

Dear

Once upon a time many years ago  
in a land of fairies, elves and snow  
where smiles were open and hearts never shut  
lived a happy elf named Plumpergut.

His job: to wake Santa on Christmas Eve  
so he could laugh, "Ho-ho!" and leave  
on time to ride the sky and share  
ho-hoes with children everywhere.

So, when the elves who'd made the toys  
for all the little girls and boys  
had tottered off and crawled in bed,  
Gut entered Santa's room and said:

"It's Christmas, Sir. It's time to go.

The world awaits your ho-ho-ho."

He stepped back quickly toward the door,  
but all he heard was Santa's snore,  
not the usual, "Who are you  
to be telling me what to do?"

Santa wasn't at his best,  
you see, when one disturbed his rest.

Gut crept back to his Santa's bed,  
breathed deeply, opened his mouth and said,

“Get up you fat old lazy clown!

You've got to fight the wicked Frown  
that's taking over all the world!”

At this, old Santa would have hurled  
his clock, in normal times, or roared.

Tonight, to Gut's surprise, he snored.

Gut tapped upon his Santa's head.

“Kids will think your dead in stead  
of sleeping!” he cried. And Santa smiled.

In fear, poor Plumpergut went wild.

He dragged old Santa out of bed  
and by the ankles flung him head  
over tea kettle across the floor.

The crash was dwarfed by Santa's snore.

Gut tried in vain to wake the house,  
but all snored on, even the mouse.

He crunched through snow out to the zoo  
harnessed the pig and kangaroo,  
the elephant, giraffe and cat,

four others more before he sat  
upon the sleigh and cracked the whip.  
Then, not a soul heard him quip,  
“On Donner, on Blitzen and the rest of you guys,  
get off your fannies and let’s hit the skies!”  
And eight hours later, without a child missed,  
He came to the last house on the list.  
He glimpsed Allie and Emma and Erik and Sam  
as he reached in his toy sack. He whispered, “Oh, damn!”  
His fingers went this way and that in the sack.  
He shook it and swung it, threw it down with a smack.  
“Oh, curses! Oh, cusses! Oh, dastardly fate!  
Not a toy can I find here and it’s far to late  
to fly back to the North Pole and make something new.  
Something old,” he cried, “will have to do!”  
He cried, “Alakazam and ramakanapped!”  
and thunder crashed and lightening zapped.  
But all the kids sat up in their bed:  
“Who’s Plumper?” asked Allie and Sam scratched her head.

--Cheers