

# **When Santa Claus Came To Town**

A true story from [The Rocklore Files](#)

Of [Jamie Thompson](#)

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It was around Christmas time in the winter of 1981. I was performing rock n' roll with my band "Red Rose Cotillion" down at "the Phyrst," a dank and dingy basement bar in State College, PA. We were right in the middle of a song when suddenly, from my perspective on stage, I saw Santa Clause sauntering down the stone steps.

A rush of excitement passed through the crowd as he made his way past the bouncer and into the steamy, sweat-soaked bar while handing out gifts from a sack slung over his back. The band laughed and waved to him when he arrived in the stage area next to the bar, although we didn't stop playing our song.

Santa then moved directly in front of the stage and started waving his arms at the crowd and shouting, "Ho, Ho, Ho!! Merry Christmas!!!"

"Merry Christmas, Santa!!" returned the crowd.

We were all still laughing when suddenly Santa jumped up onto the stage and started dancing provocatively. The crowd cheered as we all exchanged startled glances. He wasn't threatening any of us or our expensive band equipment so we just kept playing, wondering what was coming next.

Santa gyrated his hips as he took off his hat and threw it into the crowd. The crowd answered with another round of cheers. Then he turned his back to the crowd, rocked his right leg and began unbuttoning his red and white coat. Suddenly it all became clear what was going on and the crowd roared with excitement. We all exchanged helpless glances and continued playing.

Santa turned his furry bare chest to the crowd and swung his coat around over his head. He still had his long white beard on. Suddenly people started shouting, "Take it off, Santa!!" and the roar of the crowd became deafening. The red coat flew into the crowd.

Santa rocked his hips and began lowering his red pants inch by inch while the crowd went berserk! All he was wearing underneath was a g-string with a little black fabric cup on the front! Once he got the pants removed he proceeded to strut lasciviously back and forth on the stage, gyrating and twisting beefcake while the crowd lost it completely! Meanwhile, we just kept playing, keeping wary eyes on our new front man. Apparently he kept his beard on to maintain anonymity.

Suddenly Santa, looking very unprepared for life on the North Pole, leaped off of the stage, quickly retrieved his jolly suit from the crowd, and vanished up the stairs and out the door! The last thing I saw was his glistening, sweaty buns as he disappeared from view! The band just exchanged smiles and shrugs but, personally, I'll never forget the day that Santa Clause came to town!

The End



Jamie Thompson is a writer, musician, songwriter, photographer, videographer, husband, and a stay-at-home-dad with two small children.

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Check out Jamie's website at [www.jamiethompson.net](http://www.jamiethompson.net).

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