

Hi guys, my name is Rece Tunnell, and I made a bet with someone I shouldn't have. Well... I made a good bet that was "fair" and benefited me greatly, but I didn't account for what would happen, if the other party didn't want to payup. In my defence, counting cards in poker isn't *technically* cheating. As it turns out, Santa Claus is a **sore loser**.

It was a warm christmas night in the bahamas. Me and the other holiday mascots were playing our annual game of poker. Every holiday mascot was there, including Santa Claus, The Easter Bunny, The Tooth Fairy, Sandman, Cupid, Uncle Sam, Jake Frost, and Bob the Leprechaun. This year it was Cupid's job to host game. Speaking of Cupid, he was currently slouched over the toilet puking his guts out from a little too much eggnog. After about 3 hours of playing, it was only me and Jolly Old St. Nick left.

"I'm all in." said Santa, while he chomped on his Candy Cane Cigar.

"You sure you want to lose old man?" I ask Santa while shooting him a questioning look, and he gave me a cocky grin in reply. I knew I had him beat, I had a Royal Flush and I knew he couldn't have had a better hand because all of the other Aces had been played. We showed each other our hands and I saw the look of despair on his face, I had won the game.

I watched as his expression slowly turned from despair to angered as I bragged about me winning.

"Well, old pal, better luck next time." I said hubristically, as I reached for my winnings.

"WAIT!" cried Santa impatiently "Wait just one moment, I have another proposal."

"I'm listening?" I said curiously. I figured his proposal had to be good, considering the fact that this guy could give toys to all of the children on earth in one night.

"If you let me have all of the winnings, I'll give you this" he said while showing me the snowglobe. It wasn't very amazing, the only remarkable thing about the snowglobe was that there was a town with little snowmen dressed like soldiers who were walking around it.

"I'm not very impressed, it just looks like something that I would put on my shelf." I announced unimpressed as I went to grab my winnings.

"WAIT! Hold your horses, this snowglobe is magical," Santa announced, while I raised an eyebrow. " It will allow you to have one wish for whatever you ask."

"Interesting. It will give me whatever I ask for?" I said, suddenly interested.

“Yes, whatever you ask for, all you have to do is say ‘I, Rece Tunnell, claim ownership of this burden.’” He said simply. It seemed too easy, but who could pass up an offer like that.

“You got yourself a deal old man.” I said while Santa grumbled under his breath “I’m only one thousand two hundred and ninety-three” while we shook hands. He handed me the snowglobe and grabbed at the money eagerly.

I was anxious to try it out, so I grabbed the snowglobe and said “I, Rece Tunnell, claim ownership of this burden.” I then noticed Santa looking at me manically as he said “Good Luck.”

Suddenly, I was sucked into the snow globe without any warning. I should have been smart enough to know that it was a trap. I looked around inside the snowglobe and saw all of the snowmen looking and me as their coal eyes turned red.

‘Well, that can’t be good.’ I thought as the snowmen started to chase me. I ran down the street until I found a building to hide in. I ran in and locked the door while the snowmen tried to break it down. I looked around and saw posters advising me to brush my teeth and a giant tooth that read ‘Dentist’ on it. What a second...teeth. I really hoped this works.

“I wish to summon the Tooth Fairy!” I yelled praying that it would work. Suddenly, the Tooth Fairy appeared with a surprise look on his face.

“What, where am I?” he said confused until he spotted me “Oh... It’s you”

“You have to get me out of here, Santa trapped me in snowglobe that granted me one wish because I beat him in poker!” I yelled hoping the Tooth Fairy could help me.

“Wait, if you could have a wish of your granted, why didn’t you just wish to get out?” he asked while looking at me like I was an idiot.

“Umm... I hadn’t thought about that...” I said while the Tooth Fairy facepalmed and said “Grab on.” and he teleported us out of the snowglobe.

We appeared back in the poker room and I thanked the Tooth Fairy for saving me while he just flew off annoyed. I looked around and saw Santa sleeping on a chair near the poker table with his a sack full of MY winnings next to him.

I tapped on his shoulder, causing him to wake up startled and sleepily yawn “Whaa... What do you want?”

“Hey buddy.” I said cheerfully, as I took the sack of money and punched him in the face, knocking the jolly old fat man out. I then proceeded to leave the building and go to my private yacht to sail off into the distance.