



## 'Twas the Night Before Christmas in the Fragrance-Free Household

Adapted from the Original by Lynn Argent  
[www.chemicalsoup.net](http://www.chemicalsoup.net)

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the non-toxic house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

(Not because of pesticides, but because the food sources  
were carefully stored away.)

The cotton stockings were hung by the well-vented chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

(Sure hope he uses the door this year.)

The children were nestled all snug in their organic cotton beds,  
While visions of stevia-plums danced in their heads.

And mamma in her 'organic silk kerchief, and I in my organic cotton cap,  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,  
(Long naps mean about 3 months due to chronic fatigue these days.)

When out on the pesticide-free lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the chemical-free bed to see what was the matter.  
Away to the foil-covered window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the natural shutters and threw up the organic cotton sash.  
(Then decided to close it because the car fumes were chokin' me.)

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,  
(Organic fertilizer is the best!!)

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.  
(I hope he's bringing us some new organic cotton sheets!)

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

`Now, DASHER! now, DANCER! now, PRANCER and VIXEN!  
On, COMET! on CUPID! on, DONDER and BLITZEN!  
(Ok, ok. Haven't you heard of noise bylaws?)  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"  
(Perky. I'll have what he's been taking.)

As dry, pesticide-free leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the scent-free house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the ceramic tile roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
(That ceramic tile roof cost me 2 million dollars. Take it easy with the  
hooves already!)

As I drew in my hand, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
(What are you thinking? Haven't you heard of a door?)

He was dressed all in fur (Yuck, fur. Looks better on the rabbit it  
came from) from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
(Thanks for all the soot, big, red fella. We gotta get you into a  
shower and get those clothes off pronto.)  
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.  
(Could you put those toys outside to air out, please?)

His eyes -- how they twinkled! His dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!  
(I remember cherries. Yum)  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

(White looks good on you. Don't even think about dying it with those  
silly man beard dyes.)

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;  
(Ok, now that's it, buddy. Take your smelly clothes and your pipe and  
get outta my house!!)

He had a broad face and a little round belly,  
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.  
(So you think I'm kidding? You should have seen what happened when  
the Easter Bunny came last year wearing a scented bow. Let's just say it  
got ugly.)

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;  
(Except for the damn soot and smoke now smelling up my house.)

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
(Are you listening to me, mister?)  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,  
(Jerk. What a jerk. I told you to get out. And take those plastic  
toys with you!!)  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;  
(That's it. Off you go, soot covered, pipe smoking house polluter!

Now where's my air filter? That's what I'd like for Christmas. A  
replacement filter costs \$800.)

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!"

(Well it was before you showed up!)