

A Visit from Santa Fox

A Christmas Gift to all my 101 Dalmatian Loving Friends!

By Swift Fox

Swift, resplendent in his bright red winter fur, dons his red and white Santa hat and trots out into the middle of the barnyard.

"Puppies!" He calls out, "Puppies, gather round!"

Swift waits patiently as the dalmatian puppies come from all over the farm to gather around him.

Waiting a few more seconds to make sure there are no stragglers, Swift begins, "You know that every year Santa Claus brings gifts and toys to the good little boys and girls across the world." He pauses and looks around at all the nodding puppies, then continues, "And Santa has chosen a starry white furred Arctic Fox, to bring gifts and toys to all the good little animals in the world." The excitement building up in 101 dalmatian puppies charges the air as all of them "yip" in a unified, "YES!"

This loud bark from their pups brought, Pongo, Perdy, Roger, Anita and Nanny running out of the house to see what the noise is about. They all stop and stare at the site before them. A lone fox kit with a Santa hat on, sitting calmly in the midst of a sea of spots. The humans looked on dumbfounded, while Pongo and Perdy looked at each other and smiled.

"Has it been a whole year dear?" Asks Perdy of her mate.

"That it has!" Confirmed Pongo and he adds quietly, "I do hope that I am on the 'good' list."

The two adult dogs calmly sit down, Perdy her mouth in a smile, Pongo, mouth open, tongue lolling out, to watch the event. Then the fox began to yip and bark, and the whole barnyard quiets down to listen.

Seeing all the happy, anticipating puppies, smiling all around him, Swift continues his anointed task, "Well my friends. You are all in luck, because I have been told the whole lot of you have been good this year!"

At the news the sea of Dalmatians erupt in a cacophony of gleeful barks.

"NOW, NOW, NOW!!" Swift shouts above the noise, "You must quiet down, or I'll never finish my job!"

The barnyard quiets back down almost instantly.

"What do you think about that?" Said Roger, amazed.

"Roger, dear?" Asks Anita, coming out of her stupor before her husband and concerned about the fox and the welfare of the puppies, "Is it a good idea to allow that fox to be so near the puppies?"

Looking back at his wife, Roger shakes his head and answers, "I don't think it means any harm. Look at Pongo and Perdy. Do you think that they would allow a fox to sway that much control over their pups if there was a danger?"

"I suppose not." Anita conceded and the three humans resume watching the event playing out before them.

"Now, I have been given the duty of finding out what each of you want from Santa Fox this year and getting it to him." Swift tells his audience and pointing his paw to his left says, "Now line up in a line starting here and I will see each of you in turn."

"Well, will ya look at that." Nanny said, "All of the puppies have just lined up to the foxes left side."

"Yes Nanny," confirmed Anita and with a chuckle adds, "And look at the overgrown puppy at the end of the line."

"Why. Why, it's my Pongo!" Roger stammers, laughing, and smacks his forehead with his hand. All three humans join in and immediately begin laughing.

However, Perdy is not amused. She looks up at her pets, laughing as they are and pointing at Pongo, and she is very embarrassed. She is about to bark her disapproval to her mate when Swift barks her name.

"Mrs. Pongo!" Swift calls to her. "Would you assist me in making a list of your little one's wishes?"

Her anger with her mate forgotten, she leaps off the back steps and trots lightly over to sit at Swift's right. She smiles knowingly at the little fox and gives him a lick on the forehead. He smiles back and blushes a little, then regaining his composure, he calls out to the line of Dalmatians, "Who'll be first to tell me the three things they want most this year from Santa Fox!??"

Wags was first in line. He climbed up the little platform Swift had set up for his little presentation and said, "Dude! I'm so stoked Santa! I totally know what i want for Christmas this year!" Wags pulled out a small piece of paper with and with no hesitation started reciting the few items on the list. "I want uh, the new 2000 model of the Chewz-o-matic chew toy dispenser, that's with the white racing stripes," he read off his list, "and a new snorkel for Hiccup Hole, and while I'm here I might as well ask for the 3 light bulbs i owe swamp rat."

Swift glanced over at Perdita who was still writing Wags' odd requests. After she crossed the last 'T' and dotted the last 'l' she nodded to Swift that she was ready for the next pup in line.

