

# *The Corgis' Christmas*

'Twas Christmas Eve, and the Corgis were dressed  
in red and green collars - their holiday best.  
So intent on guarding the cookies and milk;  
their lovely coats shone like finest silk.  
The lights on the tree made the room all aglow  
and sparkled like crystalline new fallen snow.

The Corgis romped and played all afternoon.  
Their eyelids were heavy, and soon - very soon -  
they nodded their fox-like beautiful heads,  
and then settled down in their soft feather beds.

They awoke with a start at the first light of dawn  
and saw that the cookies and milk were all gone.  
Instead they found frisbees and plush squeaky toys,  
wrapped in pink for the girls and blue for the boys.

They tore off the wrappings, barooing with glee,  
and raced out the door, all excited and free.  
'Round the yard they went running with each Christmas toy  
and played and frapped with unbridled joy.

Was it Santa, or one of the fairies of yore,  
who had slid down the chimney, avoiding the door?  
The tale continues... This fairy mystique  
still delights and enchants and continues to speak  
of the magic of each Corgi girl and boy  
who bring us so much unfettered joy!

## Merry Christmas!

