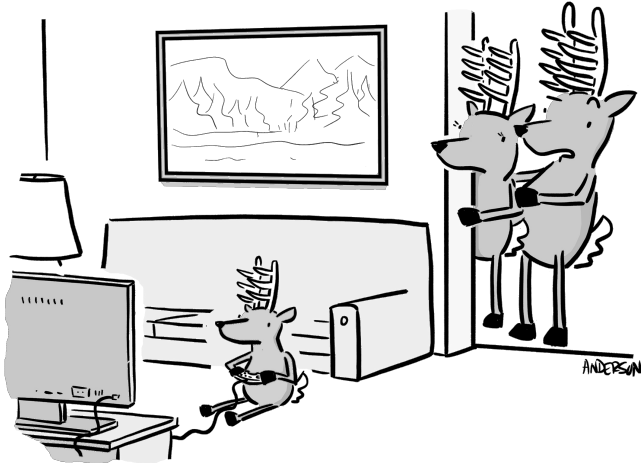


Ho Rudolph

by Jason Cohen on December 24, 2013

Rudolph claps back.



"I understand playing reindeer games, but watching other reindeer play them..."

Ho Rudolph—fog is thick tonight.

Can you ride point?

For the children.

Why is this email <https://three.sentenc.es/>

Ho Santa,

Oh damn, it's going to be like that.

All those years of name-calling, ostracized, excluded, and now, with NO NOTICE whatsoever, no "Hey Rudolph, how's it going, how's that new Klondike strategy of yours coming along," and now you NEED me?

Wait, wait, let me guess—I'm supposed to say "Oh Santa, thank you *so much* for the *opportunity*, I'm so grateful for *finally* being *included*, and being *useful* to Your Great Rotundity, I'm so *honored!*"

Maybe you and the other reindeer should have THOUGHT ABOUT THAT while you were calling me Pinocchio for the past 18 years. Maybe you should have THOUGHT ABOUT THAT while excluding me from every game of kick-ball and Parcheesi and Cards Against Caribou.

I'm pretty sure I wouldn't even like Parcheesi, but *how would I even know?*

So YEAH, I think I'll PASS on your "generous offer" of "upgrading" my reputation to "living foglight." I'm sure everyone will LOVE me then, right? This is my big turn-around moment? I have better things to do with the next 24 hours than taking sleet to the face while eight of my new "chums" stare at my ass and sleigh bells shatter my eardrums.

PS. Throwing the children in there was a low blow. That's your problem.

Excuse typos, all hooves from my iPad.

Printed from: *A Smart Bear*

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