

The Night Before Christmas in NZ

BY ??

Twas the Night before Christmas and all through the bach
Not even a weta was making a scratch
Woolly socks were hung by the pot belly with care
In the hopes that Santa soon would be there
The children were snoozing in a light summer's breeze
Whilst dreaming of spongy pud and lime green cream freeze
And dad in his walk shorts and me in my jandals
Had just settled down for a couple of handles
When out on the lawn I heard such a ruckus
I sprang from my Lazy Boy to see what the fuss was
I ran to the sliding door, gasping and wheezing
Threw open the curtains and upped the venetians
The moon on the sand and the Trailer tarp
Lit the beach up just like Eden Park
But still when I saw, I thought I was asleep
A miniature Leyland P76, pulled by eight tiny sheep
With a little old driver, sipping a Fanta
I knew in a moment, it had to be Santa
Faster than Phar Lap on steroids they came
And he coo-eed and shouted and called them by name

Now, Kevin! Now Sharlene! Now Rangī and Beck!
On, Darryl! On Shazza! on Bilbo and Shrek!
To the top of the Pagoda, to the top of the wall
Get in behind, Get in behind, Get in behind, All!
As sand flies around a bar-b-que fly
When they sniff the sizzlers and take to the sky
So up to the top of the bach they flew
With a boot full of toys and Santa Claus too

With a handbrake stop, they arrived on the roof

Four Goodyear tyres and 32 hoofs
And as I quickly turned and ran to the lounge
Out from the chimney Santa came with a bound
He was wearing board shorts, and gumboots on foot
And his Mambos were covered in six-month-old soot
A bundle of toys he had on his back
As if on OE with a brand new Macpac
He looked like he'd come from the beauty parlour
With rosy red cheeks like Pohutakawa
A gorgeous big grin and white as white hair
With wee little tufts growing out of his ears
He had a broad chest and a round beer gut
That shook when he laughed like Jabba the Hutt
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly hobbit
And I laughed when I saw him, I couldn't stop it

He gave me a wink and a bonza thumbs up
And I quickly realised he wasn't a nut
He went straight to the socks without saying a thing
And filled them with barbies and Shrek 2 key rings
Then giving his nose a jolly good scratch
He flew up the chimney with an almighty flash
He jumped in the Leyland P76 and cranked the ignition
And then they took off, like some NASA mission
But I think I could hear, as he drove out of sight
"Merry Christmas to all, have a bloody good night!"