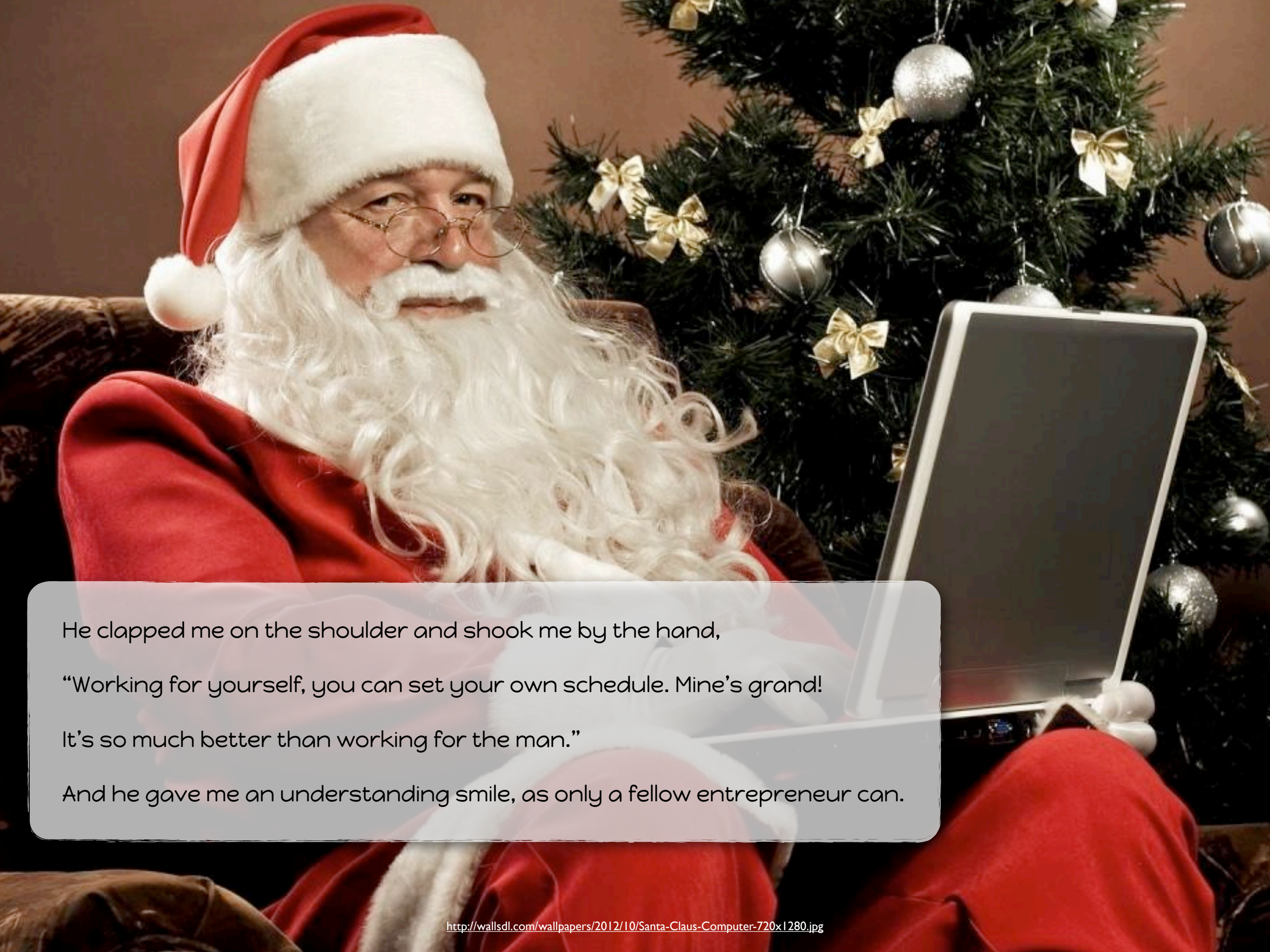
///////////////// A DESIGNER WILL LOSE HIS WINGS



