

# HOW THE GRINCH STOLE THE BENGALS PLAYOFFS

BY: Gregory D. Delev Adapted from "How the Grinch Stole Christmas" by: Dr. Suess.



Every Who-Dey  
Down in Who-Dey-ville  
Liked football a lot...

But the Grinch,  
Who lived just North of Who-Dey-ville,  
Did NOT!

The Grinch hated football!  
The whole football season!  
Now, please don't ask why. No one quite knows the reason.  
It could be that his head wasn't screwed on quite right.  
It could be, perhaps, that his shoes were too tight.  
But I think that the most likely reason of all  
May have been that his heart was two sizes too small.

But,  
Whatever the reason,  
His heart or his shoes,  
He stood there on every Playoff Eve, hating the Who-Dey?s, Staring  
down  
from his Indian Hill cave with a sour, Grinchy frown At the warm  
lighted

windows below in their town.

For he knew every Who-Dey down in Who-ville beneath  
Was busy now,  
hanging a  
Superbowl wreath.

"And they're hanging their banners!" he snarled with a sneer.

"Tomorrow begins the playoffs! It's practically here!"

Then he growled, with his grinch fingers nervously drumming, "I MUST  
find a way

to keep playoffs from coming!"

For, tomorrow, he knew...

...All the Who-dey girls and boys

Would wake up bright and early. They'd rush for their tailgate-joys!

And then! Oh, the noise! Oh, the noise! Noise! Noise! Noise!

That's one thing he hated! The NOISE! NOISE! NOISE! NOISE!

Then the Who-Deys, young and old, would sit down to a feast.

And they'd feast! And they'd feast!

And they'd FEAST! FEAST! FEAST! FEAST!

They would drink Who-Dey Beer, and rare Who-Dey roast-beast,  
which was something the Grinch, couldn't stand in the least!

And THEN

They'd do something he liked least of all!

Every Who-Dey down in Who-Deyville, the tall and the small, would  
stand close

together, with playoff bells ringing.

They'd stand hand-in-hand. Who-Dey! they would start singing!

They'd sing! And they'd sing!

AND they'd SING! SING! SING! SING!

And the more the Grinch thought of the Who-Dey-Sing

The more the Grinch thought, "I must stop this whole thing!

"Why for 13 years I've put a stop to it now!

I MUST stop the playoffs from coming!

...But HOW?"

Then he got an idea!

An awful idea!

THE GRINCH

GOT A WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA!

"I know just what to do!" The Grinch Laughed in his throat.

And he made a quick Bengal hat and a coat.

And he chuckled, and clucked, "What a great Grinchy plan!

"With this coat and this hat, I'll look just like Bengal fan!"

"All I need is a Bengal Tiger..."  
The Grinch looked around.  
But since tigers are scarce, there was none to be found.  
Did that stop the old Grinch...?  
No! The Grinch simply said,  
"If I can't find a Bengal-Tiger, I'll make one instead!"  
So he called his dog Max. Then he took some orange thread  
And he tied a big cat ears on top of his head.

THEN

He loaded some bags  
And some old empty coolers and sacks  
On a orange & black ramshakle bus  
And he hitched up old Max.

Then the Grinch said, "Giddyap!"  
And the bus started down  
Toward the homes where the Who-Deys  
Lay a-snooze in their town.

All their windows were dark. Quiet snow filled the air.  
All the Who-Deys were all dreaming sweet dreams without care  
When he came to the  
first house in the square.  
"This is stop number one," Old Grinchy Brown hissed  
And he climbed to the roof, empty bags in his fist.

Then he slid down the chimney. A rather tight pinch.  
But if Santa could do it, then so could the Grinch.  
He got stuck only once, for a moment or two.  
Then he stuck his head out of the fireplace flue  
Where the little  
Who-Dey  
banners all hung in a row.  
"These banners," he grinned, "are the first things to go!"

Then he slithered and slunk, with a smile most unpleasant, around the  
whole  
room, and he took all the fan gear!  
Footballs! And posters! Tailgate equipment! Grills!  
Who-dey hats! Jerseys! Towels! And all the frills!  
And he stuffed them in bags. Then the Grinch, very nimbly, Stuffed  
all the bags,  
one by one, up the chimney!

