

# 'Twas The Night Before Christmas

Written by: Anonymous

'Twas the night before Christmas  
 Two guests in our house  
 Were playing some bridge  
 With me and my spouse.  
 "Please tell me," she shouted  
 "Why didn't you double?  
 'Twas plain from the start  
 We had them in trouble.  
 "Tis futile, my Dear --  
 I am taking no stand.  
 So please stop your nagging,  
 Let's play the next hand."  
 "Remember next time,"  
 She said with a frown  
 "To double a contract  
 That's sure to go down."  
 So I picked up my cards  
 In a downtrodden state.  
 Then I opened one Spade  
 and awaited my fate.

<i>Dealer:</i>	S 9876	
<i>East</i>	H 65432	
	D 8765	
<i>North-South vulnerable</i>	C -	
S -	N	S AKQJ10
H QJ109		H AK87
D KQJ109	W E	D -
C KQJ10		C A987
	S	
	S 5432	
	H -	
	D A432	
	C 65432	

The guy sitting South  
 Was like many I've known.  
 He bid and played  
 In a world all his own.  
 "Two Diamonds," he countered  
 With scarcely a care.  
 The Ace in his hand  
 Gave him courage to spare.

My wife, smiling faintly  
 And tossing her head,  
 Leaned over the table,  
 "I double," she said.  
 And North for some reason  
 I cannot determine  
 Bid two Hearts as though he was  
 Preaching a sermon.  
 I grinned as I doubled  
 Enjoying the fun,  
 And turned round to South  
 To see where he would run.

But South, undistressed  
 Not at loss for a word  
 came forth with "two Spades" --  
 Did I hear what I heard?  
 The other two passed  
 And in sheer disbelief  
 I said "Double, my friend,  
 That'll bring you to grief."

South passed with a nod  
 His composure serene.  
 My wife with a flourish  
 Led out the Heart Queen.  
 I sat there and chuckled  
 Inside o'er their fix.  
 But South very calmly  
 Ran off his eight tricks.

He ruffed the first Heart  
 In his hand right away.  
 And then trumped a Club  
 On the very next play.  
 He crossruffed the hand  
 At a breathtaking pace,  
 'Til I was left holding  
 Five Spades to the Ace.

In anguish my wife cried  
 "Your mind's growing old.  
 You should see that  
 Six No Trump for us  
 is ice-cold!"

By doubling this time  
 I'd committed a sin.  
 It just goes to prove  
 That you never can win.

**Two contributors later added these choice endings to this sorry tale:**

**Tim West-Meads** added

- *"I doubled, my dear,*
- *since I trusted your lead*
- *A diamond you should*
- *have produced with great speed.*
  
- *Two thousand points you'd*
- *find then was our score*
- *(Not to mention the honours \**
- *to make even more)"*

**Anne Jones** added

- *"Your scoring, my darling,*
- *would have cost us a bomb*
- *Two thousand points would*
- *have surely been wrong*
  
- *What trick did they win*
- *that gives them that score?*
- *By ditching the diamonds*
- *we get three hundred more."*

\* In Rubber Bridge (money bridge) extra points are held for combinations of high honours.

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