

# Jesus Vs. Santa

By : **Harlowe Pilgrim**

If Jesus isn't happy, nobody's going to be happy. Jesus Christ is not pleased with Santa Claus and the secular celebration of his birthday. A chance meeting brings them together, and their wives—Mary Magdalene and Mrs. Claus—have their hands full. (Adult Humor) This is the first 3 chapters of my book  
Jesus Vs. Santa



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# Jesus Vs. Santa

Enjoy Irresponsibly.

-Harlowe Pilgrim

**Jesus Vs. Santa**

**The Famous Novel By Harlowe Pilgrim**

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## Chapter One

“FUCK!” Jesus slammed the front door and stomped into the house.

His wife rolled over in her bed, stretched her arms overhead, and yawned. “Sounds like The Prince of Peace is home – so much for my nap.” She turned onto her side, propped her head up on her elbow, and waited, her gaze fixed upon the closed bedroom door.

His angry footsteps echoed through the hallway.

“Uh oh – this doesn’t sound good –”

The door burst open.

“Sweetheart!” she said. “Welcome home! How about a kiss? Did you have a good day?”

“A good day, Mary? A good fucking day, Mary Magdalene? A miserable PIECE OF SHIT day is more like it!”

“Oh oh,” she thought, “if Jesus isn’t happy, then ain’t nobody’s going to be happy –”

“DAMN RIGHT nobody’s going to be happy, Mary –”

“He’s just like the lead singer of a rock band – so temperamental –”

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â Fuckinâ A, womanâ will you be serious for a minute?â

â Jesus Christ, are you reading my mind again? I thought we talked about that.â

â Damn it, I canâ t help it â l!â

â Fine. The point is, at the risk of sounding insensitive â l your day â l whatever happened â l it canâ t be that bad. Maybe if you just take a deep â l!â

â Noâ it *is* that bad. Thatâ s the fucking point.â

â Okay then, Jesus. Out with it â l whatâ s so fucking bad?â

â Itâ s that fat little FUCK! That red-suited motherfucker!â

â Red-suited motherfucker?â she said. â *That sounds like a fish,*â she thought, â *like the yellow-bellied cocksucker I caught when we took that fishing trip.*â

â No, itâ s not a fish, Mary.â He sat down next to her on the bed. â And neither is a yellow-bellied cocksucker. But Santa is one of those too, now that I think about it.â

â Huh? Youâ re talking about Santa Claus? Youâ re calling him a fish?â

â Noâ Iâ m calling him a cocksucker.â

â So, thatâ s what this is about? Santa? Being a motherfucker and a cocksucker?â

â Well, youâ d have to agreeâ my birthdayâ s a huge deal, right?â

â Yeah, but whatâ s that have to do with mother fucking and cock sucking?â

â Just humor me, alright?â

â Sure â l yes, of course, itâ s a *huge* deal, your birthday; the biggest holiday of the year, on Earth *and* in heaven. Your party last night was â l epic.â She stopped and rubbed her temples. â So epic, I woke up this morning with a *splitting* headache. Think you could help a girl out with it?â

He laid a hand on the top of her head. â Thereâ youâ re healed. Better now?â

â Yes. All better, thank you.â

â Good. So, today, I was still feeling high from my party; I mean *sky high*, if you know what I mean.â

â I think I do.â

â But then I got a taste of the news â l!â He handed her a newspaper. â â l and it killed my fucking buzz, deader than Elvis. That ASSHOLE!â

â Elvis? Elvis is an *asshole* now? I thought you liked him.â

â No, not Elvis; check out the paper.â

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She opened it up. "Looks like a lot of feel good stuff!" Christ-mas stories!

"A lot of Christmas *shit* is more like it."

"So what's the problem, honey? Christmas is all about *you*, and you've always been such a big fan of *you*."

"No," he said. "It only started out being about me, and that was a *long* fucking time ago. Now it's all about ribbons, wrapping paper, and the almighty fucking dollar. It's so materialistic, it makes me sick. They've taken all the *Christ* out of it—they ought to have to change the fucking name."

"Jesus, don't you think you're exaggerating just a little?"

