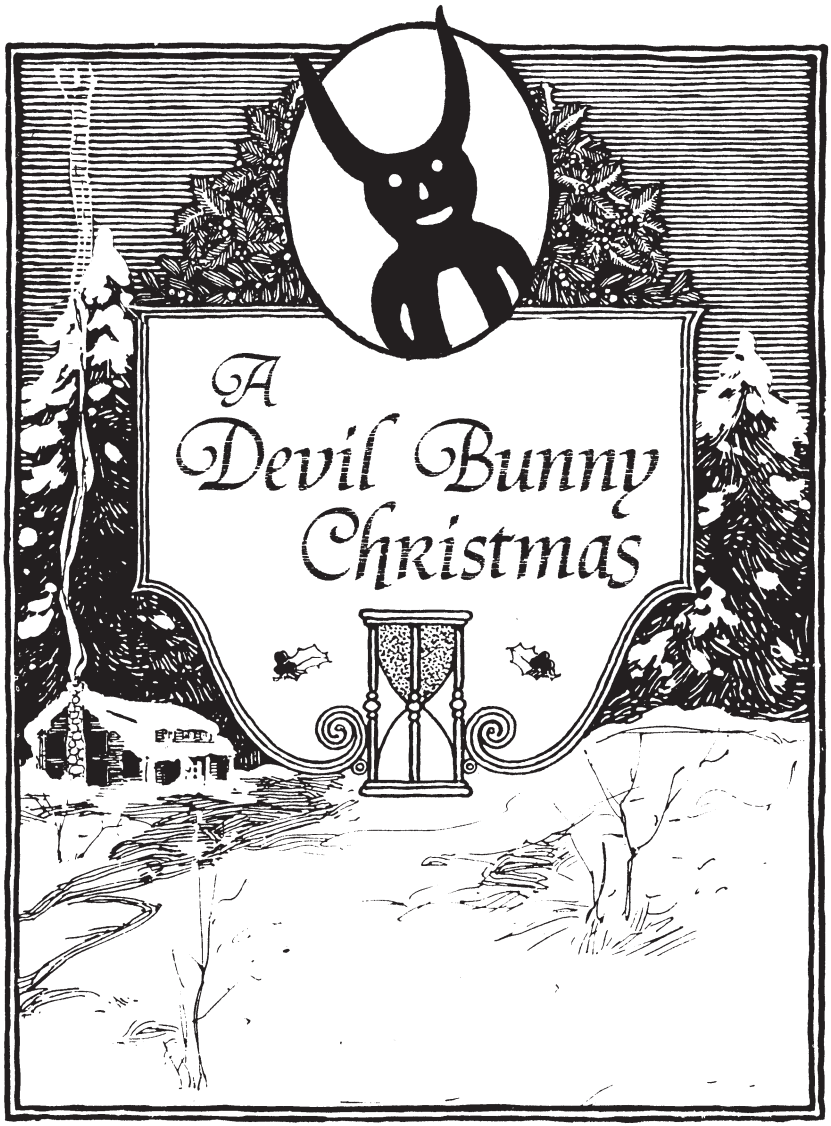
Ernest Graphics Presents



'Twas the first of November, an hour past noon,
When to Happyville came the most awful monsoon.
All the children were feasting on Halloween treats,
When the rain started falling in buckets and sheets!

How the people were dazzled, so fierce was the shower;
They ran around screaming for more than an hour.
The wind was so strong that the churchbells did ring,
And in passing, the storm left a curious thing!

Smack dab in the middle of town the thing stood,
A shimmering pillar of needles and wood.
Right in Happyville Square, growing up through a car,
Was a ninety-foot Christmas tree, capped with a star.

Now Old Marty Plummer got news of the tree,
And he cackled and tittered and and giggled with glee.
His sweet Hilda was sweeping, and pricked up her ears,
As he read it again through an old pair of shears.

"Do you know what this means,"
he announced with a grin,
"That the Bunny of Christmas
will be here again!"
Sweet Hilda was joyous to hear
it was true,
And she laughed till the tips of
her fingers were blue.

