‘Twas the night before Christmas
And all through Nationwide
Not a fan was stirring
‘Cause no one was inside

The jerseys were hung
In the locker with care
In hopes that
A winning team soon would be there

The players were nestled
All snug in their beds
While visions of .500
Danced in the heads

And Howson in his suit
And Arniel in his cap
Had just settled down
To discuss the standings gap

When out on the rink

Arose such a clatter
Both men sprung up
To see what was the matter

Away to the window
They flew like a flash
Praying that nothing happened
To Captain Rick Nash

The arena lights beamed
On the rink of frozen snow
Giving the luster of a season
With an outcome they did not know

When, what to their wondering eyes should appear
A phallic cannon mascot and a negative fiscal year

With a little zamboni driver
So lively and quick
They knew in a moment
It must be St. Nick

And he whistled and shouted
And called them by name
Now Garon, now Tyutin, now Moreau, now Nash
On Umberger, on Klesla, on Mason, on Brass

To the top of the Central,
To the top of the West
Now dash away, dash away all
Before this franchise gets completely repossessed

So there's my Christmas wish for this team. Success. Without a doubt, the Blue Jackets are in dire financial straits and need to start putting together a winning product and getting the fans back. That would be a present to us all.

Merry Christmas to Rich Swerbinsky, the man who made TCF possible, to my fellow writers, and to all you readers and your families out there.