"Well Mary, look in that newspaper; how many stories do you see about me? Kids born in manglers? Anything like that?"

She scanned a few pages. "Here. In the crime section—something about a nativity scene getting stolen from a church display. Does that count?"

"It counts—as bullshit. And it's all that fucking Santa Claus's fault. He did this—he made Christmas the way it is. I'm just an afterthought now."

She set the paper down and began caressing his arm. "Honey, it's awfully hard for you to compete with Santa, giving away all of that free stuff."

"Tell me about it," he said. "He's buying votes, like a crooked fucking politician. I know that's oxymoronic, but the point is, Christmas is bought and fucking paid for."

"Honey, you're not an oxymoron." She sat up and kissed him on the cheek, her hand sliding from his arm to stroking wide circles on his robed back. For a moment, Jesus's troubles drifted away.

The reprieve, however, was only temporary.

"It's my frigging birthday! Who told that asshole he could steal it? Motherfucker!"

"Jesus," she said, still trying to work on his back.

"I am the son of God! And he's just a son of a bitch!"

"Jesus, don't you think that's a little un—"

"Un what? Unbefitting of my regal stature?" He stroked his royal beard. "You might have a point if I wasn't so pissed off."

"Un—" she attempted to continue.

"I'll tell you what's unbefitting of my regal stature; it's the way that asshole in red is treating me! No respect! That rat bastard is way, way out of line!"

Mary waited a second. "Unfair. Don't you think it's a little *unfair* is what I was going to say."

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He glared at her as if she'd been unfaithful.

“Isn't what Santa does supposed to be a tribute to you?” she asked.

“I don't see the fuck how. Stealing my thunder is what he's doing.”

“Jesus?”

“The bottom line is, it's my day, and he's taken it over. It sucks, and he sucks. For a hundred years, he's been working to take it away from me—and the fucking papers are so proud of him! That passes for reporting? Journalism *is* dead!”

He picked up the newspaper and threw it on the floor, then set his face in his hands. “Sons of bitches.”

“Jesus,” she said, getting up out of bed, “I want to make you feel better.” She turned and faced her husband. “So tell me, what can I do?”

He looked up from his hands, and caught her untying the sash of her flowing silken robe.

Then, smiling like a cat, she pulled the garment open, and let it fall to the floor.

“You're definitely onto something here, Mary.” He laid his hands on her hips. “You're never going to believe this—but I feel a little better already.”

## Chapter Two

“And 3, 2, 1—you're live, Santa!” the cameraman said.

Poised to begin the interview, Santa took a deep breath. “Okay,” he thought, anticipating any second the sound of the popular news anchor's voice. “Don't forget to be jolly, and remember to stay the fuck away from politics.”

A long, surprisingly silent moment passed—followed by another—and another.

Santa squinted into the camera. “Bo, what the hell is going on? Where the hell are they?”

The cameraman popped up from behind the camera, scratched his head, and shrugged his shoulders.

“Is the fucking studio broken down again? Goddamn it!” Santa whipped off his earpiece and microphone and stood up out of his chair.

“Everything's dead, Santa. Sorry.”

“Where the hell is Nigel? We've got to get this shit fixed, on the goddamned double.”

“I don't know, Santa. I'll go find him.” He was already headed for the door.

“Yes!” Santa said, “On the double—*please!*”

Bo was gone.

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“Fucking elves; I get them everything they need – tools – training – and then they screw me like this,” sputtered Santa.

“Hey Santa.” Another elf had entered the studio, lackadaisically slurping the contents from a giant mug, and moving very slowly. “Have you tried this new hot chocolate from the coffee shop? It’s Irish! I wonder if I’m Irish.”

“NIGEL! What the hell are you doing?”

“What do you mean? You almost scared me out of my boots, big guy. I could have spilled my –”

“Sorry I yelled at you,” Santa said, “but we’re in big fucking trouble here. Bo went to find you. The studio’s not working, and I’m supposed to be on TV *right now*.”

“Oh, shit.” I’ll check it out. Here, hold this.” Nigel handed Santa his mug. “But don’t drink it.”

“Wouldn’t think of it,” Santa said. “You know I’m a beer man.”

