Fic Challenge

By Aria Moonsinger

Story Notes:
I thought about doing a challenge for Halloween; but seeing as it is already October, I wanted to give people some time to think about how to and who to put in the poem. Has to be within the Thundercats universe. You can use your own characters if you wish; or set it in the new 2011 Series Canon.

Twas the night before Christmas and all through the Lair; not a creature was stirring, not even a strand of Snarf's hair.

Panthro was on night watch; but asleep at his post, he should be taking care and making sure that Mumm-Ra would not appear. Everyone else was nestled all snug in their beds; while visions of candyfruit danced in the thunderkittens heads.

Jolene in her kerchief and Lion-O in his cap; had just settled down for a long winter's nap. When out in the courtyard there arose such a clatter, Lion-O sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

He grabbed the Sword of Omens and calling upon it's 'Sight beyond sight' was shown something that made him question his sanity just a might.

It showed him the moon shining on the breast of the new fallen snow and how it gave a luster of midday to the objects below; when what to his searching eyes should appear, but a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver so lively and quick, when he told Jolene what he saw; she knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. Looking through the sword again; he saw that more rapid than eagles his coursers they came, and he whistled and shouted and called them by name:

"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen! On Comet! on Cupid! on Donner and Blitzen! To the top of the paws, to the top of their walls, Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly, when they met with an obstacle, they would mount to the sky, so up to the Cat's head the coursers they flew, with a sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas, too. And then in a twinkling, the royal couple heard on Cat's Lair's roof, the prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As Lion-O withdrew the sword and was turning around, in the open Cats mouth and down the hall St. Nicholas came with a bound. Lion-O and Jolene saw he was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot, and his clothes were tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back, and he looked like a peddler just opening his pack. They saw his eyes; how they twinkled and his dimples, how merry. His cheeks were like roses,

his nose like a cherry! His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow and the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth; and the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a little round belly that shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly. He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf, Lion-O and Jolene laughed when they saw him, in spite of themselves.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head soon gave them to know they had nothing to dread. He spoke not a word to them; but went straight to his work, and piled dozens of presents on the council table. Then he turned with a jerk; and laying his finger aside of his nose, then giving a nod changed into sparkling lights and out the window he rose.

When he got to the Cats head and changed back to himself; he sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle and away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But the royal couple heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,

Merry Christmas to the Thundercats, and to all a good night!"