



JONATHAN LEEMING

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The 8 legs of Christmas

Jonathan Leeming



A Spider named Fred

In a magical forest, not far from here,
Lived a spider named Fred, spreading joy and cheer.
With eight legs so nimble, and silk spun with grace,
He crafted kind presents for every woodland face.

One frosty morning, 'neath the tall pine tree,
Fred got busy, oh, what a sight to see!
In his workshop of webs, where dreams would take
flight,
He wove gifts for his friends, on this special night.

First, a scarf for the Meerkat, so fluffy and red,
To keep him warm as he scampered and sped.
Then, for the wise old owl in his treetop abode,
A pair of silk glasses to read in the cold.

The playful rabbits hopped by with delight,
As Fred gifted them sleds, shiny and bright.
And high in the branches, the birds in their nests,
Received delicate ornaments, a winter's best.

But one little creature, so quiet and small,
Was missing from the line, not there at all.
In a cozy burrow, all curled up with care,
Lived Hazel the hedgehog, quite unaware.

Fred, with a heart full of glee,
Set off to find Hazel, under the tree.
With a bundle of silk, and a twinkle in his eye,
He wanted to gift her something special and spry.

Through the snow-covered glades, he gracefully tread,
Leaving a trail of kindness wherever he led.
And there in the burrow, Hazel awoke,
To a rustle of silk and a soft-spoken joke.

“Dear Hazel,” said Fred, “this gift is for you,
A warm, woven blanket, so soft and so true.
May it keep you cozy on this Christmas night,
And fill your dreams with a warm, glowing light.”

Hazel uncurled and blinked back a tear,
For a gift so thoughtful, so precious and dear.
She hugged Fred, her heart all aflutter,
Feeling the warmth of his kind, gentle utter.

News of the spider's gifts spread far and wide,
Reaching the North Pole, where Santa did reside.
Impressed by the love in each silk-spun creation,
Santa decided to pay a surprise visitation.

On a sleigh pulled by reindeer, with bells that jingled,
Santa arrived in the forest, where snowflakes tinkled.
“Dear Fred,” Santa exclaimed with glee,
“I’ve heard of your kindness, spreading Christmas
glee!”

To show his gratitude, Santa gave Fred a surprise,
A snow globe enchanted, with a gleam in his eyes.
“Capture the magic of this forest so grand,
In this globe, it will stay, like a winter wonderland.”

Fred, overwhelmed, his heart all aglow,
Thanked Santa with joy, for this gift in the snow.
The globe in his hands, a treasure so rare,
Preserving the magic, with love and with care.



A spider named Fred

And so, every Christmas, in the enchanted glade,
Fred continued his kind-hearted crusade.
Weaving his gifts with laughter and song,
Making the forest merry, all season long.

The creatures all gathered, their spirits so light,
To celebrate friendship on this magical night.
For in the heart of the forest, where kindness did thrive,
Fred and his gifts made Christmas alive.

Sammy Helps Santa

Deep in the desert, where the sand meets the sky,
Lived a scorpion named Sammy, who was ever so spry.
With pincers so snappy and a tail that would flick,
He scuttled and scampered, quick as a tick.

Now, Christmas was coming, the most festive of times,
But Santa was worried about faraway climbs.
The presents were piling, a mountain so grand,
Delivering them all? He'd need quite a hand.

Up stepped Sammy, with a glint in his eye,
"I can help, dear Santa, oh my, oh my!"
With claws that could shimmer and a tail that could spin,
Sammy was ready, let the Christmas cheer begin!

Santa was puzzled, a scorpion, you say?
But Sammy insisted, "I'll show you the way!
My tail has a magic, a twirl and a twist,
It wraps up the gifts, oh, it won't be missed!"

So, the scorpion joined Santa and his sleigh full of toys,
Zooming through the desert with holiday joys.
They danced 'neath the stars, with laughter and cheer,
A scorpion and Santa, quite an odd pair.

Down chimneys they ventured, Sammy leading the
way,
His tail neatly packaging presents in hay.
Children awoke to the sounds of delight,
For Sammy, the scorpion, had conquered the night.

Through cacti and canyons, they soared in the night,
Sammy's claws clicking softly, oh, what a sight!
In the spirit of giving, they zipped and they zapped,
A scorpion and Santa, a duo unmatched.

The moon smiled down on their magical spree,
A scorpion helper as odd as can be.
The desert was shimmering with Christmas delight,
Sammy and Santa, a magical flight.

As dawn approached, Santa chuckled with glee,
“Sammy, my friend, you’ve been quite the key!
To deliver the presents, with your tail so divine,
Together we’ve made this Christmas quite fine.”

So, remember the tale of the scorpion so bright,
Who helped Santa on that magical night.
For in the spirit of giving, in the joy and the glow,
Even a scorpion can make Christmas ho-ho-ho!

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I'd love to hear if you enjoyed these stories.

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