

## **CHRISTMAS MORNING AT THE BABYFURS HOLLOW**

2005

The days preceding Christmas were long and hard at the Babyfur hollow. The young furs were anxiously waiting for the big day to arrive to see what Santa Fox would bring for them. This anxiety made the cubs hyper which translated into difficult times for all the caregivers. On the night of Christmas Eve, the bouncy little babies did not want to go to bed. They wanted to stay up so they could see Santa Fox come and deliver their gifts.

This resulted in a solid hour of herding little cubs, who sneaked out of their cribs, back to bed along with several stern scolding by their caretakers reminding the little ones that Santa can still skip them if they continue to be naughty. Eventually the baby furs settled down, closed their eyes and drifted off to sleep dreaming of the toys and presents they'd receive the next morning.

The furry caretakers, tired themselves, looked one last time at the brightly decorated tree and smiled before heading off to bed. The tree had nothing under it as Silaria, the unicorn, turned out the lights. She knew that tomorrow morning they would find it surrounded by stacks of colorfully wrapped presents for each of their cubs and kittens.

In the stillness of the early morning hours, a magical, musical chorus of light bells lent their music to the home where the baby furs and their caretakers lived. Its sound lulled the little ones into a happy, dream filled slumber and put their bigger companions at ease in their sleep. Time seemed to stand still under the cover of this magical spell, as a snowy white arctic fox appeared beside the tree. Grinning ear to ear he swished his tail calling forth the presents, wrapped and prepared for each and every occupant, whether good or bad, of the home. Then he turned and found the gift left for him on the mantle piece. He ate one of the gingerbread biscuits, took a drink of the milk. With a cheery giggle, he whispered, "Merry Christmas" then flicked his tail and winked out of sight.

It was still well before dawn, but hours after Santa Fox had made his brief visit when the first little fur entered the room. The only light in the room was from the colorful lights on the tree. Rubbing the sleep from her eyes Sierra, the little white kitty, sat back on her diapered rear and surveyed the mountain of presents under the tree. She smiled brightly and growing ever more excited she slowly crawled to the tree. She balanced herself using the different wrapped boxes before finally finding the one with the only word she had learned to read on it; her own name. With a big smile, she opened the wrapping and found inside a very cute, three story, Victorian doll house. She let out a small squeal of happiness as she hugged it close. But as it was very, very early in the morning, she yawned and quickly fell asleep curled up beside her present, purring quietly.

Felinius, a young cougar, padded in the room as the first rays of the morning sun were filtering through the windows. He flit cautiously from shadow to shadow being somewhat worried about being out of his bed without the caretakers around. He looked at the tree and the presents and smiled a broad smile. Moving as silently as a feline can, he stalked to the tree. Suddenly he saw Sierra asleep under a large shred of wrapping paper and he

moved back a few steps. But his package was here, and he wanted it. So Felinius tried a less stealthy approach. He charged forward, ran to his gift and snatched it away, not stopping until he reached the protection of his room. There he plopped down on the floor, tore off the brightly colored wrapping paper and pulled out a new Lion King sleeper. He rubbed his muzzle against it and purred at how soft it was. Not bothering to take off the sleeper he was wearing he stepped into the new one and settled back to sleep right there in the middle of the floor warm and comfy.

Pandr Panda stood at his crib rail for nearly an hour. He really wanted to be a good cub and wait for his caretaker to wake up and change him. But after hearing Felinius run past his room the panda could quell his curiosity no longer. He climbed out of his crib and tip toed down the hall to the tree. With each step his wet and messy diaper squished and crinkled. It was hard going, toddling along while tip toeing, his diaper very heavy and bulky between his fuzzy legs. He rocked too far to the side and bumped into the stairs which tripped the panda up. He fell down and rolled across the floor like a black and white soccer ball. "Ouch..." he whimpered as he crashed head long right into his gift. He rubbed his head and rolled over onto his knees as he looked at the box before him bearing his name. With a huge smile he ripped the paper off and then squealed in delight, "My race car!" Setting the wheels to the floor, he pushed it back to his room, crawling behind it, his diaper squishing, crinkling loudly. "Vrooooooooooooooooooom!!!"

