



Santa's Hover Board Ride

By Lillian Fawcett

'Twas Santa Claus of North Pole fame who caught the hover board craze,
He parked his sled and freed his deer, who'd served him many days.
He dressed himself in red leather gear, red - so he'd be seen.
And asked his elves to make the latest model machine.
As he carried out the door, with happy, joyful pride,
One cheeky elf enquire, "Hey Santa! Can you ride?"

"Look here you elves," said Santa Claus, from here to the Southern Sea
From east to west and in between, there's none can ride like me."
"I'm good all round at everything, as all you elves should know.
Although I'm not the one to talk, I hate a man that blows.
But riding is my special gift, my chieftiest, sole delight.
Just ask a penguin can it swim, a polar bear can it fight,
There's nothing clothed in hair or hide, or built of wood or steel
There's nothing runs, walks or rolls on axle hoof or wheel,
But once I stand and get my balance right,
I'll ride this here hover board, right straight away at sight.

'Twas Santa Claus of North Pole fame who sought his own abode
Perched above a glacier, covered all in snow.
He turned the hover board down the slope and mounted for the fray,
But 'ere he'd gone a dozen yards when it bolted clear away.
It left the snow and zig-zagged here and there, just like an angry bee.
It whistled down that glacier towards the Arctic sea.

It shaved a seal by half an inch, it dodged an arctic fox.
All the penguins, young and old, slid behind some rocks.
The reindeer, curious to see, peeked out from behind the sled.
But Santa, face whiter than his beard, was just a streak of red.
It struck a snow drift and gave a spring which cleared a mighty crevice.
It raced, as close as close could be, right beside a precipice.
And then as Santa made one last despairing plea,
It twisted, flipped, then plunged deep into the Arctic sea.

'Twas Santa Claus of North Pole fame who quickly swam ashore.
He said, "I've had some narrow shaves and lively rides before.
I've ridden reindeer around the world faster than a jet,
But that was sure the darnest ride that I've encountered yet.
I'll give that flying outlaw best, it's shaken all my nerve,
To feel it whistle through the air and plunge and buck and swerve.
It's safe at rest in the Arctic sea, I'm sure it was full of flaws.
A sled and reindeer is good enough, hence forth for Santa Claus