Santa Fox motioned to Cadpig to come on up, since she was next in line. "What would YOU like for Christmas?" Swift asks her.

Cadpig sits up and replies, "I want peace, love and understanding for everyone in the entire world."

"Very nice," says the fox, and Perdida smiled lovingly at her fragile pup as she trotted over to sit beside Wags.

Before Swift knew it, Rolly had jumped onto his lap. "Ooof!" Swift moaned, "What would you like this year, Rolly?"

"I want CHOCOLATE!!" Rolly shouted.

"Fine." Gaspd Swift under Rolly's weight, "Now, would you please get off of me?"

"Oh, sure." Rolly complied; giggling as he stepped past his mom to join those who had gone before him.

Perdy looked on in shock, and added 'Sugarless' before the word 'Chocolate' for Rolly's wish.

Swift was busy recomposing himself when a puppy began to whisper in his ear. "You know, if you've got a big-screen TV in your sack," Lucky whispered, "I think I can get you written into the script of an episode or two next season."

Swift faces Lucky, smiles and says, "No need for bribes Luck, but I'll see what I can do."

Lucky trots over to his brothers and sisters as Swift says to Perdy, "Put down one big screen TV for Lucky."

She looked up at him questionably and asks, "What? No satellite dish and receiver this year?"

"Guess not." Swift says. Perdy finishes writing and Swift turns to call over the next puppy when Jolteon and Vaporeon jump onto Swift Fox's lap. Jolteon pulls off his beard and Vaporeon takes Swift's Santa hat.

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha hah!" Both girl puppies laugh and run around the barnyard playing keep away.

"He he he!" Vaporeon then throws Swift's hat to Tripod and Jolteon following close behind her tosses Swift's beard at Tripod too. Then Jolteon and Vaporeon slow down and walk past Lucky and kick him in his haunches.

"Oops!" They say, giggling, "Sorry Lucky!"

They come to a stop in front of Perdy and say, in chorus, "Mom we want gameboys!" then they walk off, laughing and giggling at their wit. They are so absorbed in themselves that they walk right into Pongo, who had run up to intervene and stop the two girl pups' nonsense.

Jolteon and Vaporeon gasp in surprise and their father growls with agitation.

"Perdy." Pongo barks, "Cross Joltie and Vappy off the list." He looks at Swift and tells the young fox, "Swift, you will tell Santa Fox that Jolteon and Vaporeon have been bad puppies and are not to get anything but stale milk bones for Christmas."

"As for you two, " Pongo growls at Joltie and Vappy, "No gameboys or Pokemon Yellow for either of you."

"Perhaps some time in the crate would be in order." Suggested Perdy.

"I am inclined to agree." Pongo agreed. "Let's go you two." Pongo escorted Vaporeon and Jolteon, past the humans and into the farmhouse.

Tripod walked over to Swift and handed him his hat and beard then steps in front of his mother and asks, "Ok Mom. So you mean to tell me that cat over there wearing the white and red fur hat is Santa?"

Perdy smiles and nods.

Tripod looks over at the fox who's hat has just fallen over onto his nose and covering his eyes. He jumps over in front of the fox and says, "Gimmie a break...And a new Headband.. One of those cool ones with the gold stripe down the center! Yeah! An' an' an' Mom? Can i have one o' those dog magazines, you know...the ones meant for dogs 2 1/2 years old and over? Heh heh!"

Perdy looks down and gives Tripod an angry look.

"Hey! I was just kidding." he rescinded his last wish and continued, "But what about Luckless? Can you give him a new furcut? His is annoying. Especially when he's running so slowly around..."

Perdy interrupted, "Enough! Now be quiet before I take you off the list too!"

"Sorry mom..." Tripod says sheepishly and walks over next to Wags, Cadpig and Rolly, watching Lucky growl at him.

"Heh heh." Tripod laughs then turns to Wags and asks, "Hey wags! If you gimmie one of your chewtoys I'll letcha look at my Playdog magazine!" Tripod laughs.

Namuu is next and he says, "OOOooooOOOooo.....If only I could get my hands on some powerful hardware....then, ...I could take over the world! MWAHAHA!! Nah I'd never want to do that. Let me think...."