"You sure are loud, Pandr." Said Slith, a small flying bronze dragon, as he rubbed his eyes and hovered above the panda and his new toy. "Do you see my pres...?" He stopped instantly and held his nose. "Never mind." Slith said quickly and flapped quickly toward the tree and away from Pandr's smelly diaper. Flying from gift to gift and poking his nose here and there the dragon finally found one with "To Slith Cloudchaser, From Santa Fox" written on the tag. The dragon landed beside the box and bounced a few times for joy before he looked up at the size of it. You see, Slith is a micro-dragon, very much smaller than most hatchlings by far, and the package was twice as big as he was. He looked around and noticed Sierra lying beside her doll house sleeping. He walked over and tapped her muzzle gently and asked, "Could you help me open my gift?" She looked startled at first as she woke up, but then smiled as she recognized her friend and nodded. Slith showed her which one was his, and then he scurried up to the third floor balcony on the doll house so he could watch in anticipation. The kitten removed the paper and opened the box revealing a remote controlled sport car. The dragon jumped down from the doll house, ran over to the car and jumped into the driver's seat. "Remote controlled for big kids, but rigged for little ones." He giggled, switched in on and drove it around and around the room. "Wheee!!!"

From the other side of the tree, it would seem another little fur had come down to the tree unseen. It was Stormbird, the German Shepherd, and he came running around the side of the tree, making engine noises as he held aloft his new airplane. "I'm the king of the skies!" He barked and laughed as he ran along, flying his plane around the room, buzzing both Slith and Pander as they played with their new toys. He banked his plane hard and then disappeared, flying down the hall in the direction of his room and nearly crashing into Kaar the folf just as he was coming out to see what all the noise was about.

“I see you didn’t wait for us.” Kaar said to Pandr, Sierra and Slith as he reached the tree and saw several of the gifts were already opened. Looking for around the tree for his package he finally came across it and opened it. His eyes lit up as he pulled out piece after piece. “I defy you, Jedi! For I am Darth Kaar of the brown side!” He cried out with glee donning the black hooded cloak and brandishing a red bladed, Master Replicas lightsabre.

As is typical in the mornings the little ones who were awake were desperately in need of a diaper change. For the time being however, none of the caretakers were awake, and the little furs who were up didn’t want to bother them. They wanted to see what Santa had brought them and felt their caretakers were entitled to a much deserved rest.

Murreki toddled paw in paw with Rings Roo, both in their soaked pink diapers. Murreki released Ring’s paw and began looking among the packages and finally found one with his name on the tag. Tearing off the colored wrapping paper he opened the box and pulled out... “Ooo! Lookie! Santa gived me a really cute fox plushie!” he smiled and hugged it to his chest, murring.

“Yeah, and it came with a lot of different clothes ...” Rings giggled, looking inside the box, “It’s got diapers, a dress, overalls...just like the outfits you wear yourself.” He giggled as he pointed at the fox. Murreki giggled and watched as Rings opened his package and pulled the contents out. “With that you will bounce even more!” Murreki laughed as the blue kangaroo held aloft a shiny new chrome pogo stick. Less than a minute later Rings was bouncing all about the room. \*Boing! Boing! Boing! Boing!\*

\*CRACK!!\* Alfador fox suddenly appeared in the middle of the room with a bang, a flash of light and a cloud of baby powder. All the babyfurs turned, startled and looked at him. Rings bounced right into the wall. \*Crash!\* “Ooop! Sowwy. I guess I put too much light and bang into my spell.” He blushed, looked down and quickly padded to his package. Opening it up he found the Candy Land board game inside. “Hey,” he yipped, setting the game down on the floor and putting the pieces together, “Anyfur wanna play?”

Boo and Steffie, were next out into the room. The two little girls had taken the time to get all pretty in their frilly pink dresses before coming out with the others. “We sure do, Alfa,” They both said with a smile, “Just let us first find and open our gifts!” They swept over to the tree, hems swaying around their ruffled panties and each found their present. Both little girls opened their gifts slowly, taking time to break the tape and even fold up the pretty wrapping paper to save for another day. Boo opened her gift and found a cookie jar full of chocolate chip cookies and sugar cookies with sweet icing. Steffie opened hers and discovered an entire new wardrobe of dresses for her plush friends.

Jenn was the first caretaker to rise having been woken up by the longing squeaks of her charge. Leading Orca, her little killer whale calf, with his fin in her paw Jenn looked around at the sight of the numerous little babyfurs in their wet and messy diapers and

sighed, "This is going to be long day for us caregivers." She let Orca go to find his own present under the tree. When he had found it he toddled back to his Mommy, sat down and opened it in front of her. When he had opened the box and looked inside, a smile erupted across his face. He pulled out his gifts in red, yellow and orange and squeaked. "Look mommy! More swim diapers!"

