

How The Grump Stole Thanksgiving

by Dr. Spoofs

Every Nic in Golf Mansion liked Thanksgiving a lot. But the Grump who hid up in the attic, did NOT! He hated reunions, especially Thanksgiving. His pea-sized heart preferred a lonely type of living. With golf season over, the mansion cleared out. The Grump would break in, to hibernate and pout. He had no family, no one lurking about. But for two days in November, his peace was in doubt. A family of Nics would rent the place out and turn him into an evil old lout.

The Nics, young and old, would sit down to a feast. And they'd feast and they'd feast, and they'd feast, feast, feast, feast! The Grump hated ham and didn't care for stuffing. Corn casserole and taters left him huffing and puffing. "These Nics are all gluttonous. Their feasting, too much! Stuffing their pie holes with goodies and such." The cookies and brownies and cakes of all sizes were things that the Grump just simply despises.

Another disturbance was the playing of a game. One in particular; BINGO was it's name.

Oh, the tables piled high with specially wrapped toys, made the Nics squeal giddily in a cacophonous noise. They oohed and they aaahed at such a great treasure. The Grump, in a frump, felt a nasty displeasure. And the noise, oh, the noise, all that noise, noise, noise, noise! The explosive decibels of the Nic girls and boys. There'd be clattering, chattering, unwrapping noises; there'd be giggles from Nic girls and wowzas from boyses.

Then the Nics did something he liked least of all. They gathered in the den, the tall and the small, and popped in a video to play on the wall. It's name was "White Christmas". Oh! The obnoxious GALL!

An elder Nic Dale would lead the Nic songsters as they sang every song and drove the Grump bonkers.

They sang, and they sang, and they sang, sang, sang, sang! And the clamorous noise caused the Grump's



ears to clang! Grump had put up with this for several years now. He had to stop Thanksgiving from coming, but HOW?

The more the Grump thought of how pestered he'd be, he had an idea that gave him great glee. "I know what I'll do to stop all of their laughs. I'll steal all their stuff and hide up in the rafters."

Oh, what a horrible, awful, sick trick. He'd put on a costume to impersonate a Nic. He laughed and he chortled, his heels he did click. That son of a gun was a miserable di- - - uh, person.

While upstairs, the elders and children unpacked, that evil ol' Grump got out a huge sack.

He stripped clean the kitchen of all of the food, he even

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took dishes and glasses; how rude!

On to the hall where the gifts were piled high. He stuffed them in his sack, that dastardly guy. Grump grabbed the goodies, flung them over his back. He had stripped the room clean of every Nic-knack.

Then up a back stairway, he hastened to hie. Anxiously awaiting to hear the Nics cry.

But just as he shoved his sack up in the rafters, he heard a small sound above his crass laughter.

He turned to see three small Nics looking at him. Three sweet gals named Marah, Mae, and Miriam.

“Who are you, stranger, and what’s in the sack?” Grump had to think quick and answer them back.

“Why, I’m your long lost cousin, my name is St. Nic. You’ve never seen me before as I’ve been very sick. I’ve just now finished cleaning up this old place and I must leave now as there is no more space.”

With that, the girls left and the Grump danced a jig. His lies made him proud, that despicable pig!

He adjusted his wig, puffed his chest out big. And as for the Nic’s feelings; he didn’t give a fig.

Downstairs below, he could hear the Nics gather. Their anticipated boo-hooing worked him up in a lather.

“I’ll go sneak outside, through

the window I’ll look. How sad they will be to find nothing to cook. They’ll go to the hall and find tables bare. The gifts that they had placed are no longer there.”

“And Oh! How they’ll cry! They will cry, cry, cry, cry!” And with that, the Grump’s mean spirit will fly!

He snuck out a back door, crept into the yard. He peeked through a window with his heart steely hard. But a curious sight greeted his evilly eye. The Nics had all gathered but there was nary a cry. They formed in a circle, every gal and guy. And they started to pray! “Why?” Grump thought. “WHY??” “Can’t they see there’re no presents; can’t they see there’s no food?!” Their prayerful embrace left him in a bad mood. This dastardly dude had punk’d them so rude. But not one single Nic had wailed or boo-hooed.

“What is the deal?! Don’t they realize my steal?! Thanksgiving has come without their big meal! They’re happy and singing and filled with such joy. How can this happen without a wrapped toy?!”

He hadn’t stopped Thanksgiving from coming. It CAME! Somehow or another, it came just the same!

It came without presents! It came without ham! It came without brownies and pies filled with jam!

As Grump processed it all, his brain went ka-BLAM!

He puzzled at length about

how he’d been wrong. Perhaps it was due to hard-hittin’ the bong.

As he listened to Nics as they sang a song, a revelation struck him like a bell; ding-dong!

The Grump thought of something he hadn’t before. “Maybe Thanksgiving doesn’t come from a store.

Maybe Thanksgiving means a little bit more.”

And what happened then? Well, all the Nics say, the Grump’s shriveled heart grew ten sizes that day.

He rushed to the attic and brought the sack down. He now had a smile instead of a frown. He brought back the meal and the toys, by jingo. And the Grump himself rolled the ball cage for BINGO!

The moral of this story is plain to see. It’s familial love that brings the heart glee. So as you prepare for the upcoming season. Retaining family bonds remains the top reason.

Happy Thanksgiving, from Dr. Spoofs