Then he slunk to the icebox. He took the Who-deys' tailgate feast!  
He took the Who-Dey Beer! He took the roast beast!  
He cleaned out that icebox as quick as a flash.  
Why, that Grinch even took their last can of Who-Dey hash!

Then he stuffed all the food up the chimney with thrill  
"And NOW!" grinned the Grinch, "I will stuff up the tailgate grill!"

And the Grinch grabbed the grill, and he started to shove  
When he heard a small sound like the coo of a dove.  
He turned around fast, and he saw a small Who-Dey!  
Little Marvin-Lew Who, who was not more than two.

The Grinch had been caught by this little Who-Dey coach Who'd got out  
of bed for  
a cup of cold water.  
He stared at the Grinch and said, "Bengal fan, why, "Why are you  
taking our  
tailgate grill? WHY?"

But, you know, that old Grinch was so smart and so slick  
He thought up a lie, and he thought it up quick!  
"Why, my sweet little tot," the fake Bengal Fan lied,  
?This grill that won't light on one side.  
"So I'm taking it home to my workshop, my dear.  
"I'll fix it up there. Then I'll bring it back here."

And his fib fooled the child. Then he patted his head  
And he got Marvin-Lew a drink and he sent he to bed.  
And when Marvin-Lew Who went to bed with his cup,  
Grinch went to the chimney and stuffed the grill up!

Then the last thing he took  
Was the coal for their fire.  
Then he went up the chimney himself, the old liar.  
On their walls he left nothing but hooks, and some wire.

And the one speck of food  
The he left in the house  
Was a crumb that was even too small for a mouse.

Then  
He did the same thing  
To the other Who-Deys' houses

Leaving crumbs  
Much too small  
For the other Who-dey's mouses!

It was quarter past dawn...  
All the Who dey?s, still a-bed  
All the Who-Dey?s, still a-snooze

When he packed up his sled,  
Packed it up with their gear! The ribbons! The wrappings!  
The flags! And the tinsel! The trimmings! The trappings!

Three thousand feet up! Up the side of Mt. Rumpke,  
He rode to the tiptop his loot to dumpke!  
"Pooh-pooh to the Who- Dey?s!" he was grinch-ish-ly humming.  
"They're finding out now that no playoffs are coming!  
"They're just waking up! I know just what they'll do!  
"Their mouths will hang open a minute or two  
"Then all the Who-Deys down in WhoDey-ville will all cry BOO-HOO!"

"That's a noise," grinned the Grinch,  
"That I simply must hear!"  
So he paused. And the Grinch put a hand to his ear.  
And he did hear a sound rising over the snow.  
It started in low. Then it started to grow...

But the sound wasn't sad!  
Why, this sound sounded merry!  
It couldn't be so!  
But it WAS merry! VERY!

He stared down at Whodey-ville!  
The Grinch popped his eyes!  
Then he shook!  
What he saw was a shocking surprise!

Every Whodey down in Whodey-ville, the tall and the small, Was  
singing! Without  
any playoff presents at all!  
He HADN'T stopped playoffs from coming!  
IT CAME!  
Somehow or other, it came just the same!

And the Grinch, with his grinch-feet ice-cold in the snow, Stood  
puzzling and  
puzzling: "How could it be so?  
It came without Mikey! It came without who-Dey flags!  
"It came without Katie, Troy or Who-Dey rags!"  
And he puzzled three hours, `till his puzzler was sore.  
Then the Grinch thought of something he hadn't before!  
"Maybe Playoffs," he thought, "doesn't come from me a bore.  
"Maybe Playoffs...perhaps...means a little bit more!"

And what happened then...?  
Well...in Whodey-ville they say  
That the Grinch's small heart

Grew three sizes that day!  
And the minute his heart didn't feel quite so tight, He whizzed with  
his load  
through the bright morning light and he brought back the toys! And  
the food for  
the feast!  
And he...

...HE HIMSELF...!  
The Grinch carved the tail-gate roast beast!

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