

## Lara and Saint Nicholas

It was a nice December morning,  
that should bring neither woe nor mourning.  
Yet disabled found himself Saint Nick'las  
to handle the annual Christmas business.

For ill had fall'n the man,  
that give a treat to children can.  
Now he required quick assistance,  
but that ain't to be found in middle distance.

Tall should they be, and have ash-blond hair,  
a bit round around the waist, of cash payment he'd take care.  
That's what the newspaper advert read,  
and the number of aspirants wasn't too bad.

Now a casting he would urge,  
for the new Saint Nicholas.  
But, begad, oh no, alas!  
No suiting person would emerge.

You could smoke them altogether,  
t'was like hunting in bad weather.  
But as time had passed by, St. Nicholas Day was nigh,  
hence Nicholas sent out an old comrade to spy.

The comrade thus had been instructed,  
to find somebody well-conducted,  
someone must be found, who'd may  
rejoice the world by making his day.

Now, the man would follow many ways,  
but stayed quite luckless, still, for days.  
He'd hopefully ask a few people in vain,  
'til it appeared t'him that there was simply no gain.

Then, at the eve when he'd decided to quit,  
he met someone who would be perfectly fit.  
Well, she didn't quite match the Saint's description,  
but it was clear she would pass with world knowledge and diction.

He hurried t'wards the woman, christened Lara Croft,  
and tried to recruit her in a proper audition,  
spoke of the money and made the addition,  
that unless she agreed to take the position,  
he'd be locked up again in the cockloft, like, forever.

Conrad the comrade, being tracked by Miss Croft,  
returned to Nick's house, on the hill high aloft.  
Entering the hall, Lara got inspected, and all,  
and, although he'd detected many distinctions unexpected,  
Nicholas approved, since his preconditions she'd accepted.

He'd say: "Hurry up, Lady, we've no time to spare!  
Take this cushion to your belly and let me dye your hair.  
Put on this jacket. Hey, it suits you just fine!  
Don't get used to it though, 'cause that's actually mine."

By then constituting a fitting replacement,  
with boots, belly, coat, dyed hair and nice accent,  
nobody doubted she could take on the task,  
without complaints, or silly questions being asked.

Now Lara walked 'bout, so that nobody would pout,  
and whilst she distributed gifts, nicked some treasures as uplifts,  
Nicholas he was well relieved,  
as in good hands his job he believed.

The job was well done,  
the kids had their fun,  
Lara got loaded,  
and Nick'las re-coated.