

A Mince Pie Too Many

December 2016

December's here for all to see,
We're putting up our Christmas tree,
There's tinsel hanging in the air,
There's joy and laughter everywhere,
The choir's singing cheerful songs,
Assembled in angelic throngs,
And everyone is almost with it,
Joining in the festive spirit.
But while we wait for Christmas day,
For Santa's journey on his sleigh,
I'll tell you of his fateful plight,
Of what ensued last Christmas night.

Throughout the year, the elves had ground,
Their knuckles to the bone and found,
That jolly song and merry laughter,
Had kept them working hard, and after
Toys were made, and 'deer were trained,
The marvel of the sleigh maintained,
The list was checked, not once, but twice,
Confirming if the kids were nice.

As time ticked on, the year progressed.
November passed, the elves were stressed;
But not by toys or training deers,
(of which they'd mastered through the
years),
No wrapping made their knees go knocking,
Nor coal inside the bad kids' stocking,
The task they hated to the core,
Was suiting Santa up once more,
And broaching such a touchy topic,
Potentially was catastrophic.
As Head Elf Rod knew time was fleeting,
He called his colleagues to a meeting.

The conference room with polished floor,
And grandest knocker on the door,
Awaited all the little elves,
To ruminate amongst themselves,
And cogitate the pressing matter,
Of Santa getting so much fatter.
They rubbed their heads and scratched their
chins,
And poked at pencils in their tins,
And scribbled doodles in their notes,
While picking fluff from off their coats.
Rod hoped for just a single thought,
A glimmer in the dark he sought,
But no ideas of faintest traces,
Lay etched across their troubled faces.
As all else failed, the elves invested,
In something that was tried and tested,
So off they went to find the strapping,
A different sort of Christmas wrapping.

Locating Santa in his shed,
Was "all too easy" Rod had said;
"It's not that hard to do the finding,
The difficulty's with the binding."
So Jeff, his second in command,
And Bob, the strongest in the land,
Compiled their notes on what to try,
Of where to winch, and when to tie,
And how to truss the old man's paunch,
To halt the spreading of his haunch.

Agreeing to their proposition,
(this less-than-manly imposition),
The elves put Santa 'gainst a chair,
And left him, starkers, standing there.
The highly awkward situation,
Had fostered further agitation,
Averting eyes, they gathered neatly,
Swathes of fabric, most discretely.
They hoisted on his underclothes;
A thermal vest, and gartered hose,
To keep him warm at 10 below,
In howling winds and deepest snow.

Then Rudolph glanced at Head Elf Rod,
Who drew his breath and gave the nod.
Laces wrapped around their hands,
His belly making high demands.
With Jeff stood left, and Bob stood right,
They pulled and tugged with all their might,
First foot in back, then two, then three,
And Rudolf there to lend a knee.
They knew they ought to tie the corset,
The issue bulged, they had to force it,
Those brave elves heaved, the belt resisted,
Yet Santa's tummy still persisted.

As eyelets gaped and laces groaned,
Old Santa felt around and moaned;
"I doubt we'll overcome this hurdle.
I think I've gone and torn my girdle."
Out of puff, the elves were weary,
The future of his suit looked dreary,
But optimistic for the win,
He thrust a chubby ankle in.
In spite of all their gallant winching,
And little evidence of cinching,
He tugged the velvet ever higher,
Until it tensed against his tyre.

While struggling with the straining zip,
Something round the back let rip.
At first, a single stitch was breached,
But in a flash, the waist was reached.
The southern chill was far from cosy,
The air rushed in, his cheeks grew rosy,
And unprepared for such exposure,
He loudly cursed the ageing closure.

Discouraged by his ample girth,
Frustration now replaced his mirth.
Embarrassment and anger grew,
The night air turned half red, half blue.
He quickly fumbled for his sack,
To cover what was round the back,
But Rudolph got an awful fright,
There were two moons in the sky that night.