For one or two hours thereafter he sat,
The Gazette in his hand, in his boots and his hat.
Sometimes filing his nails, sometimes watching T.V.,
Often reading the paper and laughing with glee.

Mister Plummer his dobermans later did seize,
Strapping horns to their heads so their ears wouldn't freeze,
And he down to the house of Bob Tooley did go,
Dragging trashbags and dogs through the newfallen snow.

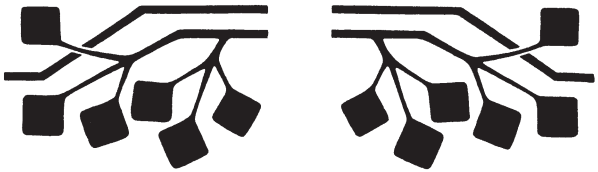
"Mister Tooley," he shouted, though Tooley was near,
"There is wonderful news which I think you should hear!"
And the paper he held in his shivering hand
Was at once in the grip of the tiny old man.

"My goodness," Bob shouted, on reading the news,
And he quickly returned with his coat and his shoes.
"Let us hop in the sleigh and go tell Farmer Brown
That the Bunny of Christmas has come back to town!"

Old Brown was a childhood companion of Marty's,
Who liked to wear holly and threw many parties.
An addled old chap with a pleasant demeanor,
He was testing a fancy electric ear cleaner.

"My friend," they exclaimed as they entered his place,
"The Bunny of Christmas has come back from space!
"He will bring us a baggie of presents and toys,
"And put joy in the hearts of the girls and the boys!"

Said the farmer, "Such tidings I haven't enjoyed,
"Since Roosevelt came here with Lenin and Freud!
"Assemble the people in Happyville Square,
"And in two or three hours I'll meet with you there!"



In the Happyville Courthouse the people
collected,
The young and the old and the oddly affected.
This giant new tree was the talk of the town,
And they built a scale model while waiting for Brown.

Their tree did they cover with pieces of gum,
And with tiny piñatas the size of your thumb.
And the glasses were tipped and the alcohol flowed,
While the Bishop his misshapen rocking horse rode.

The giggling children their treats did consume,
While tales of the Bunny were filling the room.
When the farmer arrived they were packed to the walls,
And he told them the legend with pictures and dolls.

"Long ago," said the farmer, a horse in his hand,
"There were nothing but porcupines roaming the land.
"In a flash came a woozle from over the wall,
"Who dressed like a bunny and bounced like a ball."

"He flew through the air in his magical sleigh,
"And he landed where Happyville Square is today.
"He stood silent and thoughtful for seventeen years,
"Moving once every fortnight to waggle his ears."

"And then without warning, in Nineteen-o-Three,
"We believe that he planted a magical tree.
"'I'll be back,' he exclaimed, 'when it's ninety feet high!'
"And with that did the bunny from Happyville fly."

There were parties and feasts
for a month and a half,
And the booze they consumed
could have stunned a giraffe!
It went on through Thanksgiving
and up to the day
When they knew that the bunny
would come in his sleigh.

Then the children their parkas and moccasins donned,
And they cornered a reindeer on Happyville Pond.
His antlers they covered with candles and dice,
And with fishhooks for fishing through holes in the ice.

And the lights! And the music! The baubles and bells,
All the sights and the sounds and the flavors and smells!
And oh, how the village was happy that year,
In the hopes that the Bunny at last would appear.

On the night before Christmas, the people were still,
As they huddled together on Happyville Hill,
And at midnight,as old Farmer Brown had foretold,
Came a magical sleigh through the blustery cold.

It was bulging with presents and holiday cheer,
Powered swiftly by three and a quarter reindeer.
As it landed the Bunny his gifts did bestow,
Casting trinkets and toys on the Happyville snow.

And oh, how the people were merry that night,
Dancing jigs with the Bunny beneath the moonlight;
Then at last with a whistle he galloped away,
Pausing just long enough to exclaim, "Happy Day!"

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