Namuu paces back and forth a few times then he remarks, "I think I have my heart set on something along the lines of a new car....chicks love a car" he says with a smirk, "and on top of that, an 'all you can eat' gift certificate at the best hot wings place in town YEAH!"

The puppies keep coming and Perdy and Swift patiently listen to what each one wants and writes them down. The end of the line finally drawing near Swift comes face to face with the old Sheepdog.

The Colonel ambles over to Swift and smiles. "Well, I don't really want or need anything this year, so if Santa Fox brings the pups, everything that they want for Christmas that's good enough for me." The Colonel pauses for a second, looks over at Tripod and grins. "Although, I could use some new Christmas lights for the boxcar. Someone keeps chewing on the ones that are up now."

"Very well, Colonel." Swift replies, "I'll see what I can do about getting you some new, chew proof Christmas lights."

The Colonel walks away over to the group of yapping puppies. The sun is setting as dusk paints the sky in brilliant colors. Swift turns to Perdy, "Thank you very much Mrs. Pongo. You've been very helpful."

Perdy blushes but Swift continues, "What is it that you would like?"

She chuckles and gives the young fox a motherly smile. She brings her muzzle up to the fox's ear and whispers her wish in his ear.

Swift laughs as she gives him a lick on the muzzle, "Ok Perdy. I'll remember that."

Pongo comes racing across the barnyard skidding to a stop before his mate and the young fox.

"Am I too late?" He asks, breathing heavily.

Swift chokes a little on the dust but manages to say, "No." cough, cough, "You're not too late."

"Great!" Pongo yaps happily, but then he realizes his wife is sitting right there, he asks, more subdued, "Umm, If I whisper it in your ear, would you remember it?"

"Of course Mr. Pongo." Swift barked and turned his ear toward Pongo.

Pongo whispered his wish in Swift's ear and Swift began to giggle.

"I think Santa Fox can do that." Swift said and Pongo looked very pleased. Then Swift turned to Perdy and Pongo and asked, "Well, is that everypup?"

They sat and thought for a few minutes before Perdy spoke up, "I think so, but I can't help thinking that there is someone we've forgotten."

At that moment, a horn blasts through the peaceful night, and the sound of a powerful engine reverberates in the still night air. Headlights pierce the night as the vehicle turns off the road and barrels toward the assembled dogs. The vehicle, a pick-up truck, slows and comes to a stop about 15 feet away.

A strikingly handsome teenager hops out of his black Dodge Ram Pick-Up, buttons up his big brown jacket and strolls up to the fox.

"Hello everyone." He says.

The crowd looks on him in confusion.

"Hi" one or two of the pups reply.

He sits on his haunches next to the fox and states, "I want the only gift 103 animals can give me..." The teenager pauses, "The coolest photo-op in the world!"

This young man walks over and sets a camera on the hood of the truck and sets the timer... He runs and slides to the ground while all of the puppies, Pongo, Perdy, the Colonel, Spot, and Swift crawl and gather all around him. The flash goes off and the teenaged boy gets up, grabs the camera, and jumps back into his truck. With a smile and a wave he shouts, "Thank you and Happy Holidays to you all!" He drives away with the coolest picture on his roll.

The spell broken, Lucky asked, "Does anyone know who -that- was?"

Puppies and dogs, chicken and fox all looked at him and shrugged their shoulders. Then Cadpig stepped forward a little. Still watching the breaklights on the truck fade away she said, "I'm not sure, but there was something familiar about him."

She turned back to the group, after she could no longer see the truck, to find them all looking at her. "I don't know." She said to them, "It's like we've known each other our whole lives..." She paused, "...but never met."

Roger came storming out of the farmhouse.

"What was that!?" He asked scanning the fields for any signs of the noisy intruder. Seeing nothing but his dalmatian family, he scratched his head and went back inside muttering something about UFO's.

The assembled crowd of canines began to break up, dismissing Cadpig's statement as too abstract for their minds. They could tell the little pup was becoming Zen'ish. Swift bid his friends good-bye and promised to make sure Santa Fox received the list of Christmas wishes.

Cadpig, however, turned back around and gazed longingly back in the direction the pick-up had left and whispered silently and longingly into the night air, "Until now."