

THE YETI'S FESTIVE FEAST

The night was bitter, sharp and bleak
Upon that lonely mountain peak.
The blizzard blasted like the blitz!
Hail pelted down in frozen spits!
The gale shrieked like a maniac...
But something monstrous bellowed back!

That frigid peak could freeze an ox,
Shatter glass and splinter rocks,
But standing, positively sweaty,
Was the most colossal Yeti!
(For nothing keeps a Yeti warm
Quite like yelling at a storm.)

The squalls approaching from the east
Were heckled by this frenzied beast
In such a vehement tirade
It almost made the storm abate!
Indeed, it might have done so if
The Northeast winds weren't quite so stiff.

This Yeti, utterly the brute,
Weighed half a ton, stood twenty foot;
A rugged, woolly obelisk
And questionable vocalist,
Whose howling echoed round for days
Between the mighty Himalayas.

The Yeti, after one huge roar,
Heard a sound unheard before:
Jangle, jingle, ring-ting-tinkle!
And midst the gloom, a magic twinkle!

There! Emerging from the darkness;
A sleigh that rode a stream of sparkles!

Of course, this sound and light display
Was *SANTA CLAUS ABOARD HIS SLEIGH!*
The old man laughed above the squall,
“Merry Christmas to all, down below in Nepal!”
If only then Kris Kringle knew,
He’d gone down his last chimney flue...

The Yeti, with its arms like trees,
Snatched the passing sleigh with ease.
The reindeer strained against their reins,
While Father Christmas cried in vain,
“Whoa there, Dasher! Calm down, Comet!
Bless my boots, we’ve hit the summit!”

But looking from the driver’s booth,
Santa soon found out the truth.
The Yeti gave a fearsome bellow!
“My, aren’t you a healthy fellow?”
Said Santa, scared, but still polite,
“Won’t you grip my sleigh so tight?”

The Yeti grinned and stretched its jaws
And plucked out poor old Santa Claus
With palms like bodybuilders’ pecs,
And fingers like their beefy necks!
“Put me down,” Saint Nick insisted,
“Before I have you Naughty Listed!”

Voraciously, the hungry Yeti
Slurped up Santa like spaghetti!
Never before had its digestive
Processed something quite so festive...

It liked the texture, taste and smell –
So it ate the reindeer up as well!

It crunched and burped and gobbled through
Eight rather frightened caribou.
But still the Yeti wasn't finished!
Its appetite was undiminished!
And so the beastly carnivore
Went to the sleigh to look for more.

It squashed the elves beneath its buttocks
And horked them down like chicken nuggets.
But in its greed, the lousy glutton,
Nudged the auto-pilot button
(The deer were just to decorate it,
The sleigh itself was automated).

It gave a shudder, and a jolt,
Then like a magic lightning bolt
The Yeti and the sleigh were thrust
Upon a trail of pixie dust
Across the world to the UK,
Before the dawn of Christmas day.

Instantly the sleigh was halted,
And the Yeti catapulted,
Magically down the flue
Of some charming family who
Were sound asleep in expectation
Of Christmas morning jubilation.

The Yeti, on the other hand,
New to Britain's lavish lands,
Was quick to quench its appetite
By scoffing everything in sight!

Beginning, much to its disgrace,
By horfing down fireplace.

It swallowed toys and puppy dogs
And bookmarked Argos catalogues,
Lights and paper chains and cards,
Tinsel, baubles, angels, stars,
Turkeys, crackers, hams and Shloer,
Gold and frankincense and myrrh!

Every single Christmas scrap
Vanished down the monster's trap!
And when its food source was depleted,
It went next door and then proceeded,
Once again, to stuff its face
Without a break or slow of pace.

The greedy gorb went on a spree
From Cornwall to the Hebrides,
Guzzling, gorging, gulping, feeding,
Chewing, crunching, munching, eating!
Its diet only had one rule:
Eat only things to do with Yule!

No festive thing was out of reach!
It ate our Monarch's Christmas speech!
The Salvation Army's brass!
The guy who wrote John Lewis ads!
It even gulped down, for good measure,
Every branch of Marks and Spencer!

Once gutting out the British Isles,
That dauntless Yeti swam for miles
To have a continental breakfast
And so was all of Europe menaced.

The Yeti, hooked on Christmas mirth,
Soon circumnavigated Earth!

Lorries owned by Coca Cola
Went *crunch* between the Yeti's molars!
Tacky plastic light-up trees!
Fibreglass nativities!
Lastly, and perhaps most rudely,
The beast devoured Michael Bubl .

By morning light, you might have guessed it,
Christmas time had been digested!
The only proof of its existence
Was the Yeti's gas emissions.
It filled the atmosphere with howls
Of gale force breezes from its bowels!

By now, perhaps, disturbed by this,
You're wondering what the moral is:
Don't be greedy! Don't be petty!
Don't be like the Christmas Yeti!
If you try to hog the fun,
You'll ruin it for everyone!

The Yeti, with this lesson learned,
Expeditionally returned
Back home, and spent a week or two
Exclusively upon the loo.
And so this self-indulgent feaster
Stayed inside its cave...

...till Easter.