It appears that the famous story has been updated...

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the arena

Not a creature was stirring, not even Pavel Kubina;

The hockey socks were hung on the crossbar with care,

In hopes that Martin Brodeur soon would be there;

The players were nestled all snug in their beds,

While visions of long-term contracts danced in their heads;

And Mister Bettman spinning another wily Coyote yarn for goodness sake,

Had just settled down for a short winter's break,

When out on the ice there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from the bench to see what was the matter.

Away to the net I flew as quick as a Finnish Flash,

Tore between the defenders and ripped a shot top shelf just like Rick Nash.

The red goal light glowing on the back of the new-fallen goalie

Gave the lustre of mid-day to the hat trick so very holy,

When, what to my wondering eyes should appear at the end of my bed,

But a miniature Stanley Cup, and a tiny Crosby bobble-head,

With an online fantasy hockey legend, graciously helping us poor slobs,

I knew in a moment it must be Darryl Dobbs.

His many loyal elves marshalling the growing legions as they came,

And they whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, Dobber! now, Angus! now, Bugg and Ferguson!

On, Goldman! on Miller! on, Maaaa and Lemon!

To the top shelf where mamma hides the cookies! through the five hole the puck goes!

Now dash away! dash away! dash away all who read this prose!"

As dry heaves that come after watching the Hurricanes play,

When they meet with an opponent that they once again fail to slay,

So down, down, down to the basement the team does fall,

But come next year, there will be smiles all around when they draft Taylor Hall.

And then, during a Sabres game, I overheard a disagreement near the ‘tenders goal,

The diving and jawing of one Patrick Kaleta will surely earn him a lump of coal.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

I was assessed a minor penalty, the type of which was completely unfound.

The ref was dressed in his gear, to him all arguments were mute,

And his whistle was all tarnished with cash and loot;

A hot playoff goaltender carrying his mates valiantly on his back,

And the team so thankful that any indiscretion is answered with a whack.

Maurice Richards eyes -- how they twinkled! his goals oh so sweet!

His cheeks were like roses, his feet so very fleet!

When Bill Guerin became a Penguin, his droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

For he was able to grow a legendary playoff beard that was nearly white as the snow;

The stump of a stick he held tight in his hands,

And the smoke that encircled his weapon begat wild cheers from the fans;

One coach who wore a Blue Jacket, had a broad face and a little round belly,

That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,

Soon gave me to know that as a Mason owner I had much to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled out the starting line-up minus a budding star; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his middle finger aside of his nose,

And giving a nod towards a far off land, a young Nik is banished forthwith he goes;

As another coach sprang to his Mercedes, to his team on the bus, he gave a whistle,

And away they all drove home to the capital like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."