The elf hustled over to the camera, and began to examine it, before moving on to Santa’s microphone and earpiece, and some of the other studio equipment.

“Hmmm,” he said, stepping over to the large electrical panel on the wall. “Hmmm,” he said again as he surveyed the panel’s contents.

“Nigel!” Bo said as he came through the studio door. “Where the fuck have you been?”

“I’ve been right here, helping,” Nigel said. “Where the fuck have you been?”

“Never mind that shit, you guys,” Santa said. “Are you getting anywhere with this, Nigel? Please say you are.”

“The only problem I see is this,” Nigel said, reaching into the panel. He flipped a switch, and the studio crackled to life.

“And for our Christmas wrap-up this December twenty-sixth,” they heard the perky female voice say over the studio sound system, “we have a special – *the most special* – Christmas celebrity guest, here for you on the *Wake Up World Morning Show*.”

“Shit! The interview!” Santa scrambled back into his seat.

Nigel hurried Santa’s microphone and earpiece back into place, and Bo got his ass back behind the camera.

“Santa Claus, please say hello to our television audience.”

“Ho Ho Ho! Good morning – and I hope everyone had a merry Christmas!”

“I’m sure they did, Santa,” the interviewer replied. “At least all of us good little boys and girls did!”

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Santa leaned into the camera, a stern expression on his face. "And don't you forget, young lady! I know exactly which list you are on."

"Oh, well!" she stumbled.

"Ho Ho Ho! Santa was just having a little fun with you. Kind of awkward though, wasn't it?"

"I thought so," Bo whispered to Nigel, who'd joined him behind the camera.

"No, not awkward at all," said the interviewer. "When you're good, you know it."

"I'm sure you do, Ho Ho Ho! Well anyhow, we look for the best in everybody around Christmas. That keeps it fun for me, too."

Nigel turned to Bo. "You know how the studio wasn't working before? We should make sure it's *turned on* next time."

Bo nodded his head in agreement.

"So Santa," the interviewer said, "I'm sure our audience is curious as to just how big a Christmas the world had this year. Do you have any numbers for us?"

"Well, we did add to our business this year, as a matter of fact. We haven't had a chance to crunch the final numbers yet—but all indications are that we had more good kids this year than ever before."

"And what do you say to those who suggest that is more a case of the bar being lowered as to what is considered good behavior, and modern society's reluctance to label their *naughty* children as *naughty*?"

"I can assure you that, while the situation you described may well be the case, we at The North Pole are using the same formulas that we always have. There is no inflation of statistics, behavioral or otherwise, where Santa is concerned." "Jesus," he thought, "this is starting to feel like a *goddamned interrogation*."

"That's certainly good to hear. Can you tell us, Santa, what will you do now, with Christmas behind you, and the end of the holiday season in sight? Since next Christmas is a whole year away, will you get back to work immediately, or do you take time off?"

"Ho Ho Ho! That's a great question, and I'm happy to talk about it, because it's got a *great* answer. I frankly don't recall ever having been asked about what happens *after* Christmas."

"So why don't you answer it?" she said. "I mean—*fabulous*. What happens after Christmas, Santa?"

"Uh—but each year after Christmas, what happens upon my return to the North Pole is—essentially, nothing. We shut down for a couple weeks, and relax. Mrs. Claus and I sometimes travel—but the elves kick back—but we get the chance to recover from the massive Christmas effort—and get ready to ramp up to the next one."

"Interesting," she said. "And when do you start watching again, to see who's naughty or nice, for next year?"

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“ Oh, that never stops. The nice and naughty lists are constantly updated—we’re always watching.”

“ No kidding, Santa. I guess we’d all better keep that in mind.”

“ It wouldn’t be a bad idea. In fact, I recommend it.”

“ Great advice for all the girls and boys out there,” she said. “ Thank you Santa, for being with us this morning. It’s been *fascinating*, as always.”

“ Thank you,” Santa said. “ And I’ll be seeing you.”

“ *Santa Claus*, everybody; be good, for goodness sake. Next up: The President undergoes surgery to remove his head from his buttocks—stay tuned.”

“ And we’re out,” Bo said.

