



# The First Christmas

from the memory  
of  
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o. It's about 0 with respects to dating. Prior to this day—right at the tail end of this wonderful, white and wintry Middle Eastern December—there were about 2,000 years of what you might call “dark times.” “Dark” only in the sense that there was a lot of disease and human sacrifices, etc. That would continue, sure, but this particular day, in the year of 0, as we said, would bring about a little ray of sunshine into a world that would span hundreds of miles (in all directions!). You see, the king of Egypt, who was named Pharaoh, or Tut, had a particular problem. Sitting atop his throne, he had to figure out how many people he needed to feed. There were starving people always begging for scraps, and, frankly, Tut or Pharaoh had had it up to here with all of that rubbish. “We need a better system,” he told his assistant, a little guy named Solomon, or David in Hebrew. Now Solomon or David said to Tut or Pharaoh, “Last week sometime you had a dream of seven cows, who were all just a bunch of skinny little buggers. I mean, you wouldn't want to eat any of these—they were that skinny! You have to look for the prophecy here from God or Yahweh. Clearly God or Yahweh is telling you to feed these cows because, well, frankly, they are so skinny you couldn't even eat them, let alone wouldn't. Those thinsome cows are, in fact, your loyal subjects. You must feed them with oats and mudcakes so that you can properly eat them.” Tut (o. P.), excited, was like, “This is why I pay you the big bucks! Get all my people together, and take a head

count. I want to know just how many cows or subjects I have to feed.” So, Solomon (o. D.) sent out a letter for the town crier that was like, “Here ye, here ye. It is now ordered by the King of Egypt that everyone will go back to the place from whence ye came. Stay there, and someone will be by between noon and five.” The townspeople groaned and started packing their bags. They had not planned on a road trip, but typically if one didn’t do what was asked of the King, one was boiled in olive oil. One of these townspeople was one lady named Mary, who was also pregnant, although a thing had not gone into her thing. This was fairly uncommon in 0, and for fear of repercussions from the townspeople—tossed stones and the like—Mary had a guy-friend named Joseph, who happened to be unaffiliated with any of the local wenches. Mary told Joseph the whole thing, and he was like, “Say, why don’t I pretend that I put my thing in your thing, and then a) your bases are covered with regards to tossed stones, and b) I don’t look like a gay for having no ladies or anything?” Mary thought this was a great idea. Oh, and also they were both from a little dump called Bethlehem (Hebrew for “North Star”—this’ll figure in later, so don’t lose it.) So, they pack up their donkey and Joseph hops on top—it was a very patriarchic society, which meant that, even pregnant, women had to not ride on the donkey when there was a man there that wanted to ride on the donkey; he could certainly give her the spot, if compelled to do so, but who wouldn’t want to ride on the donkey? They affixed a stick from which dangled a carrot,

and they headed off to Bethlehem, a week's ride or three miles. But there was a slight issue with regards to lodging. There wasn't none. All of the B&B's kept saying, "You really should have made a reservation. We could fit you in sometime around the summer solstice ..." but that was just ridiculous. Mary's feet by the seventh or eighth no-room B&B were pounding and looked like two big-huge hams. Joseph had the map out on the donkey's mane, but this being kind of a dumpy town, there were no other B&Bs. There was like one restaurant in this whole place, and that, too, was bulging from the crowd. By this point, Mary's feet were like these big, dirty, deformed dwarves who wouldn't just die already. Luckily, Mary couldn't see over her huge stomach, because if she saw how bloody and disgusting they were from all the water retention and walking, she probably would have fainted. "Well," said Joseph, folding his map high atop his donkey, "we are officially f—ked." The irony was not lost on Mary, who rubbed her belly; she might have even laughed but it required too much energy. Mary, who had lost all feeling below her waist, was like, "My dogs are barking! Let's just go sit in that barn for a minute." Over a ways there was this ramshackle building that may at one time in days gone by have been a barn, but which now had no architectural value. There were some mangy animals that all looked sick and were staggering around with little bits of hay stuck to their sides. "Oh, wonderful," said Joseph, scowling at Mary, "The Leprosy Inn: It does cost you an arm and a leg." Mary, however, was already walking over

there, shooing away a skeleton that looked kind of like a goat. “Just ... don’t,” she said to Joseph. Once she felt like the barn-like structure was clear enough of spiders, she told Joseph, who was outside kicking a dead chicken around because he had a thing about spiders. He went inside and flopped down on the hay/dirt bed that she had made for herself, and he said, “God! G-A-W-D! My back feels like the road to Galilee, all skewered this way and that.” Then he was asleep and snoring, while Mary made a dirt bed for herself, with a pillow made from an animal that may or may not have been alive. Meanwhile, these three wise men were just walking around trying to figure out equations and things. I mean, these were like geniuses—“wise men” being a sort of understatement in realms of intelligence. They are thinking and tugging on their beards, when all of a sudden, one of them notices a big, bright star in the sky. It’s the North Star [see parenthetical above. —ed.]. And it’s way, way over there. The wise men are like, “Dost we thinkest we should maketh our way to yon starry place?” And they’re like, “We feelth that the child of God will giveth birth to hisself in yon starry place.” And they do the secret handshake and pack their bags. The main thing is that in the middle of the night, Mary starts to go ooh-aah and holding onto her belly like she ate too much mudcakes and Joseph’s like, “What’s with all the ooh-aah ridiculousness?” Mary starts boo-hooing also, which means that she’s got some serious here-comes-the-baby action happening. Joseph gets up and makes a hay/dirt bed for the baby to land in. Mary’s

screaming and all that, and even one of those disgusting barnyard animals dies, presumably from the stress of the situation. This screaming goes on for hours, and by the time the baby falls out, it's pretty much morning. "It's a male!" announces Joseph, thinking for a second that he wished it was his little male. They wiped the baby clean on one of the animals, and Joseph was like, "What are you going to name it? I mean, because I was thinking perhaps we could call him Joseph, you know, to keep up the façade of me being pretty much the father." Mary was petting the kid and was like, "I'm going to call him Jesus, son of God, Emmanuel, Anointed One, Messiah." Joseph scratched his beard a bit and was like, "Yeah, that's okay, kind of long. I was sort of thinking, I mean, we could keep that first part, but maybe Jesus, son of Joseph would be more appropriate considering the façade." Just then, a knock came on the barn-like structure. It was the three wise men! They had been walking all night from wherever to get to Bethlehem because they followed the North Star [ibid. –ed.] just to get here to see God's kid, and they weren't even sweating because they were so wise. They were like, "We bringeth gifts of grand proportions, such as frankincense, myrrh and gold." But these gifts were wrapped in paper, so that the long journey wouldn't mess them up. Joseph and Mary opened their presents and were like, "Oh, thank you so much." It was soon pretty clear to the wise men that Joseph and Mary and this little kid did not get them anything, which was a little disappointing, since the wise men had gone all that way, but

they were so wise that they understood it is better to give than to receive, and they were like, “This day willst be knownst as Christmas, henceforth!” Probably one of the other animals died here, too. Probably.

## The End

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