



## A Visit from St. Kelce



*J* was the night before game day and all throughout Dallas, the kids knew the Eagles would storm Jerry's palace. Stripper stockings were hung in his luxury suite, where he'd soon watch the Cows get their punk asses beat.

The Cowboys were sweating while tucked their beds, with nightmares of the Birds' next TD in their heads. Zeke counting his plums during each Pollard snap, settled in with McCarthy to watch Garrett clap.

When out on the field there arose such a quake, Jerry dropped his McGriddle and salted his shake. Down to the sideline he raced in a jiffy, though his sodium levels were medically iffy.

The glow of the moon on the freshly cut grass, gave the luster of game time despite nary a pass. Then what to his surgically altered eyes should appear, but a Kelly Green slay\* and eight guys drinking beer.

With a 300lb driver so bearded and healthy, he knew in an instant it must be St. Kelce! The Philadelphia Eagles! They flew in formation. Jason yelled to the best friggin' team in the nation.

"Now AJ!, now Smitty! now Sanders! and Jordan! On Brandon! on Johnson! on, Goedert! and Jalen! To the back of the endzone on a 4th and 1 call, now do it each time that we touch the damn ball!"

As rowdy fans that before the first quarter do drink, and yell at the ref 'cause his holding calls stink, so up to the nosebleeds the players they flew, with a 13-1 record and Coach Nicholas too!

And then in a twinkling, Jerry's courage was fleeting, on the heels of another Doug Pederson beating. As he sputtered and spoke barely turning around, down the concourse St. Kelce came with a bound!

He was dressed like a Mummer, smelled of whiskey and meat, and he strut' like a guy who came straight from South Street. A Super Bowl trophy he waved in Jones' face, as he cheerfully stomped on old Jerr's sacred space.

His eyes how they glinted, his dimples how scary, because this ain't the 90s. It's our world now Jerry! The beard on his chin was made for a party while the Eagles take aim at another Lombardi.

The sad fall of Wentz getting small in the mirror as MVP Jalen Hurts crushes this year. Kelce had a bold laugh and swift downfield block as he readied his speech for the post-parade talk.

He was charming and funny, a true Christmas tune peddler and Jerry hated himself for being a meddler. But a wink of his eye, on the very next play, made Jerr' realize the Eagles would still roast his nuts anyway.

And putting a foot to the back of his rump, Kelce booted the owner like Biden did Trump. He spoke not a word, but pointed to Maui, where he often vacationed with Hanukkah Howie.

Then turning the tables like a Dak interception, he was off faster than Jerral could lose an erection. He sprang to his slay\*, Jerry still in a coma, "Now on to the playoffs. Last stop: Arizona!"

But Jerry heard him exclaim as he took to the sky, "*Merry Christmas! F Dallas! And FLY EAGLES FLY!*"