

Christmas in the Land of Stupid

By Geogige Pupa

Long ago and far away, in the Land of Stupid, it was Christmas time. The pickle and the mushroom's elephant repellant sales were at their best. Everyone all over the land was waiting for the arrival of Santa Claus.

Santa didn't like going to the Land of Stupid, because everyone there had forgotten the true meaning of Christmas. Regardless, Santa had to go, because he knew that everyone there was too stupid to remember a trivial thing like that.

The pickle and the mushroom invited all of their friends to wait for Santa, because they were way too stupid to jump in bed and cover up their heads. One reason they always looked forward to Santa's annual visits was because everyone was always waiting to get presents, and no one ever *gave* presents, so no one ever got anything except what Santa brought.

The pickle, the mushroom, and all their friends, such as Le Toadstool, the Great Onion Witch of the North East, the Great Yucky Mud, the Honorable Judge Butterball, and King Hairball, were all waiting around singing songs about getting presents. After a long wait, Santa finally got there. He looked in disgust at the stupid crowd. He gave out elephant repellant and all sorts of things that these idiots enjoyed.

Just as he was about to leave, something really scary happened! The grandmother of the big, bad pizza, Machine Gun Wilma, the coldest pizza in the Land of Stupid, decided she hated Santa Claus. Everyone threw elephant repellant at her. She drank it, because she was stupid. Then she held out a bomb and said, "If I don't get Santa's face shot off, I'm gonna blow all of you away!"

Santa went willingly, prepared to give his life for everyone there.

Then, like magic, it came back to everyone. The true meaning of Christmas was to celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ, who gave his life to save everyone from their sins. So, everyone gave their barrels of elephant repellant to Machine Gun Wilma. Then her heart warmed, and she began to cry. She let Santa go, and everyone, even Machine Gun Wilma, began to sing. Not about getting presents, but about Jesus Christ, and the Spirit of Christmas.

As Santa left in his sleigh, he said, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night, and may everyone live strangely ever after!"

The End