

'Twas the night before catmas.
Michael Pigeon
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'Twas the night before catmas and all through the house,
not an animal was lurking, especially the mouse.
The stockings were hung by the litter box with care,
in hopes that st. Hairball soon might be there.

The cats were tucked in, all snug in their cat beds,
while dreams of warm milk and cat treats danced through their heads.
While mamma cat in her grey coat and I in my collar,
had just rested our paws after meeting with the clouter.

When out in the garden there arose such a roar,
I jumped out of bed to see what we had just score.
Away from the window sill, I dashed for the sight.
Tore up the curtains and knocked down some toy mice.

The moon shining on the lawn right below,
Gave light to the image of a dog peeing on snow.
When what makes my green eyes begin to get wider?
But a tremendous sled with many monstrous tigers.

With an old little cat, energetic and small.
I knew in a second, it must be st. Hairball!
Faster than reindeer, his tigers they came.
And he growled and he hissed and he called them by cat-name:

Now Scratcher! Now Thomas! Now Fighter and Striker!
On Chiller! On Killer! On Hunter and Biter!
To the top of the fence! To the top of the tree!
Now run away! Run away! Run away free.

And then up above, I heard with some proof,
The scratching and clawing on our new, shingled roof.
I drew in my head and was about to go snore,
when in through my window, st. Hairball fell on all fours.

He was dressed all in fur from his ears to his paws,
and his pelt was all ruffled, with ashes and flaws.
A bundle of cat-toys, he held on his back.
He looked like a crazy cat lady just opening his sack.

The tail of a mouse, he held tight in his jaws,
and he slurped it right up and then cleaned his paws.
He had wide cheeks and a chubby small tummy.
That bounced when he meowed like a cute little bunny.

He was chubby and clumsy, yet a sweet little cat.
And then I jumped when I saw a brand new toy rat!
A twitch of his tail and a jerk of his head
soon led me to realize, I should be in bed.

I meowed not a word and went straight to bed.
He filled up the stockings, and I heard as he fled,
He hopped out the window, and I heard him take flight.
“Merry Catmas to all cats and have a good night.”