



Twass the Night before Brier

by Denis Faubert

Twass the night before Brier, & all through the club,
Not a curler was curling, not one in the pub!

The banners were hung on the wall with great care,
In hopes that Glen Howard soon would be there.

While Graham checked entries, & sipped on his tea,
Roddy the Iceman, was scraping sheet three.

The ice, how it sparkled!, the stones how they gleamed!
Eagerly waiting the morning draw's team.

The curlers were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of trophies soon danced in their heads.

The rocks were aligned in a row four by four,
Looking for patrons, to come through the door.

The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow,
Gave way to the lustre of sunrise below

The dawn's early light had arrived by and by,
Along with eight curlers with brooms held on high.

And me with my slider, Emil with his hat,
Were just settling in, sliding out of the hack.

Then all of a sudden, there arose such a clatter,
We looked up to see, just what was the matter .

When what to our wondering ears should we hear,
But our skip saying loudly, "I want the rock here!"

"Now please brush it harder, much harder," said he
To the top of the four foot, and freeze it "thusly".

So, lively and quickly the brushers did sweep,
That the skip yelled and shouted "don't bring it to deep!"

Then, in a heartbeat, the granite rock stopped,
Relieved of this burden, my blood pressure dropped

The skip jumped six feet, to his team gave a whistle,
Shook hands with his front end, who helped just a little.

As briars before, both teams strove to score,
And soon it was clear that the end was quite near.

As often does happen, it came to last rocks,
And our skip for good measure had worn his red socks.

All eyes were upon him, not a sound in the house,
. **Not even a squeak from the club's only mouse**

And then, in a twinkling, the time did draw nigh
The skip set the broom and let out a sigh.

In prayerful repose, pulled the rock with a jerk,
Cleaned off the bottom and went straight to work

With a wink of his eye, and a nod of his head,
Soon gave us to know we had nothing to dread.

He drew back the rock, then sprang from the hack,
The stone almost flying, we were taken aback!

It was said as it passed, one could hear pebble sizzle,
Like the sound that one hears, of bacon on the griddle.

The rock reached it's target, with terrifying might,
A quadruple takeout, a spectacular sight!

The game had been won, our opponents undone,
We all gave a cheer, and then drank some beer.

As we left one by one, I looked up to the sky
And just for an instant, saw something streak by.

It was said of that night, as I gazed on that sight
T'was no more than a shimmering, flickering light

I beseech each of you, to consider this true,
In that fraction of time, I had seen the sublime

A right jolly old elf, so full of good cheer,
And a miniature sleigh with eight tiny reindeer.

As he flew threw the air with nary a care,
I heard him exclaim, with grandiose flair

Happy Brier to All, and to all a Good Night!