



The Filter

PAUL'S POOL MAGIC, INC.

POOL & SPA SPECIALISTS

"We'll Beat Any Written Estimate!"

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Congratulations to John & Mary Daciolas, winners of Josh Groban's Noël album in November!
Simply make your payment between the 1st and 15th of December to be entered into our monthly drawing.
Edify yourself in the New Year with a \$20 Borders gift card! Just think of the possibilities!



The Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the pool,
Not a person was swimming, not even a fool.
The towels were hung on the wood fence with care,
In hopes that summertime soon would be there.

The cat was nestled all snug by the shed,
While visions of furry mice dance in its head.
And Papa in his tuxedo and I in my gown,
Were just setting out for a night on the town.



When out in the pool there arose such a splash,
I sprang from the car and made a mad dash.
Away to the backyard I ran like a flash,
Tore over to the pool and heard a loud crash.

With the moon shining on the pool cover back there,
I thought I caught a glimpse of some fluffy white hair.
Then what did I see in my own backyard,
A wretched pool thief...he was panting real hard.

With his group of bad thugs and his grandmother too,
He drilled and lifted and kicked off his shoes.
"Now Grandma! Now Spike! Now Claw! Now Snake!
On Fang! On Wolf! On Poison and Jake!
To the top of the fence! To the van out back!
Now run away! Run away! Run away, Jack!"

As lions in Africa after the antelope run,
When they met with our dog, from moon to sun.
So up the tree the burglars climbed,
With the pool full of water and a bucket of slime.

And then, in ten minutes, the dog ran away,
With the grandmother to join the business Amway!



As I ran in the house to grab my baseball bat,
Down the chimney blew a new baseball hat.

It was blue, with red lining from the top to the rim,
But I barely could see it, the light was so dim.
A bunch of weapons I grabbed really fast,
And I started to chase them away at last.



The hearts, how they raced! Their arms how sore!
Their clothes like night, they could last how much more?
Their odd little mouths were pulled down at the corners,
Their cries sounded just like the wails of mourners.

The stubs of cigarettes they held tight in their lips,
And the smoke, well, it formed the shape of a ship.
They had big red noses and little round cheeks,
Their big red ears made them look like geeks.

They were chubby, but strong, a strange combination,
Then they looked up and saw their location.
With a wink of my eye, and a twist of my head,
My eyes said something that shouldn't be said.



I spoke not a word, but looked just beyond them,
The red and blue lights sparkled brightly like gems,
And laying the pool down by the side of the road,
They finally lost their humungous load.

The cops sprang to their sides, clapped the handcuffs on,
And away they all drove, avoiding the lawns.
And I heard them yell as they drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to you, we'll be in jail tonight!"

Some holiday irony: This was written by Diana and Mishra, daughters of Paul and Merv, respectively, in November of 1997—many years before Paul and Merv were ever in the pool business together.

Pools should be drained every three years to remove accumulated salt and calcium. These contaminants fall out of suspension and build up on tile, rocks, and pool surfaces much more easily in cold water.

With winter temperatures rapidly approaching, now is the perfect time to give your pool—and yourself—a Christmas gift!

Call Claudia at **951.684.3826** to schedule your pool-draining today!

Merry Christmas

**From Paul, Merv, Claudia,
George, Mike, Anthony, Julie,
and Diana!**