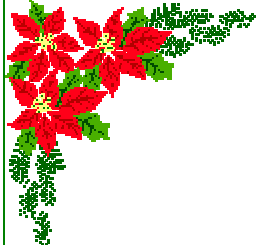


## The Night After Christmas-Tall Tale



Twas the night after Christmas in the snow-covered north;  
Grandma and Grandpa were sitting out on the porch.  
They were thinking about family much smarter than they,  
having good conversation around the warm fireplace.

Gram with her sniffles, and Pap with lips chapped  
were singing and laughing as if they were cracked.  
When just across the yard they heard a great roar,  
climbing over each other in hopes to see more.

The porch swing tipped over dumping Pap on his pouch,  
and all Gram could see was the kids on the couch.  
They looked so nice and warm, there inside the house,  
while behind her that roar was getting tremendously loud.

Just then it happened in wonder and surprise,  
the earth opened its mouth right before their eyes.  
This wasn't an earthquake or volcano or such,  
for the soil stacking up was infinitely much.

The neighbor, for Christmas, got a brand new backhoe,  
and when he finally got it started, it really let go.  
Digging a furrow it sped across five acres,  
then whirling like an auger it descended Earth's layers.

It churned and roared in an ear-splitting sound,  
and passed through the earth going straight down.  
It kicked out the soil like gophers building a home,  
creating a hill as high as the mountains in Rome.

It wasn't for naught that the hill had been made.  
It became a ski slope for folks of every age.  
And all during that winter the whole county had fun  
speeding like rockets down the brand new ski run.

But just near the bottom you must make a sharp turn  
to avoid that backhoe as it continues to churn.  
It no longer spews soil to add to the hill,  
for it got stuck on an iceberg in the cold Arctic's chill.

Now it puts out ice and snow to cover the slope,  
rushing thru the cavern from the other side of the globe.  
But where is the neighbor, you're wondering by now?  
That earth-digging auger just couldn't hold him down.

While nearing the core of the earth's central heat,  
the flame from the furnace had nipped at his feet.  
He retracted so fast when the fire reached his toes,  
that it caused rocket fumes to rush through his nose.

He launched like spacecraft, and flew out of the hole  
as Gram and Pap watched that deep-digging mole.  
He slid down the hill, landing on top of the porch,  
his shoe strings still burning lit the night like a torch.

Grandma and Grandpa were right thoroughly amazed;  
when they tell this story people think they're just crazed.  
Out on the porch that cold winter night was their aim,  
to find peace and quiet from kid's with their games.

They were heard to exclaim as they piled into the den,  
"That might have been fun but let's not do it again!"