Not wanting to prolong his strife,
He hollered loudly for his wife,
Who all this time was quietly sitting,
Unwinding yarn for later knitting.
On hearing her beloved bellow,
She turned towards the hapless fellow,
And listened as he meekly mumbled,
The problem into which he'd stumbled.

Although this year was like the rest,
Sweet pies of mince and turkey breast,
The figgy pud and port, abundant,
Had rendered old Saint Nick redundant.
He'd grown too plump, there was no making,
Another suit in time for taking,
Presents over land and sea,
Undoing Santa's legacy.

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"Oh, dearest darling wife of mine,
My trousers had a flawed design;
I'm certain that they fit me prior,
To shrinking in the tumble dryer."
"Now, don't give me that poppycock!,
You must think me a fool to mock,
I've seen the way you fill your plate,
And rather think it's what you ate;
The sausage rolls and cream-filled cakes,
The midnight feasts of chips and steaks,
Four sugars in your morning cuppa,
And cookies that you eat for supper."

Saint Nicholas was quite aggrieved,
At the scolding he had just received,
But chose to get the upset ended,
That he might have his trousers mended.
Agreeing that he must try harder,
To shun the pastries in the larder,
He nodded once, forgiveness granted,
Upon her cheek, a kiss, he planted.

Now fuelled by growing urgency,
Surrounding this emergency,
She hurried to her sewing station,
Without a moment's hesitation.
From hearing Mrs Claus berating,
Three seamstress elves were ready, waiting,
All primed to start the reconstruction,
Equipped to follow each instruction.
With shears and chalk and tailor's tacks,
They set about to mend his slacks,
Aware of all the tension mounting,
On Santa Claus the kids were counting.

They chopped and changed and raced
around,
Considering the scraps they'd found,
But none were large enough to patch,
The gaping hole they aimed to match.
"Can this be fixed?", she had to wonder,
About the garment torn asunder,
When all she had was left beside her,
A downy quilt of fluffy eider.
"I can't believe where this is heading,
I'll have to sacrifice the bedding.",
And so the elves held taut the flannel,
While Mrs Claus cut out the panel.

With duvet moved from off the bed,
They got to work with golden thread,
The colour choice, although uncertain,
Was better than the bedroom curtain,
What's more, it would be hard to beat,
The extra padding in the seat;
A comfy ride, mobility,
With added durability.
Working swiftly, fingers nimble,
Guarded by a silver thimble,
Throughout the project's full duration,
An Elf & Safety regulation.

Returning promptly to his side,
She waved aloft the pants with pride,
Amazingly, she had completed,
His champion was undefeated.
He pulled them on with no resistance,
Without the need for elf assistance,
And proudly beamed the broadest grin,
More room to fit his bottom in!
Approving of their alterations,
And freed from sewing obligations,
The seamstresses were pleased as ever,
Greatly thanked for their endeavour.

He tapped his wrist, no time to waste,
And summoned all the elves post-haste,
"Rod, you're in charge, no time to dally,
You'll oversee the final tally."
Now Jeff had almost finished packing,
The gifts that Bob had started stacking,
With bows and paper shining brightly,
Around the bulging sack bound tightly.
Their chariot stood proud and heaving,
And knowing that they'd soon be leaving,
Rod gestured for the harnessed deer,
To stand before the sleigh they'd steer.

So Rudolph with his nose aglow,
And eight more noble beasts in tow,
Were duly poised to journey on,
And spread good cheer to everyone.
Braced-in with the reins held steady,
The elves and braying deer stood ready,
Awaiting Santa's rousing shout,
On which the sleigh drew quickly out.

And now that Santa's on his way,
We wish you well for Christmas Day,
While hoping fun and merriment,
Will see your holidays well spent,
With friends and family at the table,
Consuming all the food you're able,
Please plan ahead for New Year's first,
Else you could see YOUR trousers burst.
We urge you all to moderate,
The goodies served upon your plate,
And from here on, proceed with caution,
When reaching for that second portion.