“ Great interview, boss,” added Nigel.

“ Thanks, kiss-ass.”

Bo started laughing.

“ No, really,” Santa said, “ thanks. They make me feel like I’m testifying on the stand sometimes. I think they’re jealous they can’t wear red like I can.”

“ Now agree, Nige. Tell him how good he looks.”

“ Fuck you, Bo.”

“ Bo don’t forget,” Santa said. “ If you make him stop kissing my ass, guess who’s next in line for the job! Ho Ho Ho!”

“ See, Bo? Someone has to do it.”

They enjoyed a good laugh together.

After a few minutes, Santa noticed a pretty blond face in the window of the studio door. “ Now there’s a sight for tired eyes!” He bade her to join them, and she obliged.

“ Hi boys,” she said

It was only then that Bo and Nigel, who were still in the throes of yucking it up, realized they had company. They suddenly clammed up and stood at attention, like a superior officer had just walked in.

“ Hi Mrs. Claus,” the elves greeted her in unison.

“ At ease, soldiers. And what was so funny? Nigel kissing Santa’s ass again?”

“ HA!” Bo laughed. “ See? Even she knows.”

“ Ho Ho Ho! Don’t worry Nigel—like I said, I’m fine with it.”



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“Geez, with friends like you guys,” Nigel said. “Keep laughing. You can all kiss *my* ass.”

“Aw, come on buddy,” Bo said. “Let’s go have a drink. It’s party time.”

“Okay,” Nigel said. “Bye Mrs. Claus and Santa.”

“Have a good time, boys,” Santa said.

Mrs. Claus waved goodbye, and they watched the elves go. “How was the interview, Kris?”

“Not bad,” Santa answered. “But so far I like *after the interview* a whole lot better.” He put his arms around her and pulled her close. “Even better now.”

“I bet you’re exhausted.”

“Nah, I’m feeling peppy as hell” for an undead fucking zombie.” He smiled wearily.

She buried her face in his red-suited shoulder, and gave him a hug. He sighed, and patted her on the back.

“You know,” he said, “I vaguely remember making some vacation plans”

“You do?” she said. “I’d question that memory. I recall us having plans” that *I* made” while you were busy being a work-aholic.”

“Yeah. Those plans.”

“Oh, then I guess I know the ones you mean.”

“Tell me, Madam,” Santa evoked his most noble British accent. “Shall we stand around here all day, rather than making haste for our vacation destination?”

“You sound like a butler when you talk like that.”

“Just play along, will you?”

“I meant, *Sir*,” she said, doing her best American southern belle. “I would most certainly enjoy accompanying you anywhere!”

“I love it when you do voices,” Santa said.

“And I certainly put up with you when you do them,” she replied, still in character. “You big, strong, handsome man!”

“You’re going to make my head swell if you keep talking like that.”

“Unless I’m mistaken, Sir” She rubbed up against him. “It feels like I already have.”

## Chapter Three

“Jesus, honey?”

“Yeah?”

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â I was just thinking about something.â

Jesus groggily rubbed his eyes. â Thatâ s good to know. About anything in particular?â

â You know how youâ ve been a little ... down â ! over your birthday?â

â Yeah, I guess maybe I have been a *little bit* ornery.â

â Yes â ! a little. Anyhow, what if we went away for a little â !â

â Shock therapy? I donâ t knowâ it didnâ t seem to help much last time.â

â â ! vacation. A vacationâ itâ s not shock therapy, but I think it would be good for us.â

â Vacation, eh? That could be nice, except you know how whenever you take me anywhere, you always end up saying *you canâ t take me anywhere?*â

â I do recall saying that,â Mary said.

â So what about it? Probably makes it a non-starter, right?â

â I think it would be just the thing to perk you up.â

â What about my track record of bad behavior?â

â Canâ t you try to be on your best behavior this time?â

â I guess I can *try* to be on my *best* behavior, but â !â

â Well, I guess that will have to doâ what more can I ask than your best?â â *Besides,*â she thought, â *the place will be full of other wonderful women trying to put up with their asshole husbands.*â

â Hey! I heard that!â

â I knew you would,â she said. â Thatâ s why I thought it.â

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