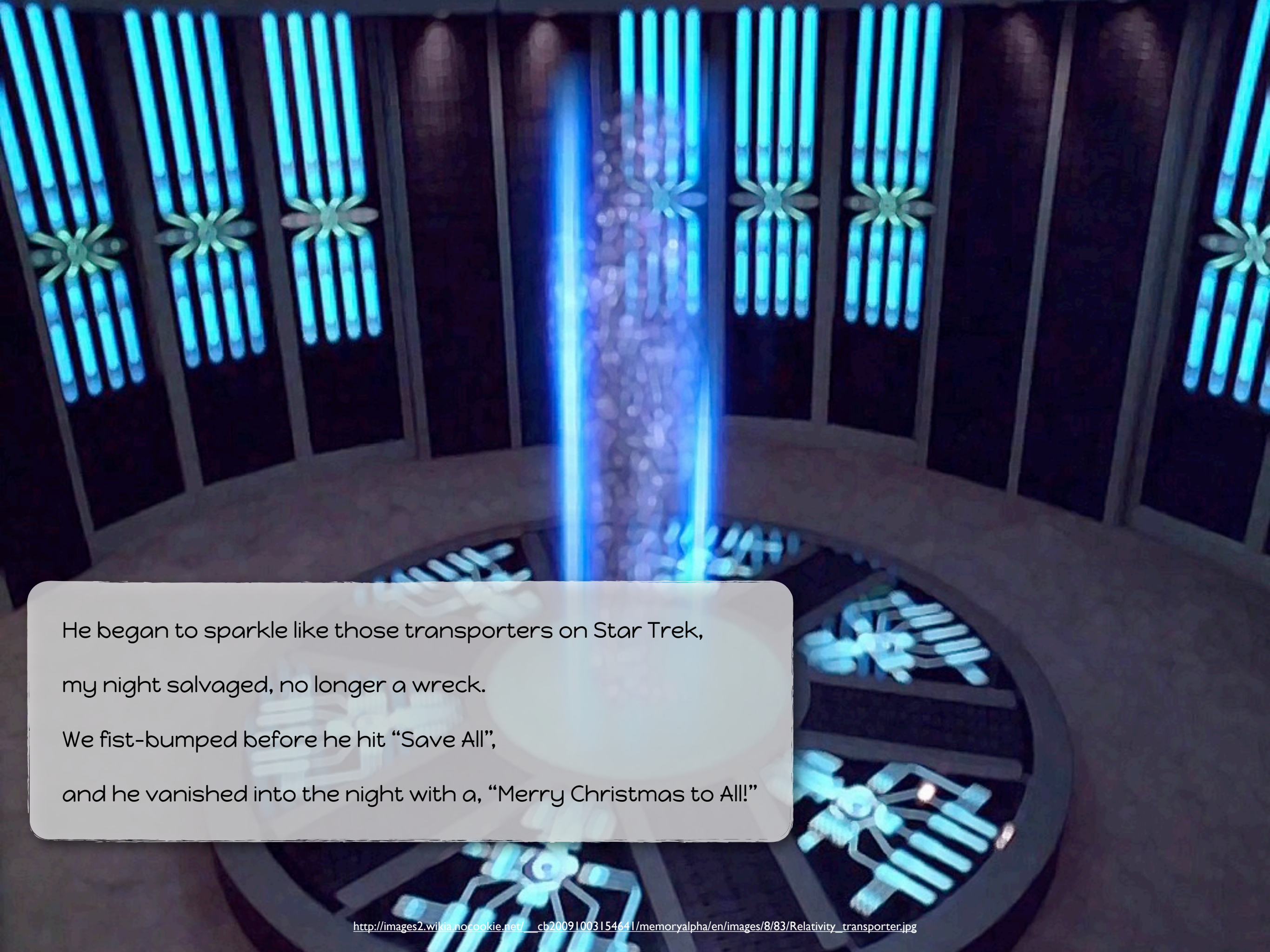
But who was this red-coated bastard who so easily had
broken into my house and done nothing bad?
His eyes twinkled brightly, his nose bright red.
Cookies on his breath with a hint of eggnog and nutmeg.



The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
and the funny smelling smoke Colorado legalized last week,
his long white beard and tummy distended like when I drink too much Fanta.
There was only one conclusion. "Holy fuck, you're Santa!"



He clapped me on the shoulder and shook me by the hand,
“Working for yourself, you can set your own schedule. Mine’s grand!
It’s so much better than working for the man.”
And he gave me an understanding smile, as only a fellow entrepreneur can.

The background image shows a transporter room from Star Trek. A bright blue energy beam is being projected from a circular platform on the floor. The room has dark walls with vertical panels, each featuring a cluster of blue lights and a green, star-like decorative element. The floor is a light gray color.

He began to sparkle like those transporters on Star Trek,
my night salvaged, no longer a wreck.

We fist-bumped before he hit “Save All”,
and he vanished into the night with a, “Merry Christmas to All!”

The End.

Or is it?

I'm back bi*ches!

Comic Sans

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