

The Night Before Christmas with William and Arthur

by JessicaRae



'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the kitchen,
The cook there was stirring a roast and some chicken.
The onions and garlic were hung with great care,
In the cool shadowed corner with the peaches and pears.
The children had gone to their beds hours ago,
Singing of candy canes, sugar and snow.
While down in the kitchen with the fire ablaze,
William was making a dish meant to inspire – amaze!
When in the pantry behind him arose such a noise,
He feared it would wake all the girls and the boys.
He threw down his wooden spoon with a crash,
And tore off his apron, to the pantry he dashed.
The shadows were dim so a candle he lit,
And a groan of dismay when he saw Arthur was 'it'.
Before him the sight let fall open his jaw,
A masked dark intruder there sat with a plum in his paws.
A ringed tail tucked neatly around his small feet,

He looked behind the creature to see what he'd eat.
The bandit then chattered like a lost little bird,
And William felt sad at the sound that he heard.
"It's Christmas," the angel over his shoulder did say.
The devil on the other said, "What? He's a thief, he can't stay!"
But the little black eyes that looked up over the plum,
Melted his heart and his anger was done.
"Get out of the pantry," he scolded the 'coon.
"Come over by the table, there's plenty of room."
And as if he understood, with a little holiday magic,
The creature clambered out with his plum, since he had it.
He trilled out his thanks as he climbed the leg of the table,
And William nodded with approval as he took up his soup ladle.
"Say give these vegetables a try," he said to the bandit,
"The littles won't eat it, they really can't stand it."
The bowl that was offered was taken with care,
By hands so very tiny as the nose sniffed the air.
And then in the moment, a small truce was made,
Arthur would be good if by food he was paid.
For the longish night hours, William cooked and he baked,
And there on the table the 'coon sampled the makes.
Just the two of them there was, as each thing was wrapped.
But the 'coon was so happy with the tidbits and scraps.
His eager little hands made William smile with cheer,
And although he'd not admit it, was glad Arthur was here.

END