"Santa fox sure knows you like to swim." Jenn answered with a caring smile. Orca chuckled and showed her a paper that was left behind in the bottom of his box. It read, "A free week at the Sugar Paws Spa." Jenn smiled and said quietly, "I must thank him for that."

Just then a silver dragon landed in the center of the room and roared. "I want my pressie! I'm the big, meanie, bully dragon!" Draconil scanned the remaining presents and spotting his ran to the tree, grabbed it and found an empty place to open it. Bending over, his claws shredding the paper, his training pants were clearly visible under his pjs. As he opened the box and looked inside, his jaw dropped, he stood up in just his trainers as his pjs fell from around his hips. Swift Fox, who was just walking by curiously looked inside Draconil's box and giggled., "Hey, the Sissy draggie got a package of pink Pawpers Princess diapers!" That snapped Draconil out of his shocked stupor. The bully dragon "Eeeped," grabbed his box and skittered out of sight.

Swiftly looked over the tree with a bit of trepidation. He wasn't really sure what Santa might have left him. He hadn't been a very good fox this year. Well, actually that's not technically true. He'd been a very, very good fox which meant that he knew he'd be in a lot of trouble this year when Santa Fox came. So he looked around the tree for a small present, that would look...lumpy. He was certain he'd get black rocks again this year which is why he was so surprised to find a rather large box with his name on it. The cross fox sniffed it and it didn't smell like coal. He slowly opened it, as every fur watched. He blushed when he looked inside and found the My Little Pony, Paradise Estates play set he asked Santa Fox for. Loupgris toddled over just as the cross fox was pulling the play set out and pointed his finger to a little paper that was taped to the little pink gate. Swift looked at it, then he grumbled and read it allowed, "Voucher for a 10 bare bottom, spanking. You can't play with your toy until you redeem this voucher with your Mamma, Swiftly. Be nice, Santa Fox." The cross fox pouted while everyone laughed at the great joke.

Fox-cub walked slowly out of his room, toddled toward the tree and looked for his package. He opened it and found several sample packs of Pawpers diapers in all the varieties they offer, for both genders. He stepped back, surprised. Draconil the silver dragon had returned to see what all the laughter was about and he looked into Fox Cub's box and giggled. "Santa gived me pink Pawper's Princess diapers, and he gived you them too, along wif all da others...You are such a cute li'l baby vix."

Fox Cub looked at him and pouted, "Me ish not a liddle baby vix'n!" All the other babyfurs smiled and laughed anew at both foxes now.

Loupy laughed as well, enjoying the opportunity to get one in on the foxes when he suddenly realized that there were no more presents under the tree. That discovery took all the levity and joy out of the little silver wolf. He shuffled through the strewn pieces of wrapping paper, kicking them out of the way to see if there was anything left, lying underneath them that he couldn't see. One circuit around the tree confirmed his expectations. Santa Fox had not left him a present. Dejected the little wolf let out a little whine and sat down with an audible squish. Just then Steffie and Boo both toddled over and laid a paw on his shoulder. He looked up at them and they smiled back, both pointing to an envelope tied with a colorful ribbon, set on one of the branches of the tree with "Loupgris" written in calligraphy script on the front of it.

The little wolf stood back up, walked over to the envelope and took it down, while Steffie, Boo and the others looked on with curiosity. Removing the ribbon, the wolf tore the envelope open and a small, plastic, green card fell to the floor. He looked at it in disbelief as he pulled out the letter. Handing it over to Jenn she read it aloud for all to hear, "Dear Loupgris Wolf. Your application to immigrate to the Babyfur's Grotto, USA has been approved. It is our pleasure to welcome you to the United States. Enclosed, please find your work Visa. Good luck and best wishes. United States Department of Immigration and Naturalization Services."

With a great roar, everyone assembled cheered with glee at the little wolf's present. Everyone agreed that Loupy's gift was the greatest of all this holiday season. They were so noisy, that they woke all the caretakers who were yet asleep. When they found out what all the ruckus was about, they too joined in congratulating the young silver wolf cub.

Then, when everyone settled back down, the little ones were taken back to the nursery for a much needed diaper change followed by a Christmas breakfast of warm sticky buns and cinnamon rolls and cool bottles of milk or juice. It was certainly a visit from Santa Fox that they'd always remember.

And I heard an arctic fox exclaim, as he rode out of sight.  
"Merry Christmas to all...and to all a good night!"

Story by Loupgris Wolf  
with editing by Swift Fox  
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